PT 109: THE ORDEAL OF KENNEDY AND HIS MEN AS CASTAWAYS UNDER FIRE

SPEAKING OUT: ARE CHILDREN'S BOOKS TRASH?


# The Saturday Evening POST

Nov. 25, 1961

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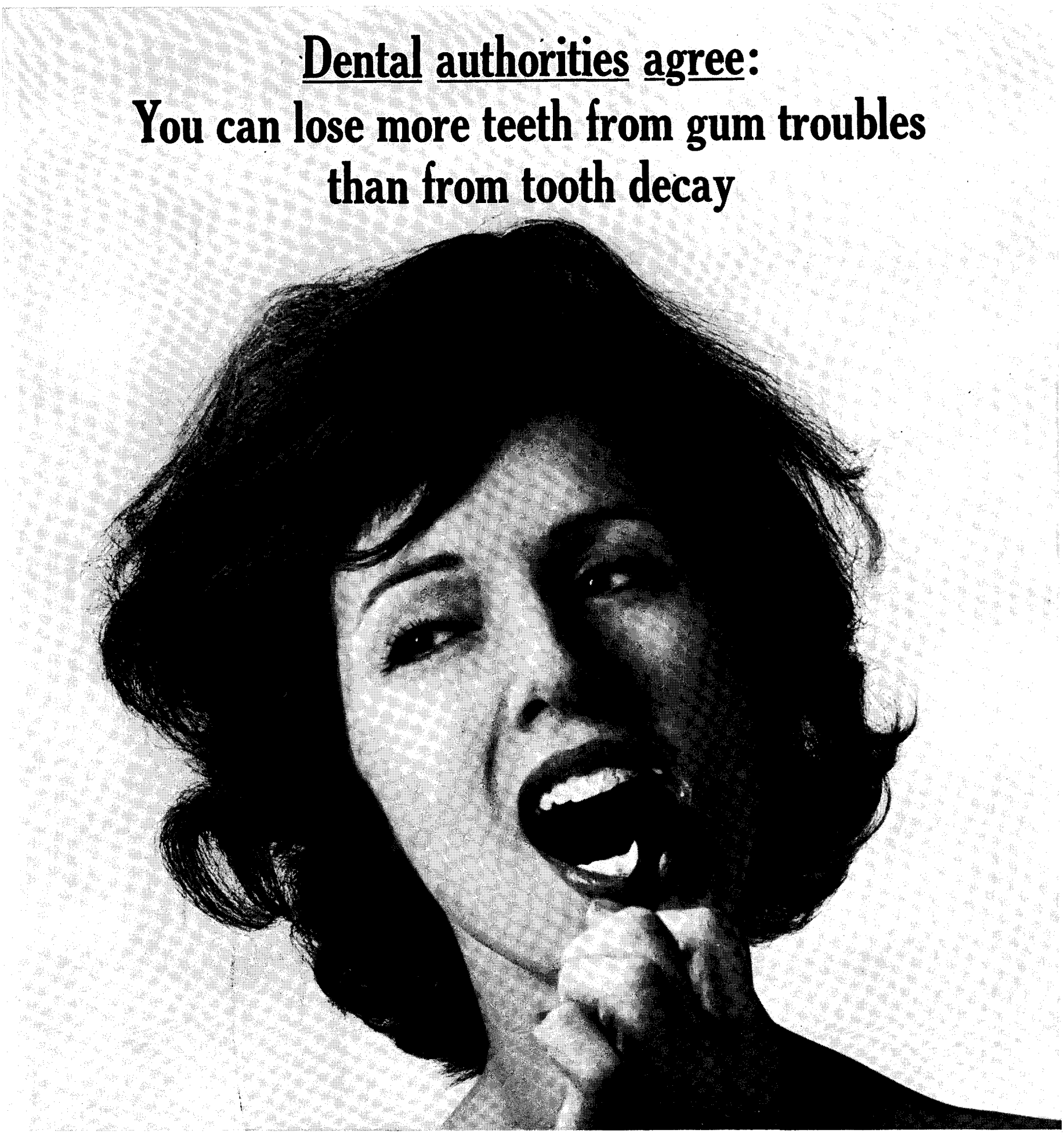

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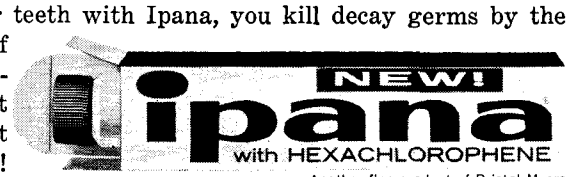


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**He Rescues the Desperate.** Driven by compassion for people who have lost all hope, a courageous priest in Boston answers emergency calls at any time of day or night and persuades would-be suicides not to take their lives (page 17).

**Backstage With Anna Maria.** The beautiful and gifted Anna Maria Alberghetti has been packing the house as the star of Carnival. Yet Producer David Merrick publicly panned her acting ability—as a stunt to help his box office (page 96).

**The Show of Tomorrow.** A rotating elevator, a revolving restaurant, a simulated billion-light-year flight into the farthest reaches of the universe: these are some of the fanciful, futuristic features of next year's World's Fair in Seattle (page 36).

**Are Children's Books Trash?** A former editor of the children's magazine Jack and Jill protests badly written and often meaningless juvenile literature, as well as the abridged classics she calls "regurgitated reading" (Speaking Out, page 10).

**Nightmare!** A young mother's dreadful recurring dream begins again—but this time it is happening in real life (page 46).

**Chile: Restless Republic.** A country of strange contrasts, a paradise squeezed between the walls of the Andes and the waters of the Pacific, this urbane, mature and intelligent nation may lose the very democracy she cherishes (page 68).

**Also:** Through the mists of time, the first Thanksgiving is pictured in an authentic re-creation (The Face of America, page 34). Photographed in medieval armor, the Eagles' man-of-iron Chuck Bednarik tells how he took up the challenge to play both offense and defense (Who Says Pros Can't Play 60 Minutes? page 54). Debbie Drake, "a missionary in the field of fat" (People on the Way Up, page 29).

**THE COVER.** There are some days, as we all know, when everything goes wrong. But there are others when things only seem to, and it is clearly this kind of day for Norman Rockwell's mercurial cheerleader, swiveling back and forth to watch the action on the field and to keep the rooters rooting. In a delirium of despair, she misses the split-second shift in the fortunes of her team when No. 10 recovers a fumble. Then the uproar from the stands brings her back to life. While the nimble player sprints toward a sure touchdown and the volatile miss cartwheels in joy, that hair ribbon may tell the moral of the story: When all looks lost, don't stay tied up in a knot.

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# LETTERS

## ACTION ON BERLIN

Dear Sirs:

Re WASHINGTON VIEWS BERLIN [by Stewart Alsop, Oct. 21], I believe in experts; this is in the best American business tradition. But once you have the best information and thinking you can get, you act. It is our way of doing things to get the jump on the competition—not plan reactions to what you think he will do. . . . I'm sure all thinking Americans are quite irked at always being on the defensive and seeing our leaders doing nothing but planning how to react. We cannot guess exactly what the Communists will do, but we can (and should) do some of our own "doing" and put the Communists in the position of reacting.

WILLIAM K. MARKS
*San Diego, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

Re your article on Berlin and also your editorial KHRUSHCHEV EXPLAINS HOW HE EXPECTS TO BURY US [Oct. 21], it seems to me that *we* hold the winning hand. You can't fight any kind of a war without food, and the Russians are not able to feed even themselves. . . . On the other hand, we have enough food for ourselves and our allies and still our warehouses are bulging. . . .

Why not quit crying every time Khrushchev opens his mouth and do a little of the advertising we're so famous for? Let them know that *we* know we hold the trumps. . . . Let's let them know that if they start a war, they'll have to fight in the rear too, because that's the time the captive nations will turn on them.

GLADYS BROWN
*Chicago, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Wouldn't it be something if several million angry Americans buried the fat figure of Khrushchev in a mountain of

letters and telegrams: "If you try to take Berlin, we *will* fight. You will *never* bury us!" The sheer weight of public opinion might be the biggest "stick" we could shake in the Communist face, and it's something we all can do, instead of shrugging, "What can I do?"

MRS. ROBERT G. AVERY
*Granite Falls, Wash.*

Dear Sirs:

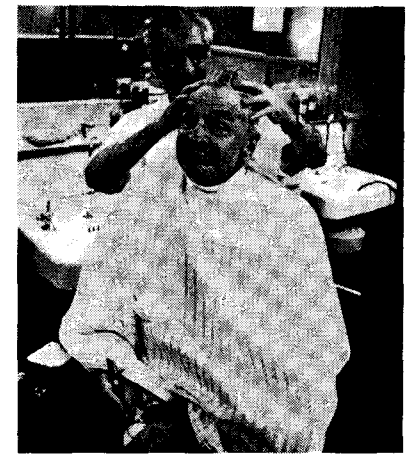
Mr. Khrushchev often makes statements that begin, "Who in God's name, or who in Heaven's name," yet he says, "There is no God." It seems that right here is the place where the American people can begin to do something. . . . I believe that Mr. Khrushchev knows there is a God and above all else he is afraid that America is going to put her hope for the future in God's hands rather than having to depend upon rockets and bombs. . . . Yes, we have the greatest weapon of all. Why aren't we using it? We have a Berlin Task Force that, according to quotations in WASHINGTON VIEWS BERLIN, knows how to swear. I just wonder if they know how to pray?

MRS. J. C. DEATHERAGE
*Roxton, Texas*

## STENGEL'S BARBER

Dear Sirs:

Re that photograph [below] with the conclusion of MY OWN STORY [by Casey Stengel as told to Harry Paxton, Sept. 16-Oct. 14], what do you mean "a barber"? Those artistic fingers massaging Casey Stengel's pate should be



writing autographs. This barber has fans all over Southern California. His "masterpieces" and "works of perfection" (as he calls them by his own modest confession) grace the intelligence of hundreds of particular people who drive regularly from as far away as San Diego for his clever work and smooth lingo. I drive fifty miles for his wonders of art and have entrusted no one but him with my diminishing crown of glory for seventeen years. "A barber" indeed! He is *the barber*, Charles Tetreault, known as "Frenchie" to the faithful followers he serves at Glendale's Maryland Hotel. He is to barbering what Casey is to baseball—tops.

LEAL GRUNKE
*Simi, Calif.*

## RING REVISITED

Dear Sirs:

Your "Editors' note" preceding the article by Ring Lardner Jr. [MY LIFE ON THE BLACKLIST, Oct. 14] is an ablution taken in the fashion of Pontius Pilate. Strangely the lament of Mr. Lardner is completely lacking of any affirmation of his belief in America. Poor Mr. Lardner. Could it be that his sorrow is caused more by the effective work of the House Committee on Un-American Activities than it is by the threat of the Communist conspiracy to engulf the world? . . . *The Post* has rendered no service to the nation in printing Lardner's lament.

FRANK W. MEYERS
*Potosi, Mo.*

Dear Sirs:

I agree with Mr. Lardner that a man's beliefs and associations should be accountable only to himself. He may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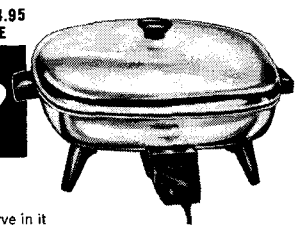

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## What you should know before investing

# The smart way to buy stocks and bonds today (or any day)

Like lots of men and women, you may be wondering what's needed (besides a little money) to invest in stocks and bonds. Mostly, it's getting the facts and applying good judgment.

For no one can foretell the future in the stock market. Stock and bond prices go down as well as up.

Investing can be a wonderful experience for you and your family, like buying a new car or sending the children to college. (And sound investing can help provide these better things in life.)

And the smart way to buy stocks and bonds is the way you buy anything else—deciding what you can reasonably afford and weighing the facts.

First, figure what you can afford to invest. Your income should be larger than your expenses. Set aside something for emergencies. Then consider investing in stocks and bonds.

Decide what you want your money to do for you in the long run. If your aim is additional income during the year, you might consider among other things the records of stocks which have paid dividends every three months for many years. Or you may be more interested in trying to find stocks with a good chance of growing in value. If you want greater stability of income and safety of principal, bonds will normally provide them.

Then you have two choices on what to do next.

Some people—too many—heed the "hot tip" of the stranger or friend promising a "sure thing if you act fast." Maybe it's stock of a company you know nothing about, with hazy prospects. Not the way you would buy anything else important—even a refrigerator—is it?

Most people give the "hot tip" a cold shoulder. Look in the Stock Broker section of the Yellow Pages under "New York Stock Exchange" and make an appointment with a Member Firm broker. Your Registered Representative has had to meet the Exchange's requirements for knowledge of investing. And it's part of his job to review facts about companies that may interest you.

Tell him how much you have to invest (you don't need a lot) and what you want your money to do. Ask him about a company's profit record, dividends, how the company ranks in its industry, what he thinks of its prospects. And ask about the Monthly Investment Plan which allows you to invest with as little as $40 every three months. Then it's up to you.

Just remember—the smart way to invest today, or any day—is to use all the care your future deserves.

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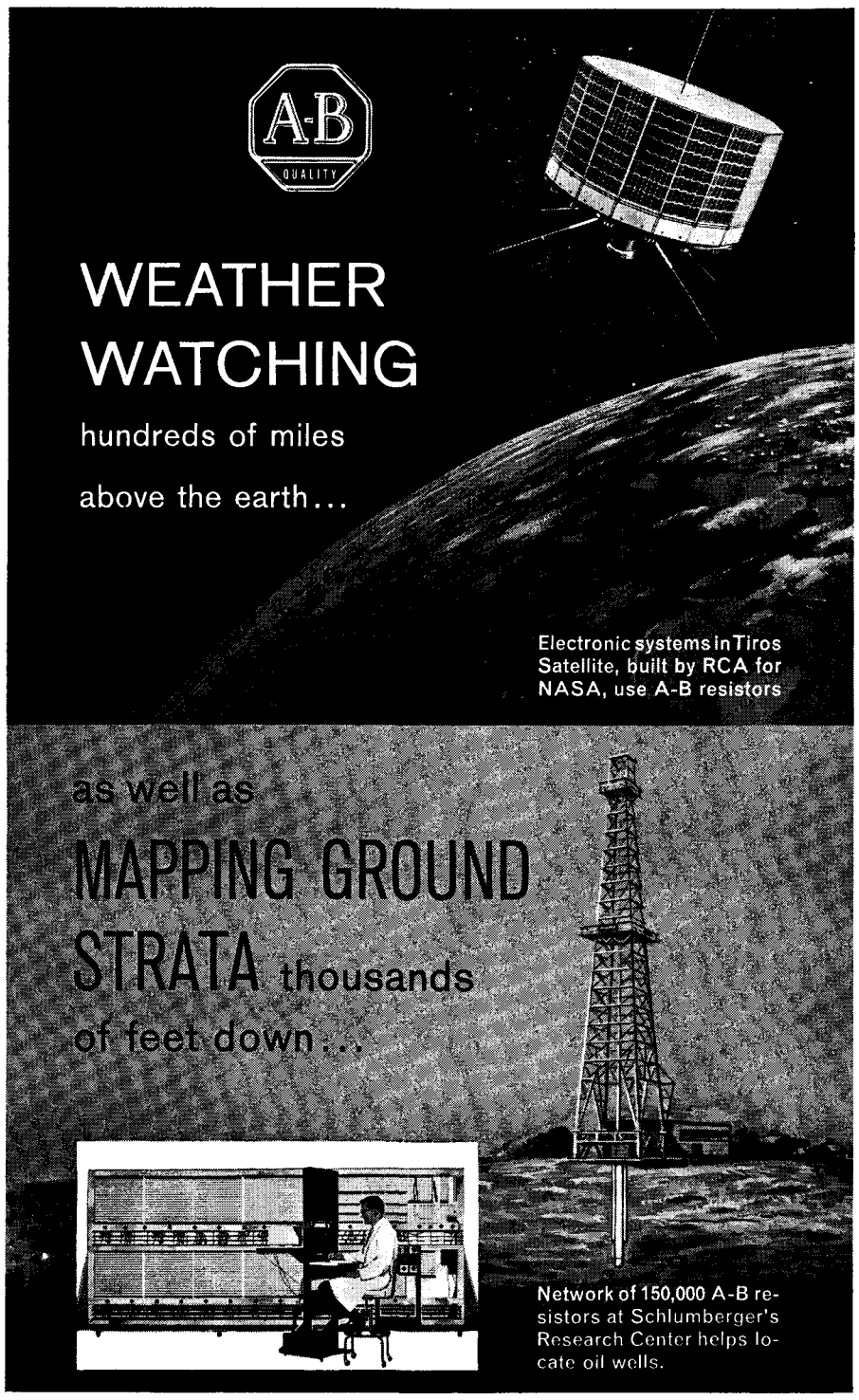


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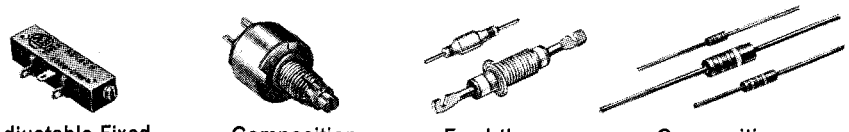

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# LETTERS

associate with a bear and believe it to be a rabbit. However, if he tramples me down with his so-called rabbit, I pray my Government will protect me from his associations and beliefs.

ROBERTA HARD
*Fort Worth, Tex.*

Dear Sirs:

The Soviet Communist Party program is well enunciated behind the slick-worded article by Comrade Lardner. He laughed all the way to the bank. Now he can join his kids in a glass of homogenized fallout milk and tell them how daddy struck a blow for freedom back in the '40's.

WOODRUFF BLACKLIDGE
*Los Angeles, Calif.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Lardner . . . devotes practically the whole article to proving how capable as writers the infamous ten were. He concludes the story with a chuckle that he can now sit back and look at the names on the old movies shown on TV. I was interested as to why he was a Communist—why he quit the party, what are his leanings today. This is serious business—but not apparently to Lardner. He is far more interested in his literary efforts and the proper credits given to his friends.

ROY W. PHOENIX
*Saginaw, Mich.*

## PLANNERS PAN US

Dear Sirs:

The article by Jane Jacobs [SPEAKING OUT: HOW CITY PLANNERS HURT CITIES, Oct. 14] is wildly inaccurate. We have a new approach in Boston. It has been the basis of our program for more than a year, and I am sorry *The Post* did not take the trouble to become acquainted with it. Just to keep the record very straight, we have no plans whatsoever for clearance in the North End. . . .

Attached please find quotes from the $90,000,000 over-all Boston Development Program proposal [made in Sept. 1960] which will set the record straight:

"The North End is one of the most lively neighborhoods of Boston. It has a flavor and a way of life which should be preserved, not destroyed. A clearance project for the North End would be an outrage. The city would never be the same. Every effort should be made to rehabilitate and strengthen this unique neighborhood. The general neighborhood renewal plan will help achieve this goal. Early in this planning process the city should begin working with a broadly based and representative North End neighborhood-improvement committee."

EDWARD J. LOGUE
*Development Administrator*
*Boston Redevelopment Authority*
*Boston, Mass.*

● *Author Jacobs replies: "No matter how fervent the planners' protestations of love and understanding for the North End and intent to 'preserve' it, the use of urban-renewal tools can only harm the North End. To help it, Federal regulations and legislation would have to be fundamentally and drastically changed* first. *To get the North End declared eligible for urban renewal, the planners have already had to certify it is a slum, blighted, deteriorated or deteriorating; they* had to cite as flaws and failures *the very qualities that make the North End healthy and lively: mixed uses, 'obsolete' street patterns, lack of open space. The regulations governing what they do are specifically calculated to 'correct' these supposed failures. To qualify for receiving land subsidies, say for new 'spot-clearance' housing, open-space regulations will have to be met. Result: not only dead, dangerous spaces but demolition of sound buildings to 'fill out the sites.' To qualify for Federal loan guarantees on rehabilitation, mixed uses that make the North End so viable must be subtracted, however reluctantly, because regulations do not permit them. Those embarked on replanning the North End are either ill informed or not candid when they neglect to mention such facts of bureaucratic life."—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Bravo for Jane Jacobs. . . . How long must we waste our energies on rigid formulas enforced by public-relations techniques, administered by career people who move from Davenport to Schenectady to Sacramento? May!

we need a little less energy expended on demolition and a little more on sweeping the front steps?

CARTER HEWITT
*Washington, Ill.*

Dear Sirs:

Really, are *all* city planners enemies of the cities? You are dead wrong, as there are many responsible planners who agree with Jane Jacobs's contentions as to the suitability of many new housing developments in the larger cities. Also, many well-conceived plans have been virtually raped by rapacious private developers. The cities are not guiltless either, as they may have wanted the tax base represented by overdevelopment. Analyze it a little further, and you will find many persons at fault.

RICHARD S. SCHOENBERGER,
*City Planner*
*Monroe, Mich.*

## OREGON ANSWERS

Dear Sirs:

The answer to the implied question in Robert Cahn's article [OREGON'S DILEMMA, Oct. 14] as to whether Oregon is in the doldrums is: No, we aren't in the rat race so prevalent elsewhere, because we prefer to be selective and avoid tension ulcers.

WALLACE S. WHARTON
*Marion County Executive Officer*
*Salem, Ore.*

Dear Sirs:

The State of Oregon is certainly not as out of focus as your blurred photographs suggest.

ANDREW H. KOCH
*Azalea, Oreg.*

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DUAL FILTER Tareyton

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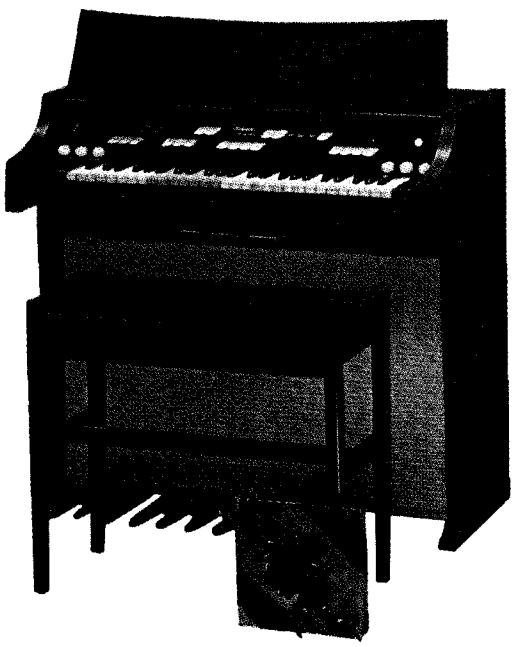
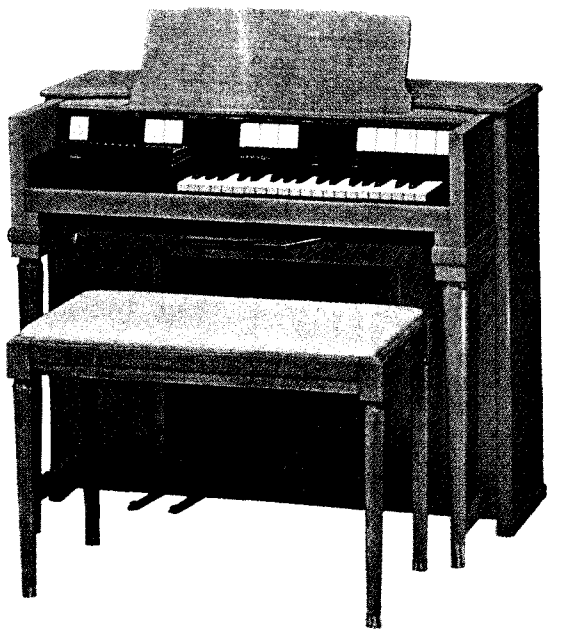
# LOOK THEM OVER...

# THEY ARE ALL HAMMOND ORGANS...

# ALL FULL OF EXCLUSIVE IDEAS...

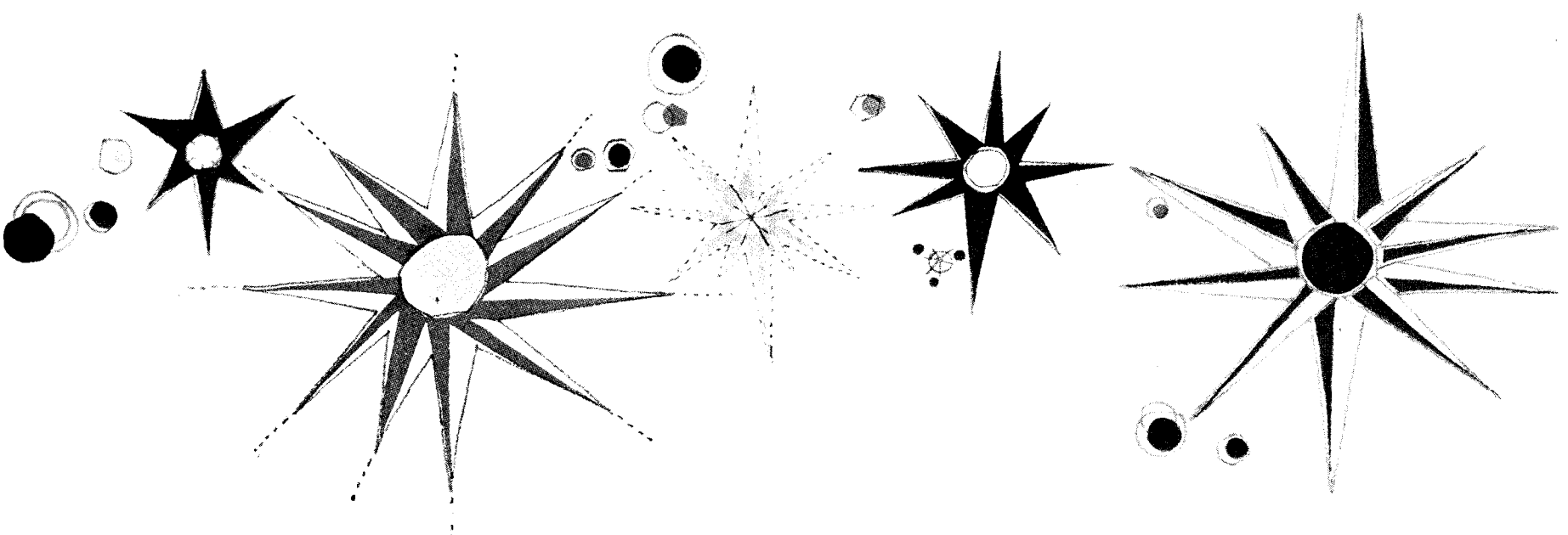


**Lowest-priced Hammond of all,** the wonderful Extravoice® Organ. Produces the rich and vibrant tones of three keyboards from a *single* keyboard. Gracefully compact (2 by 4 feet), it will fit in the space of a small bookcase. Though it is the lowest-priced Hammond, the Extravoice is made by Hammond craftsmen, with Hammond quality throughout. $695, F.O.B. factory; bench extra. $695



**You'll play on Christmas day.** The Hammond Chord Organ has launched many families on a rewarding hobby. Easy to play—with just two fingers. You follow the tune with Hammond *Picture* Music. No notes to read. Automatic Bass Tones, Rhythm Bar, and Touch-Response Percussion are exclusive Hammond features you'll master quickly. $975 in walnut (not shown); $1025 in other finishes, including blond (above). Prices F.O.B. factory; bench extra. FROM $975

**The lowest-priced Hammond Spinet ever!** Low as its price is, it has many of the exclusive features of more expensive Hammond Organs. Harmonic Drawbars, Reverberation, Permanent Pitch (never goes out of tune), and more. This is a true spinet with two manuals, 16 control tabs, 4 preset tabs, twin speakers, and 13 pedals. It is an organ of Hammond quality in every detail. $995, F.O.B. factory; bench extra. $995



*The new ideas in organs come from Hammond—first*

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ONE OF THE HAMMOND ORGANS on these pages would be the most substantial present you could think of for your entire family.

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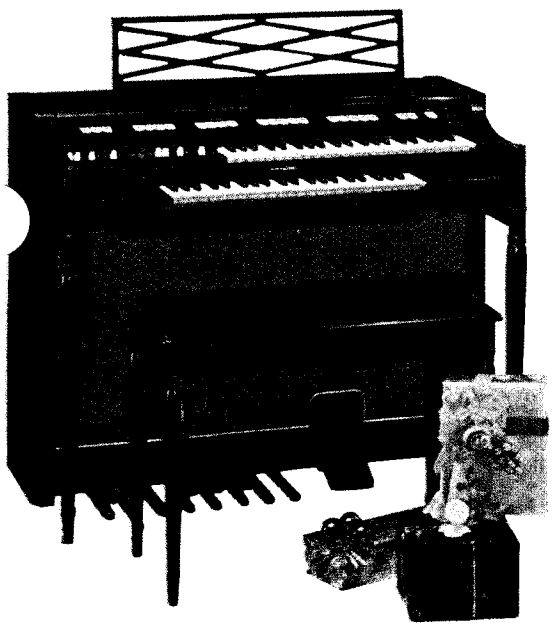
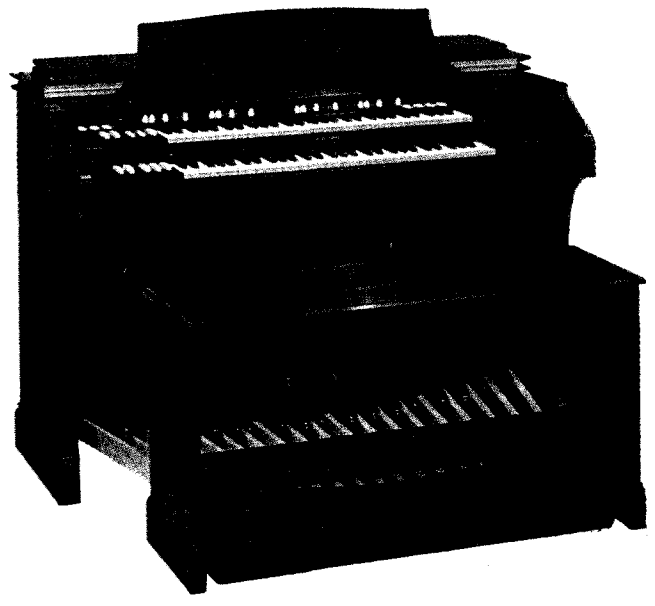
Your reward? The music you make yourself.



**The new luxury Hammond Spinet Organ.** One of the newest ideas in organs, one of the richest in musical resources. Of course it has the exclusive Hammond features: Harmonic Drawbars, *Stereo* Reverberation, Touch-Response Percussion, and Permanent Pitch. In addition: 3 speakers, 20-watt output, 24 control tabs, 6 preset tabs, 13 pedals. Selective Vibrato and a *new* "theatre" vibrato. $1495, F.O.B. factory. $1495

**The exquisite Hammond Self-Contained Organ.** It has an acoustically engineered tone cabinet *built-in,* yet it takes up no more floor space than a desk. You will have all the great Hammond exclusives: Drawbars, Permanent Pitch, Touch-Response Percussion, and Reverberation (which brings you the rich, three-dimensional effect of music played in a large concert hall). The handsome Hammond Self-Contained Organ comes in many styles and hand-rubbed finishes. $2450 in red mahogany (not illustrated); $2770 in light cherry, French Provincial style (above). Prices F.O.B. factory. • FROM $2450



**Most magnificent of all, the Hammond Concert model.** The vast tonal resources of this organ have made it first choice among some of the leading concert organists of the world. One important reason: it has a full 5-octave ensemble on both manuals. There are no unification devices to limit the organist's artistry. It will be your choice if you seek unlimited musical expression. $3350, F.O.B. factory. (Tone equipment extra.) $3350

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SPEAK!NG OUT THE VOICE OF DISSENT

# are children's books trash?

by Ada Campbell Rose

*Mother of two grown sons, Mrs. Rose was for twenty-one years editor of* Jack and Jill, *the Curtis magazine for children. She now free-lances from her home in Haverford, Pa.*

If you're wondering why your child won't read these days, take a look at what he's offered.

Fancily packaged and fancily priced, more than 200,000,000 juvenile books are sold each year. Most of them, I submit, don't have enough between their covers to nourish the mind of a gnat. The content in fiction is so trivial and far removed from the mainstreams of children's lives that it is soon tossed aside by youngsters for more realistic pursuits. And nonfiction is almost as bad—slight, superficial, often inaccurate.

But if the content is poor, the salesmanship is superb. "Hooray for books!" is the booksellers' slogan for 1961. Now, I am as ready as the next person to throw my hat into the air for a book, especially a good one, but there is a serious question in my mind as to whether some of these current products are, indeed, books—especially in the elementary-age group. Pictures, montages, bad free verse or abstract art, perhaps, but not books. A caustic father I know has a more accurate description. He calls them "decorative garbage."

Unfortunately all the promotional hoop-la seems to have produced a state of hypnosis among the reviewers. Most of the juvenile books put on the market today are tagged charming, gay, amusing, instructive or engaging. Brainwashed by the "experts," parents end up with the belief that *any* reading is worth while. They swallow the blurbs and buy all the children's books they can afford.

What do they get for their money?

First, and perhaps most tempting of all, are the republished old-timers. Gullible grandparents are the best customers for such offerings. They remember the books they enjoyed as a child, and they want their grandchildren to experience the same reading thrills. Unhappily many of these stories are as out-of-date as a model-T Ford. After a few paragraphs the child is apt to consign the volume to the bookshelf. The sight of it there may give the grandparent a pang of nostalgia from time to time—and thereby serve a purpose—but the youngster will never give it a second look.

I am not talking, of course, about the real classic. This rarely goes out of style. But the trouble with these is that modern publishers refuse to leave them alone. They insist on chopping away at a giant until it becomes a midget. A book by Charles Dickens is put through one of these shrinking mills and emerges in forty-eight pages. How can a Dickens novel, whose value depends on the richness of the plot and characterization, be whittled down to four dozen pages and still remain Dickens?

Or take Stevenson. Do you remember that vivid opening passage from *Treasure Island*?

"I remember him as if it were yesterday, as he came plodding to the inn door, his sea chest following behind him in a hand-barrow; a tall, strong, heavy, nut-brown man; his tarry pigtail falling over the shoulders of his soiled blue coat; his hands ragged and scarred, with black, broken nails, and the saber cut across one cheek, a dirty, livid white."

After this had been altered and abridged, in one version, it came out as follows: "I remember him plodding up to the inn door, his sea chest following in a hand barrow. He was a strong, heavy, nut-brown man with a dirty-white saber cut across one cheek." No pigtails, no blue coat, no broken nails, no scarred hands!

Why anybody feels that he can tell *Treasure Island* or *Tom Sawyer* or *The Arabian Nights* better than the authors, I cannot figure out. Furthermore, this regurgitated reading is the worst kind of condescension toward the intellectual capabilities of our children.

Turning from the classics to new fiction, I find the results even more deplorable. In an age when adult fiction is spotty, juvenile fiction manages to be even worse. Nothing approaching a literary style is attempted, and any plot—or none at all—seems to suffice. There is little suspense, emotion or portrayal of character—in short, nothing for children to laugh or cry over.

Let me give you an example. A typical children's story today might center around a character named Benjamin Binker Bunker. The name is considered cute, and it is repeated endlessly. Nothing else seems to be needed, or is offered. Or perhaps, in another case, the author has decided to write an Irish story. The hero, of course, smokes a pipe and says, "sure and begorrah" on every page. The pictures are printed in green—lovely green. These elements obviate the necessity for delineating Irish character or telling an Irish story.

Many young authors, especially young mothers who find a little extra time on their hands, are laboring to produce fantasies, which youngsters are known to be particularly fond of. Unfortunately few succeed, for these are among the most difficult types of stories to produce. Says Cornelia Meigs, in her scholarly book, *A Critical History of Children's Literature*, "Fantasy is probably the field of writing for children in which more people try and more fail than any other. Often dull, contrived, possibly it is the seeming lack of limitation which is tempting to a writer new to children's literature."

Nonetheless, authors, editors and publishers act as though no other writing were simpler, and mediocre books pour off the presses with tedious regularity. If the youngster doesn't understand what he's reading, parents feel it must be the child's fault. Surely the experts cannot be wrong.

In addition to providing our youngsters with truncated, watered-down, boring and incomprehensible reading matter, we're committing another sin which may have even more far-reaching effects psychologically. We are determined in our literature to shield children from the uncomfortable aspects of life.

Do you remember the books of forty or fifty years ago? How exciting, bold and ornery the characters were? And the pathos? Modern children get a taste of these books occasionally, and the effect is electric. As recently as 1958 a poll was taken among fifth- to eighth-graders in Philadelphia's branch libraries to determine the youngsters' favorite book. What was the winner? *Little Women.*

It is true that many of the situations around which the thrilling stories of yesteryear were built are no longer valid. Narratives dealing with hunger, rags, heartless institutions, no Christmas presents and even poor little rich boys like Fauntleroy would no longer be convincing to a generation of readers conditioned by Social Security and Federal income taxes.

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There's no new car anything like it! A foot shorter than the big ones, the new Ford Fairlane 500 fits in your garage as prettily as it sits on a beach. Its bigness is *inside*—where it's as roomy as some of the biggest Fords ever built. Although priced under many compacts, the new Fairlane 500 is a fine car from dual headlights to oversize trunk. The all-new Challenger V-8 engine (optional) is the world's first Economy Eight—and is as quick to save a dollar as it is to save time. Service has been reduced to a minimum—30,000 miles on many items, no more than twice a year or 6,000 miles on the rest . . . A dream car? It was until this year. Now you can see it and drive it at your Ford Dealer's.

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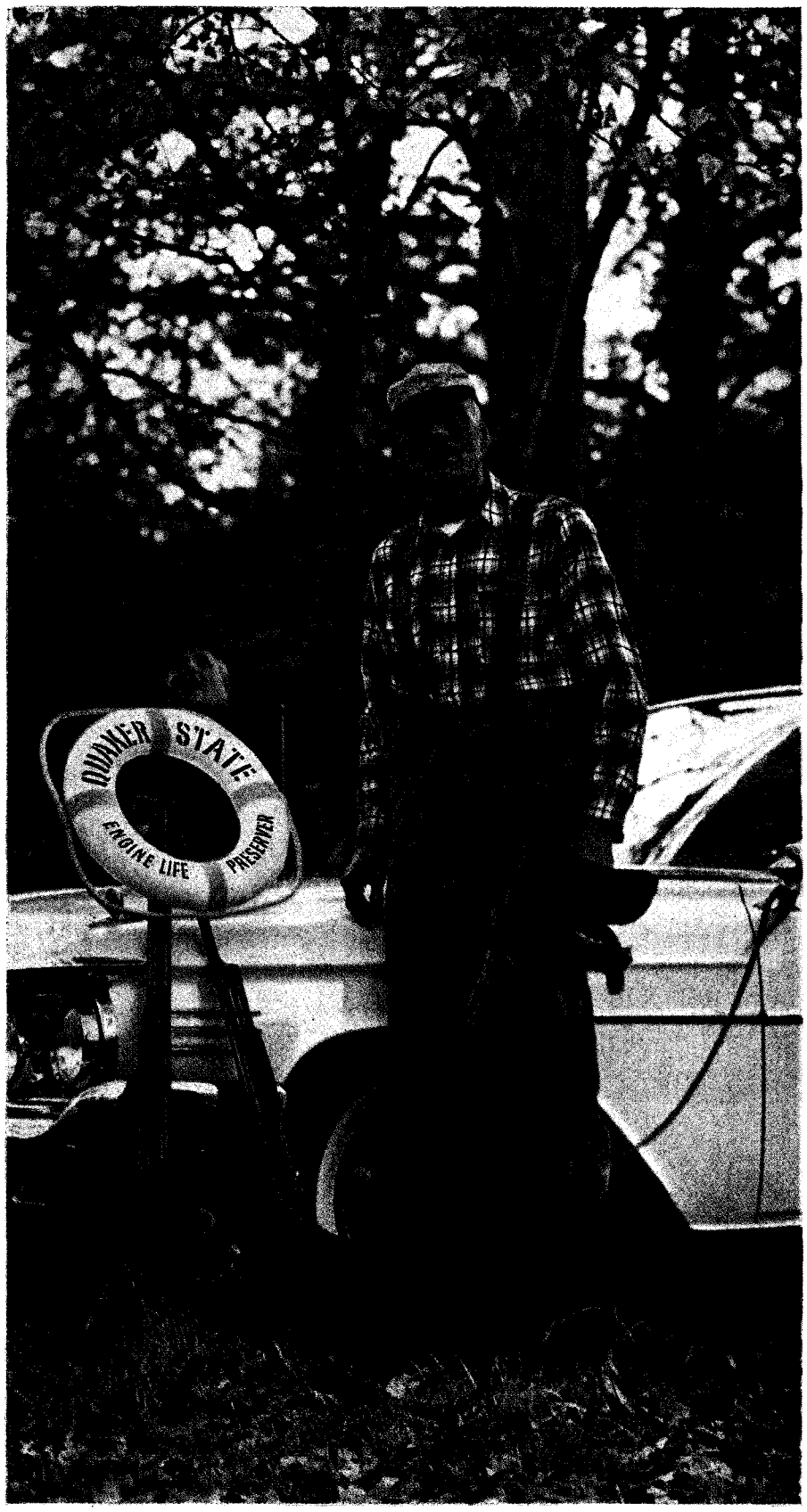


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QUAKER STATE OIL REFINING CORPORATION, OIL CITY, PA.

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# SPEAK!NG OUT

Modern children are caught in dilemmas which are just as terrifying as the hardships of earlier days, but we choose to ignore these situations in current books for boys and girls. Where is the tale, for example, of a child whose time must be divided between divorced parents? Or who must cope with the responsibilities put upon him by a working mother? What about a sensitive lad who tries to reconcile what he hears at Sunday school with the violence he hears reported on a news program? What about the modern children who live in households where some of the appliances are always out of repair, or where payments on them are a constant burden? Who has described the confusion of a little girl who receives ten dolls for her birthday and fifty outfits for them, complete with sunglasses, water skis and bras?

What small folk in fiction have lain awake nights worrying about bomb shelters, kidnapings or traffic deaths? A cat or dog may be run over in one of today's more daring stories, but that is as far as we allow realism to go, despite the fact that mothers who buy these books are constantly chauffering children to keep them from having to cross highways. In *Little Women*, Beth could die of scarlet fever—a scourge of that era. In modern fiction there are few scourges. It's a lovely-lovely world. And since children sense that this is not precisely the case, the stories fail to move them.

As a reaction to such dullness, children turn to nonfiction. This covers a wide spectrum—biography, history, vocational guides (even for six-year-olds), advice on social behavior, discrimination, the development of hobbies and, of course, science. Invariably the approach is that it's "fun" to be concerned with these things.

It can be fun, but unfortunately the proportion of worth-while reading material in this category is as low as it is in the story field. A recent much-touted biography on one of our country's founding fathers was tagged by the University of Chicago's Library School—almost the only source of critical reviews of children's books at the moment—as being "so poor in writing style that it is vitiated as a source of information."

Another nonfiction book, which recently came to my attention, does nothing more than extol a single color. It takes exactly seventy-eight words to do this and costs parents $1.95 per copy. What the child can get out of this is hard to say, but expensive illustrations have persuaded many parents that such a book would add to their child's knowledge and enjoyment.

One serious fault with informational books for children is that, though they edge over into the textbook field, they are very often written by people who know nothing about teaching. Moreover, some of the books purporting to instruct are downright inaccurate. Not long ago a book on architecture pictured Egyptian columns which were not what the text described. Another, on geography, wrongly identified one of the world's leading capital cities. Another, on mathematics, used an incorrect diagram which might well have driven a bright child crazy.

Unfortunately the prices of juvenile books have risen as fast as quality has declined. One new title, which a ten-year-old friend of mine read from cover to cover in exactly six minutes, cost $5.95. It would have been far better to put the money toward a bicycle or a visit to some historical site.

Fortunately there are some ways out for the determined parent who wants his child to enter the wonderful world of books and have all the pleasures and excitements which the parent once had. In order to do this, I'd suggest the following program:

1. Get the habit of using the local library. Librarians are trained in the art of determining the interest areas of children. They can suggest books which are appropriate both in subject matter and in age level.

2. Take time to read juvenile books. Cultivate a degree of judgment by giving a thorough going-over to the new titles in the bookstore (or library), and read the books others give your children as gifts. Also try reading different types of books aloud to your children. It is surprising how quickly children, with some guidance, can learn to distinguish between the worthless books and those of value. Well-worn volumes in the children's room of a library attest to young readers' appreciation of good books when they are exposed to them.

3. Don't buy junk just because it's beguilingly packaged. Promotion techniques being what they are in the book world, the only kind of counterpressure that could affect the children's market and bring about a demand for better material would be a simple boycott of bad books. Let the bookseller know *why* you are not buying more books, and tell him when you consider a reviewer's criticism to be inaccurate.

But above all, don't give up reading. It would be as ridiculous to give up books as it would be to give up going to the movies or to refuse to turn on TV just because there is so much trash in these media. Fortunately there *are* good books being produced. People like Pearl Buck, Elizabeth Enright and others in the fiction field, as well as Glenn Blough and Herbert Zim in the nonfiction area, can turn out material in a way that captures the modern child's imagination the way authors of another era used to do—and if these writers can do it, so can others. They just need a bit of nudging from parents and other buyers.

In short, the next time somebody says "hooray for books," keep a firm grip on your pocketbook. Don't be stampeded. Be selective in your choice and save your hoorays for publications that deserve it. Nothing less than the minds of your children is at stake.

THE END

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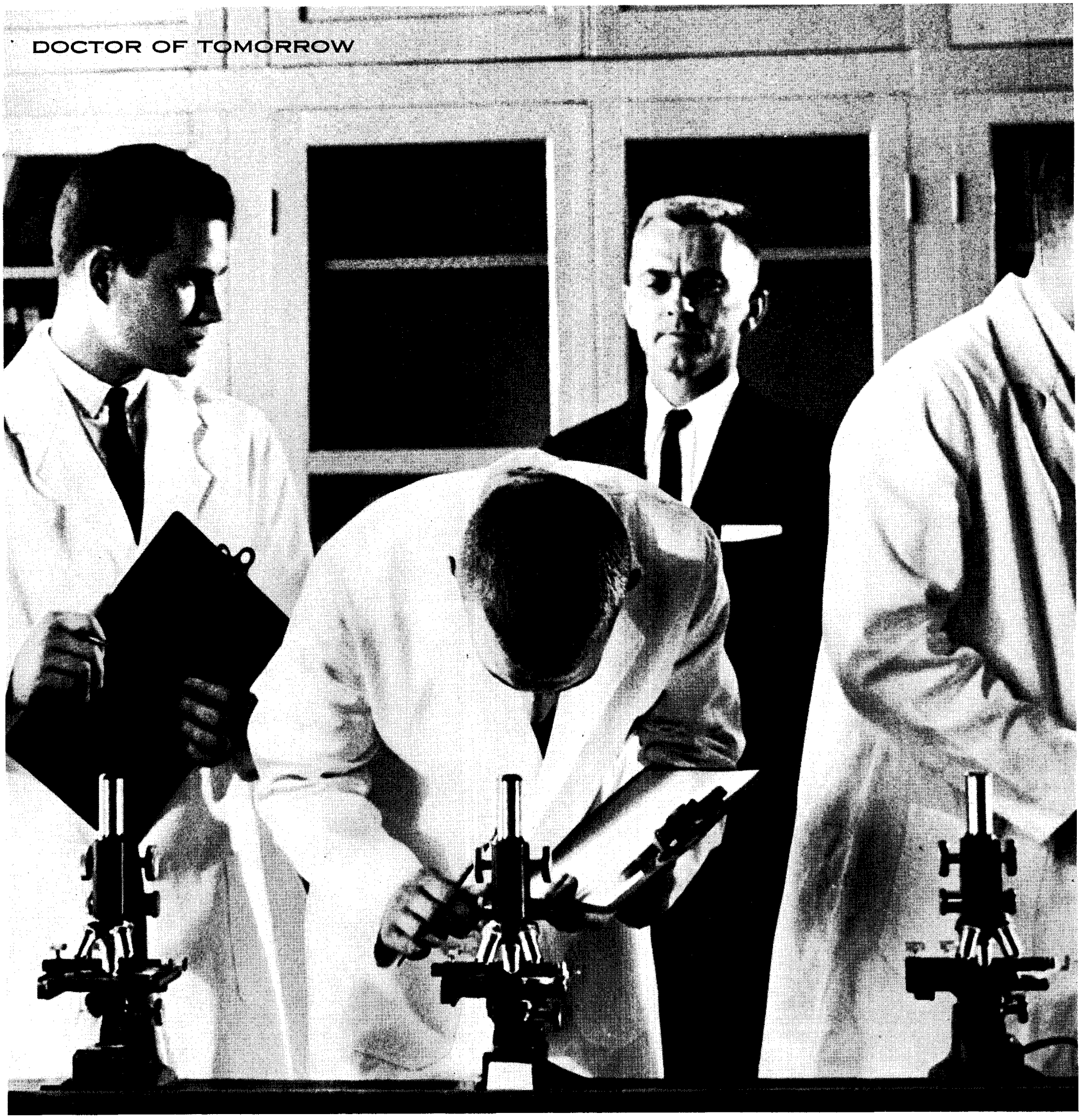


# Playing "musical chairs" in grim earnest

Medical students nickname this microscope test "musical chairs." But as they march around the table, each knows it is far from a game. On signal, the class stops. Then every man must turn to the nearest microscope . . . identify and describe what he sees.

As in real-life medicine, the bits of tissue under the microscopes present puzzles. Realistically, too, right answers must be found in minutes. Here, as in many phases of their ten years or more of preparation to serve you, these students learn to work under pressure. For much will someday depend on their ability to observe, diagnose and decide . . . against time.

There is urgency, too, in A. H. Robins pharmaceutical research. Even though experiments and tests may cover years, every day saved can mean better health, greater freedom from pain for thousands. Every day counts in providing a better medicine for your doctors of today or your doctors of tomorrow.

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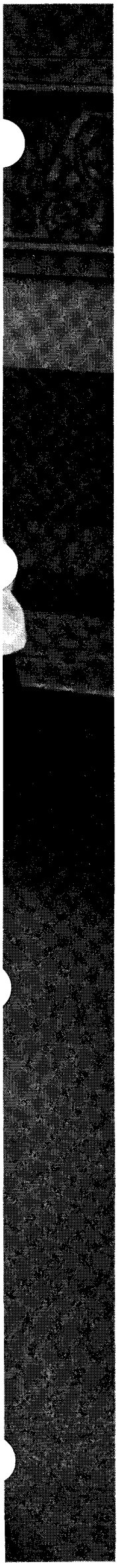

# ENTER! THE LOWREY STARLET

*Exclusive! A complete 2-keyboard organ with percussion— at the lowest price ever!*

Only $595 f.o.b. factory bench optional

*And...anyone can play it!*

This newest member of the Lowrey family is a true organ in every sense of the word. Although it sells for only $595, no other organ anywhere near this price can offer such solid, musical satisfaction.

Best of all, *anyone* can play the Lowrey Starlet. From dad on down to daughter, they can all play their first tune in mere minutes, even if they cannot read a note.

Touch a tab and the Starlet responds with your choice of string, reed, flute and diapason tones. A variety of instrumental voices, including trombone, clarinet, cello, oboe, vibraharp, celesta, French horn and viola. Combine them too, as you like, for rich orchestral ensemble effects.

It also has percussion for special effects that add rhythm and color to your playing. This is genuine *sustain percussion* that makes tones "ring on afterwards". . . helps the beginner sound better right away.

And with the exclusive Lowrey Glide feature, you can easily duplicate many familiar sounds . . . the romantic, vibrating Hawaiian guitar, the trombone's slide, a string glissando . . . with a realism that will amaze you.

Here is an instrument with a 13 note pedalboard, and not one but *two keyboards*, such as you'd expect to find only in organs costing hundreds of dollars more.

Because of its compact design, the Lowrey Starlet with its lovely spinet styling fits easily into any room. And since it comes in a choice of mahogany, walnut or blond finishes, it will complement any interior.

Discover what it can mean to enjoy Lowrey organ music in your home. Your nearby Lowrey Dealer (look for him in the Yellow Pages) will be happy to tell you more about the Free Home Trial and Free Lessons Offer described below.

See him today . . . play carols on Christmas morning! The Lowrey Organ Company, 7373 N. Cicero, Lincolnwood, Chicago 46, Illinois. In Canada, 9 Church Street, Toronto.

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Special introductory offer ends December 31, 1961.

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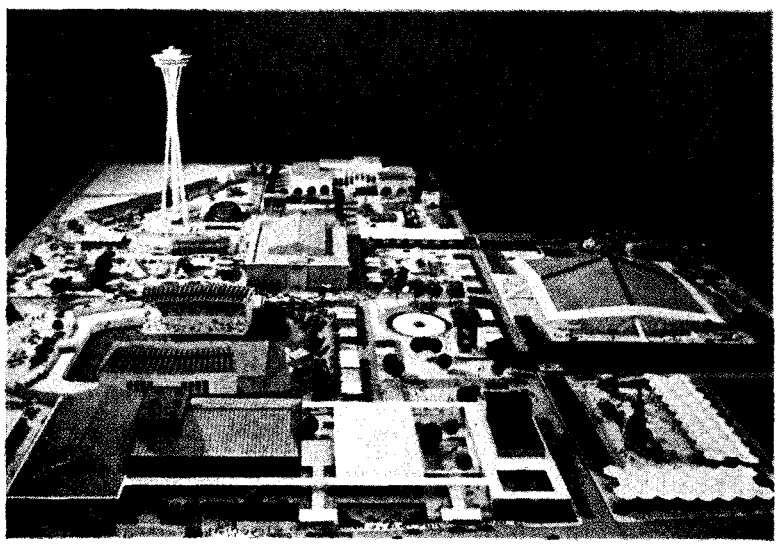
*Foxes on a Weyerhaeuser tree farm where individual pine trees have been marked for selective harvest. Unmarked trees will be left to continue their growth. They also will provide seeds for natural reforestation of the land.*

# The nation's forests...how long can they last?

*Model of 74-acre site of the World's Fair to be held in Seattle, April 21 - October 21, 1962. Theme of the Fair will be "Century 21"—an exciting, entertaining and educational preview of the wondrous world of tomorrow. Write to the Seattle World's Fair, Seattle 9, Wash., for free literature.*



For nearly four centuries the axe has cleared a path across this continent for an onrushing civilization. In the process a tremendous volume of wood has been removed from the forests. And the demand for forest products is now greater than ever before.

How long, then, can commercial forests last? The answer is...forever, if the land is carefully managed to produce trees in repeated cycles of planned crops.

Such management is practiced on Weyerhaeuser tree farms. As a result, these lands will provide wood in a continuous flow for nearly one hundred permanent Weyerhaeuser manufacturing plants...wood for literally thousands of products needed by the nation.

To insure a future wood supply, company lands are reforested as they are harvested. Since our tree farms are kept in a constant state of productivity, they will continue to provide not only wood, but also water, wildlife, recreation, payrolls, taxes and other forest benefits for generation upon generation to come.

*Write us, Box A, Tacoma, Washington, for a free booklet on forestry and forest products.*

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY B. Franklin

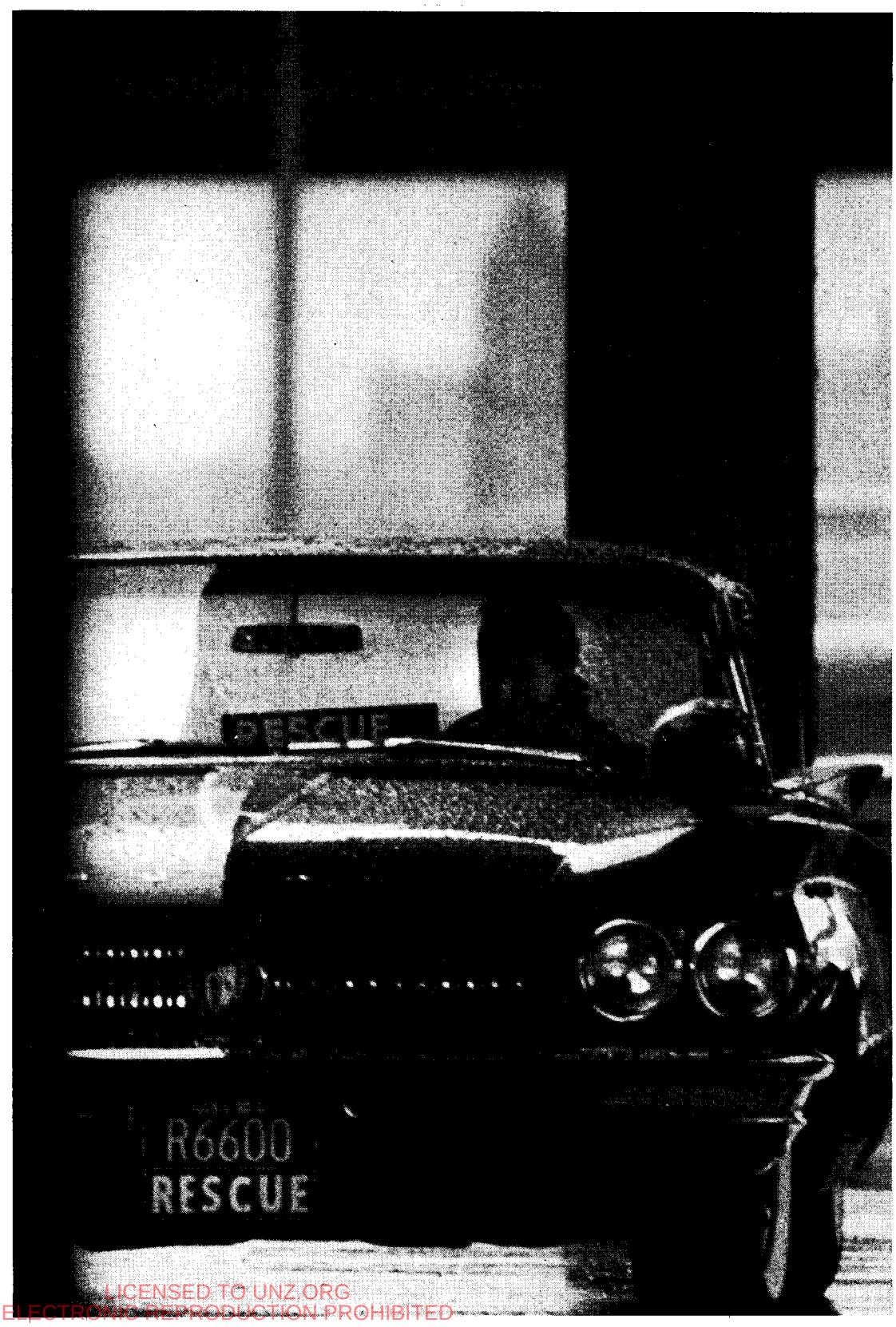
# HE RESCUES THE DESPERATE

This soft-spoken New England priest leads a teen-age street gang, heads Rescue Inc., salvages tough delinquents and helps would-be suicides to live.

By Noah Gordon

For nearly three years a lanky, forty-year-old priest in Boston, Massachusetts, has been leading a curiously double life—neither part of which seems, at first glance, particularly appropriate to his vocation as a clergyman. Although he is curate of St. Francis de Sales Church in the city's Charlestown section, the Rev. Kenneth B. Murphy devotes most of his time to being leader of a teen-age street gang known as the Hawks, and serving as president of Rescue Incorporated, an organization that is dedicated to preventing human beings from committing suicide.

Father Murphy sees nothing strange in his concern for both juvenile delinquents and would-be suicides. Both groups are composed of people in desperate need of help, understanding and guidance. And his ecclesiastical superiors wholeheartedly agree with him that a priest should offer himself as a friend to the friendless and the forlorn.




Father Murphy knows the anguish of other men at all hours. Even in his car he receives distress calls.

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When time is running out for a would-be suicide, Father Murphy rushes above the slow city traffic in a police helicopter. He has rarely failed to salvage a life in jeopardy.

**RESCUE** His involvement with this two-pronged crusade began one autumn midnight in 1958 when he was awakened by the sound of gang warfare directly beneath his third-floor bedroom in the rectory. From his window he could see forty members of a Charlestown gang called the Jokers standing shoulder to shoulder and blocking Bunker Hill Street. Up the hill toward them moved a gang of Italian youths from Boston's North End. Yellow light from the street lamps glinted on knife blades and the shafts of broken-off automobile-radio antennas. As the priest watched in horror, the two gangs came together with screams and curses.

Within minutes half a dozen police cars had screeched up the hill and scattered the combatants, except for one of the North End boys who had been stabbed and seriously wounded. With quiet restored to his parish, Father Murphy got little sleep that night. Then, and in the days that followed, he found himself haunted by the ugly memory of boys coming at each other like animals.

The Jokers were a gang from neighborhoods at the bottom of Bunker Hill, on the crest of which stands St. Francis de Sales. Father Murphy had been there for nine years; he knew many of the boys in his parish. *But how well do I know them?* he asked himself. He began to watch them closely. Charlestown is an area of ancient tenements and endless concrete—street after street unchanging in a pattern dictated by age and poverty. There are few parks in which children can play, few green yards in which whole families can gather. As in other low-income areas everywhere, the institution of the family is weak or nonexistent in many homes. To young people in search of identity, this leaves the street gang as a natural alternative.

"I saw from the start why the gang concept was popular," Father Murphy said. "To be a member of the gang was to belong to something. It was a flag you could wave before all the rest of the world, signaling, 'See, somebody cares about me.'"

The priest wanted to learn more. He began to spend his spare time lounging on street corners and straddling stools in neighborhood soda shops. Inevitably he made some small progress, gaining an occasional smile or word of greeting.

"The more I saw, the more I realized that the gang concept was too big to fight, too important in the frightened world around me to be replaced by moralistic preaching or exhortations away from evil," he said. Slowly an idea and a plan began to emerge from his frequent conversations with the teen-agers.

Why not use the gang concept—take over an entire group, change its direction and transform it into a social instead of an antisocial organization? He began to look for leaders and soon he found two boys to whom the others in their group turned naturally for advice and orders.

The priest talked to them. Father Murphy is a convincing talker. He has hazel eyes that bore into you when he speaks. His voice is soft, but his tone is seldom uncertain. He punctuates his thoughts with decisive gestures of narrow, long-fingered hands. Six feet tall and 190 pounds, he was a track man at Boston's English High School. He knows sports; when he spoke of athletics, the boys listened. Perhaps most important, he was familiar, from his own boyhood, with many of the frustrations in their lives.

Kenneth Murphy had been born in Roxbury, another Boston tenement area, and had lost his father as a young boy. From as far back as he can

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remember, he worked. An all-A's student at English High, and a scholarship student at Boston College, he spent after-school hours washing dishes in a tearoom and clerking in a grocery.

There was never any doubt in his mind that he would be a priest. "I used to dream of being a missionary, of converting the heathen in China," he said. His life was hard, and the goal he had set for himself high. For a short, terrifying time, to escape the pressures that weighed him down, he had run with a teen-age gang himself. "My mother heard that stuff was being stolen and hidden in our clubhouse," he said. "That was the end of my period with the gang."

Now, an adult and a priest—although a parish curate instead of a China missionary—he wanted to join another gang, this time as its leader. It wasn't easy. Little by little, working through the two juvenile leaders, he won a tentative acceptance from the boys; and when he invited them over to the church annex for a bull session one evening, half a dozen came. At the next session he had a police sergeant there, who talked to the boys about firearms. Gradually the boys became accustomed to meeting in the church annex.

They called themselves the Hawks. They wore the same uniform worn by other street gangs—tight blue jeans, a wide variety of headgear, and black leather jackets with white screaming hawks on the backs and nicknames stitched in front.

Some owned motorcycles, and Father Murphy realized that one of the best ways to reach the boys was through their interest in vehicles. One of the men in the neighborhood owned a stock-car racer. The priest obtained his permission to let the boys service it under supervision of skilled mechanics. Soon, working in pairs, they were able to strip down the engine and reassemble it in less than two hours. The gang started going en masse to cheer "their" car when it raced in Norwood Arena.

For a while things went well. Carried along by the novelty of a gang whose motto was, "Juvenile Decency instead of Juvenile Delinquency," the boys co-operated with Father Murphy. But presently they began to chafe under his admonitions against liquor, fighting and hell raising, and asserted their independence. "They just stopped coming around," Father Murphy said.

He waited for several weeks, hoping they would have a change of heart. Then patiently he began the process all over again. And once more won them over, this time with a big assist from the community. "People were wonderful. Everyone was willing to help," he said.

When he requested their aid, celebrities from the world of sports rallied around him. Jimmy Piersall gave the boys tips on baseball and talks on character. James Edward (Buddy) Cochran, a former professional middleweight, became their boxing coach. "Irish Pat" Sullivan, TV mat star, taught them judo and wrestling. Eddie Sanford, captain of the Boston Bruins Hockey Club, coached their hockey team so well that the boys won a district title.

By the time the gang was a year old, it was clear that Father Murphy's patience and hard work had at least pointed the way to solving Boston's juvenile-delinquency problem, and the priest felt he could look forward to the relative quiet of pursuing his normal parish duties. "I should have known better," he said recently. As a direct result of his successful work with the Hawks, he found himself thrust into another encounter with the dark side of life.

Father Murphy strives for "juvenile decency" among the street gangs of Boston.

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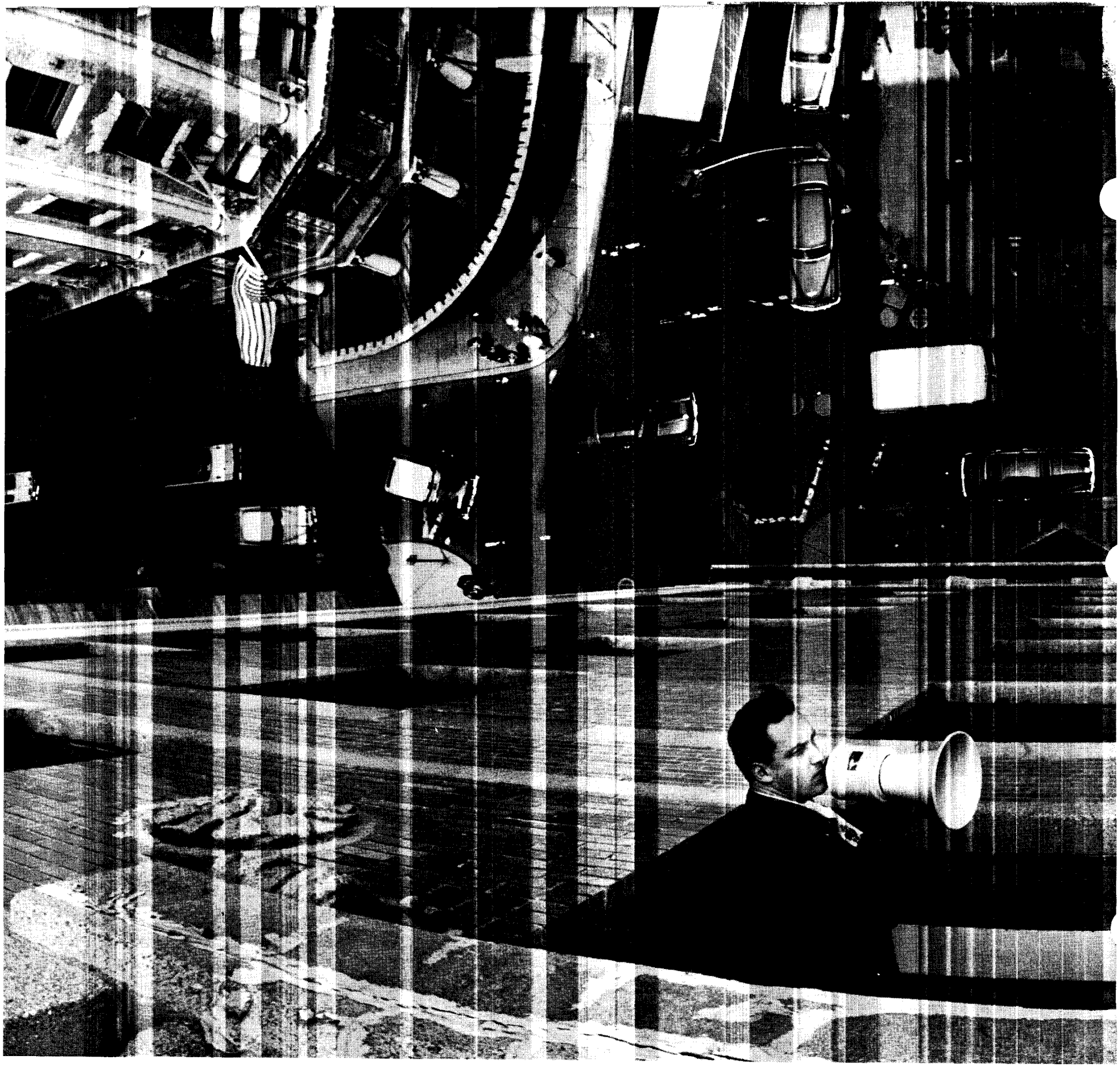

High on Boston's bridges or far above a busy downtown street, the priest

**RESCUE** One night in February of 1959, as he was preparing to go to bed, his telephone rang. When he picked it up, the voice on the other end of the line was so low he had trouble hearing it. The caller was a seventeen-year-old boy, one of his parishioners and a member of the Hawks. "Father, I'm going to kill myself," the boy said.

For a split second Father Murphy felt panic. What are the right words to prevent someone from taking his own life? He had known that the boy had been troubled for some time by nebulous, undefined anxieties. "But I had dismissed them as being trivial, the kinds of things that bother all of us from time to time and then disappear. Now I found that they hadn't disappeared." Calmly, sympathetically, he began to talk. What followed was a long, telephone struggle of wills, ending in capitulation by the boy. The following morning, the priest accompanied him to a psychiatrist.

One week after the Hawk had called, a police officer knocked on the rectory door at two A.M. "There's a man on the River Bridge," the patrolman said. "He's too high for us to reach, and we're afraid he'll jump if we try to climb up after him. He says he knows you."

Father Murphy pulled on his clothes and sped with the policeman through dark streets. The man was high on the bridge suspension, framed in the cold yellow of the police spotlight. Father Murphy did not know him, but he called out, "I've come to help you." The man looked down. For a long second nobody moved. Then slowly, while policemen who had pleaded with him for two hours stared, the man began making his way downward from one steel girder to the next. A police cruiser took him to the hospital.

The next week, on St. Patrick's Day, Father Murphy sat eating his breakfast when authorities once again requested his aid. This time a young sailor stood on the stone window ledge of a building in downtown Boston, eight stories above a jeering crowd which kept urging him to jump. Father Murphy arrived just after the youth had sent his dogs tags fluttering earthward. Before the

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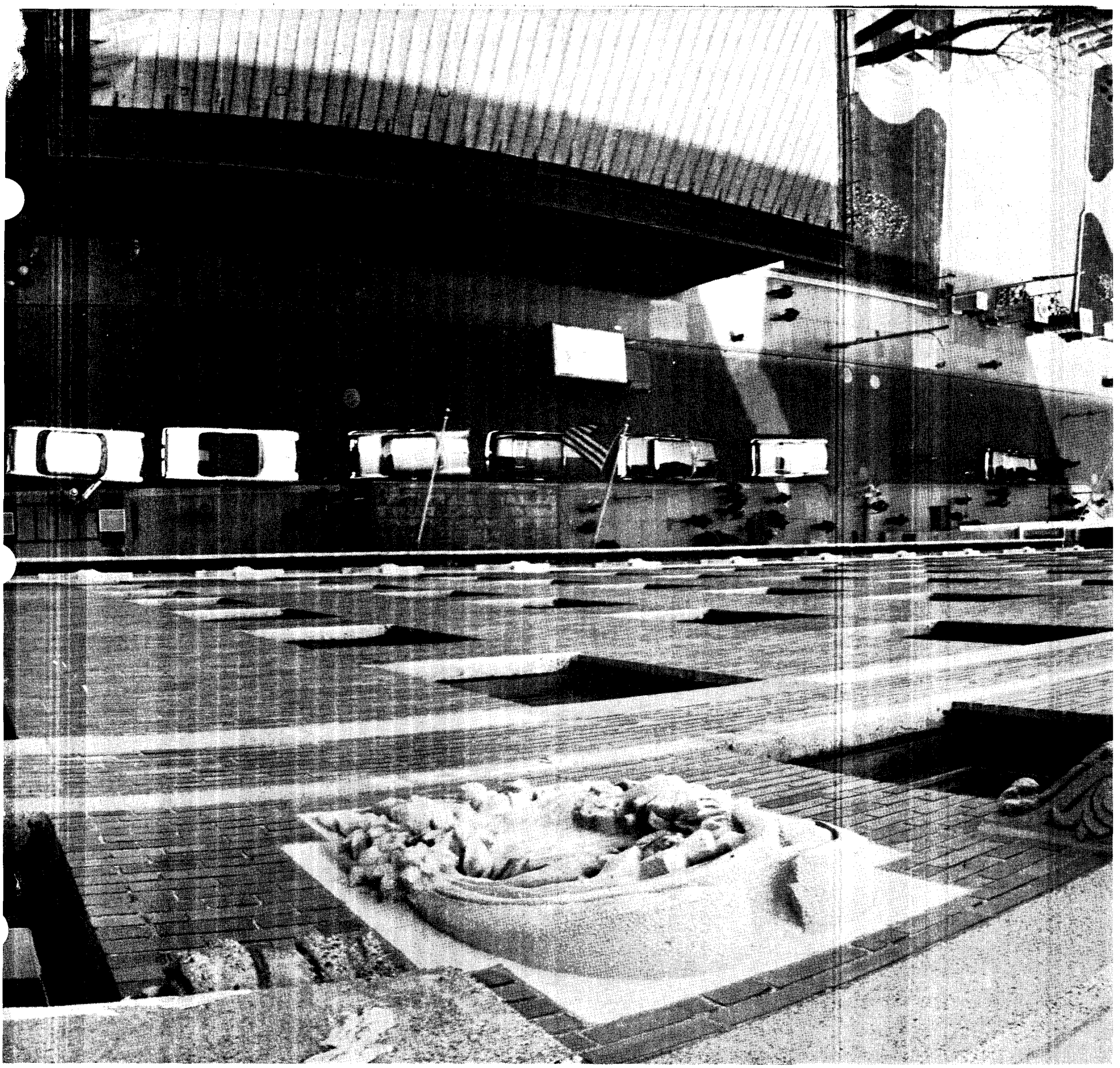

:akes risks to dissuade the distraught from jumping.

*Photographs by Jim Burns*

boy could throw himself over, the priest began to talk with him, calmly and persuasively. Noting that the sailor would allow Father Murphy to approach him, a police officer ran to a nearby rectory and borrowed a cassock, which he slipped on over his uniform. The real priest and the imitation one moved closer to the despondent youth on the narrow ledge. When he was within grabbing distance—they grabbed. He, too, was hustled off to the hospital for psychiatric treatment.

The idea of fellow men so ridden by despair gnawed at the young clergyman. Then, only a few weeks later, he answered the telephone to hear once again someone saying the terrifying words, "I'm going to kill myself."

"Where are you?" he blurted. The man mumbled an address. Quickly Father Murphy hung up, dialed police headquarters, gave them the address and then hurried there himself. He arrived before the police did. It was an old brownstone house. No one answered his ring, and he pushed open the unlocked door and stepped inside. A young man stood in the darkened hallway. He held a gun against his head. As the priest watched helplessly and in horror, the man pulled the trigger of the pistol.

From that moment, Father Murphy became a driven man. He began to consult medical and public libraries, seeking information about suicide. He talked with psychiatrists, psychologists, social workers and physicians. They all told him the same thing: Their hands were tied unless the potential suicide was taken seriously by his family and associates before it was too late.

"Experts told me that suicides kill themselves because they feel utterly bereft, cut off from all contact with other human beings," he said. "It seemed to make sense that if you could show such a person that you genuinely cared whether he lived or died, you might save his life."

He did a lot of thinking and then he went to see his friend and superior, Richard Cardinal Cushing, Roman Catholic archbishop of Boston. He told the cardinal that he wanted to start an organization that would help potential suicides—not

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**RESCUE** just Roman Catholics, but Protestants, Jews, atheists, all individuals ridden by the death demon. What he visualized was a group patterned after Alcoholics Anonymous, where potential suicides could turn for help and understanding. He wanted an organization which would offer psychiatric aid and social service, while at the same time conducting basic investigations into the nature of suicidal impulses.

Cardinal Cushing heard his arguments and then made an immediate donation of $5000 of church funds. The result was the birth of the National Rescue From the Brink of Death League, now known only as Rescue Incorporated.

Dr. John F. Conlin, director of Boston City Hospital, pledged financial assistance and, perhaps more important, gave Rescue Incorporated the use of two rooms strategically located above the hospital's psychiatric service. Dr. Philip Solomon, assistant professor of psychiatry at Harvard Medical School and head of psychiatry at the City Hospital, recruited a staff of twelve of his colleagues and became chief psychiatrist. Rabbis and ministers in the Boston area responded at once to the idea. A medical answering service prepared to answer suicide calls on a twenty-four-hour basis, and the telephone company installed a radiotelephone in Father Murphy's car. The Rescue telephone number—HAncock 6-6600—was widely publicized in the Boston newspapers. And Father Murphy waited. "I was afraid that they wouldn't seek our help. I was afraid that my Roman collar might drive them away," he admitted later. But one week after the doors of the Rescue office were opened, the first call for help came in.

The man was a disabled Navy veteran. "I've had enough of this life. I don't want to live any more," he said. Out of work and penniless, he could not return to his unheated apartment and face his family. He had fifty powerful sleeping pills with which he was determined to take his own life. "I have some beer to wash them down," he said, "and my wife will be able to have our new child in style with my insurance money." Father Murphy learned that the man was calling from a telephone booth in a tavern on Dudley Street, in the Roxbury section. Then the telephone time ran out, and the line went dead.

The priest made a hurried call to the Dudley Street Police Station, and Sgt. Eugene McSweeney and Detectives Edward Rogers and Louis Bellanti raced for the tavern. The man was still in the phone booth. When he saw the officers, he started to lift the pills to his lips. "That's when we did some fast talking," Detective Rogers remembered later. "He sobbed through the closed door of the booth that because of him his family was starving. He was not drunk. He was despondent and desperate enough to end it all."

The officers told him his family was on his side. "And we are standing right beside you to offer you any help that you and your family need," they promised. Hesitantly, he opened the door of the booth and stepped out. The would-be suicide was taken to City Hospital, but the policemen kept their promise to him. Rogers called a fuel dealer who delivered fuel to heat his cold home. And the detectives went to his family loaded with bundles of groceries which other officers at the station had chipped in to buy.

Rescue Incorporated had faced its first test successfully. But Father Murphy felt that he required some method of being summoned swiftly at any time. "I found the answer in a pocket-sized transistor radio receiver over which calls come in right from the telephone switchboard," he said. The receiver is by his plate when he eats in a restaurant, next to his pillow when he sleeps.

The calls from potential suicides or from persons fearing that loved ones might take their own lives came in increasing numbers until they reached the present average of nearly eight a day. Over and over Father Murphy has dashed for his car and sped to the site of a suicide attempt. Again and again he has pleaded with men and women not to jump from bridges and tall buildings, or talked distraught individuals into putting aside a variety of lethal weapons. Time after time he has persuaded them to enter hospitals and start programs of psychotherapy. And as a result of the wide range of problems which can lead to suicidal despair, he has made himself familiar with every type of social-service agency in the community, in order to marshal all available forces to help his people.

When a twenty-four-year-old former paratrooper decided to hurl himself from the Mystic River Bridge because his baby was crippled, Father Murphy crawled up beside him, talked with him for an hour, accompanied him to the ground and then gave him money and arranged for an orthopedic specialist to see the baby. A divorcee attempted suicide when she found that she was pregnant; Father Murphy took her to an agency which made arrangements for her to have her child. A young mother tried to kill herself because she believed her baby was mentally deficient as a result of injuries received when she had dropped him from her arms; Father Murphy arranged for the baby to enter the Kennedy Memorial Hospital for diagnostic examination.

Many of his calls for help come from young persons, and here his experience with the Hawks proves invaluable. By the close of Rescue's first year, he had counseled ninety-nine teen-agers who had wanted to take their own lives. Forty-one of these were girls, most of whom had grown desperate because of love entanglements.

During its first two years of existence, Rescue Incorporated received 5767 calls from persons who wished to die. In the organization's quarters, now located in Boston's Fire Department Headquarters Building, there is a wall-sized map of Greater Boston. The map is covered with tiny pins. Some have blue heads; these represent suicide attempts. Some have red heads; these represent persons who have succeeded in killing themselves. In the course of his first 1000 cases, Father Murphy was forced to put up only one red pin. Since then, the number of completed suicides has grown to a handful.

Rescue has one paid worker, an office secretary. In addition, its staff includes social workers and researchers from colleges and universities in the Boston area. Dr. Richard Ford, head of the department of forensic medicine at Harvard's School of Public Health and medical examiner for Suffolk County, is Rescue's research director.

Help has been offered Rescue Incorporated from a variety of sources. A national pharmaceutical firm now supplies tranquilizers and other drugs to organization members at greatly reduced prices. A commercial helicopter has been made available to Father Murphy for use during periods of the day when traffic chokes Boston's arteries, cutting him off from someone to whom even a few moments' delay in his arrival might mean the difference between living and dying. One man whose suicide attempt Father Murphy foiled, now fully recovered and grateful, donated the land for a rest clinic which Rescue Incorporated maintains at Center Sandwich, New Hampshire, on Lake Winnipesaukee.

Communities outside of Boston have demonstrated an interest in forming nonsectarian anti-suicide groups. There is now a Rescue chapter in Worcester, Massachusetts, headed by an Episcopalian sergeant of detectives. Father Murphy has been called upon to establish other Rescue units in Providence, Rhode Island, Springfield, Massachusetts, and Dallas, Texas.

Although the major demands on his time still come from this second crusade, Father Murphy remains vitally concerned in the progress of the Hawks. And it is a source of great satisfaction to him that his boys have built so well on the foundation of decency he laid for them.

Out of the gang's treasury its members rented land in West Harwich, on Cape Cod, for their own summer camp. Their dance band plays at their own dances. Their gun club is drilled in marksmanship by a National Guard officer and a police sergeant. Their flying club goes up regularly at nearby airfields; three Hawks earned pilot's licenses and one has been nominated for appointment in the United States Air Force Academy.

Word of these activities has spread until recruitment is no longer a problem. The Hawks have a full complement of more than 100 members, including six high-school varsity captains, and there are 140 boys—called Hawkettes—on the waiting list for membership. Moreover, the gang has had a marked influence on the behavior of other gangs in the Boston area. At first written off as "do-gooders" by other juveniles whose one stock in trade was exterior toughness, the Hawks inevitably received challenges to rumble. In the street-gang society, to "chicken out" from one of these challenges means disgrace and ostracism. But guided by Father Murphy, the Hawks came up with a solution. "They 'Hawk out,'" the priest said. "Their stock answer to a challenge is 'Take me to your leader, and we'll arbitrate.' And it works. Kids love the feeling of self-importance that gang summit conferences give them."

The community has shown its appreciation in a number of ways. After owners of four second-hand cars turned them over to the boys a national automotive firm donated $2000 worth of precision equipment, and one of the firm's executives began holding regular classes to show the Hawks how to use it. The city, for its part, came through with an old firehouse. Where once Engine 27 screamed forth to respond to three-alarm boxes, the Hawks now enjoy their own three-story establishment, complete with clubrooms, meeting hall and auto shop. This last has enabled the gang to establish the Hawks' Auto Clinic—"If Your Car is Sick, We're the Birds to See." All profits are turned over to charity, and skilled mechanics are graduated into garages all over the Greater Boston area.

Despite the visible successes made by both the Hawks and Rescue Incorporated, there are still setbacks and losses in each program from time to time, and the losses weigh heavily on Father Murphy. Each Father's Day one of "his boys" who is in prison sends him a card. The priest looks forward to receiving them, but they always hurt him. So do the red pins on his suicide map. They are evidence, he feels, that people have not yet learned the lesson of brotherhood.

"We all need to be loved," he said, "and to know that we are loved. Without this feeling, life is at its best tasteless—and at its worst, frightening to the point of suicide." THE END

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Father Murphy listens with concentration and compassion to a parishioner in urgent need of his help.

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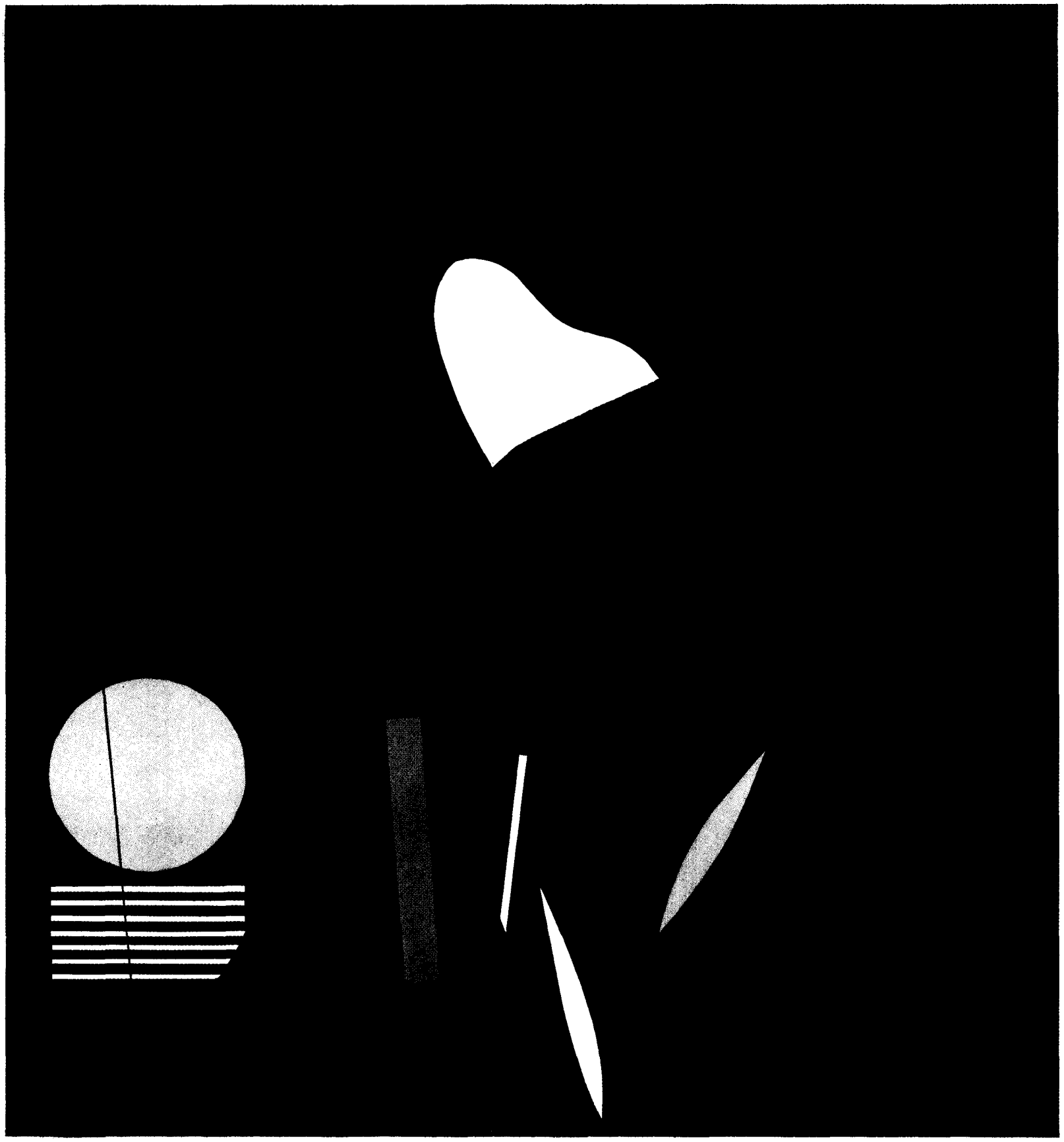
# A WILD GOOSE FALLS

DESIGN BY S. NEIL FUJITA



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## A SHORT STORY BY EDMUND GILLIGAN

An April snow lay scattered and melting on the banks of Ram's Horn Creek, where Abel Delahanty idly paddled his duckboat on an ebbing tide. Vivid against frost-cracked stems of winter, the fresh stalks cast their shadows on traces of snow. At times, while he floated down the winding passage to the Hudson River, the wind whirled tiny spouts of snow crystals across his hands. The crystals vanished at once in the warmth of his seamed, scarred hands—great, dark hands that never changed in color because their labor never changed. Aloft and farther downstream rare music sounded and gentled his mouth to a serene smile. "Ah, it's you, is it?"

On the bare crown of a dead ash tree a hermit thrush sang its intricate, sweet-toned phrases. The bird held its head so clear against the sky that Abel could see its brown, mottled throat pulsing. When he glided under the tree, his paddle at ease, he heard the bird's mate uttering her response in the quiet cedars yonder.

Around Long Bend, the cat-o'-nine-tails took the place of wild rice, and red-winged blackbirds perched on the cat-o'-nine-tail spikes and called gaily across the water. Where the bend straightened toward the river, he smiled in a fresh pleasure, for here he saw the first flower of spring, an arbutus—one white blossom, one nearly pink—in a glowing array upon a rift of snow.

The marsh grew louder with springtime music—murmur of the tide against fallen stalks, rustle of first leaves of hazel trees and alders. Where the lagoons lay quiet in the sun, he heard the chatter of wood ducks at their housekeeping in the box nests he had put up for them. He then heard distant chords of other, wilder music far away. The better to listen, he laid his paddle across his knees and gazed into the eastward sky. For most of his sixty years he had eagerly awaited those wilderness bugle notes aloft, in springtime and in autumn, yet his joy on first hearing them after a winter's silence had never waned. The cry of geese meant more to him than all other music. The falling tide tugged so briskly at his boat that a gurgling sound marred the silence. He laid hold of an alder bough and ran his boat into a shoal of lily pads. There the sunlight fell freely upon him. He took off his cap to enjoy the warmth, to let it soothe his bony, wind-stained cheeks. The wind stirred his disorderly thatch of black hair, streaked by gray where it lay down the nape of his neck.

He scanned the southern sky. A party of mallard ducks burst out of the reeds in such a clatter of wings and voices that for a time he could hear no hint of the approaching music. Soon it rang delicately clear, this time closer. At last, a wedge of wild geese—thirty birds and more—came winging in toward the river. He could tell that they were weary after a night of flying against the winds. Their wings beat heavily. They flew through such a dazzle of sunlight that he could see milder gleams piercing their pinions in the outward beats. Even while he watched, he made out another sign of weariness. Their leader, in the van to break a passage and steer their immemorial course, cried out a signal, asking for relief from that harsh duty. The pattern broke to let another goose take the lead. The wedge formed again and flew on toward Abel's place. "And now you are here!"

Once again he smiled in pleasure at their beauty; and then, his heart roused by their weariness, he cupped his hands and called to them, "Aroink! Aroink!" He knew that at times, especially after a long flight in darkness, they became confused and might pass over a resting place, a shelter such as the great marsh provided.

The geese were now directly overhead. They had heard his greeting call. The leader veered away and rose in a turn toward the marsh. The wedge swung lower. The first birds set their wings for a descent. At that moment Abel heard a shout on the riverbank above the mouth of the creek. He believed it to be a cry of pleasure from another watcher. He was about to call the geese again when a rifle shot cracked in that direction. This angered him. He flinched at the echo. He didn't think a true rifleman would attempt such a shot. Yet he gazed anxiously at the geese.

They had heard the shot. In silence they began to climb in shorter, brisker beats to their first course for the river. Abruptly the v pattern broke again. Their cries rang piteously aloft, cries of fear and bafflement. A bird at the end of the wedge soared downward in a faltering manner. Others turned sharply after it and soared beneath it. Such a confused jabbering began up there that Abel knew something had gone wrong among the yearling birds to which the easier flight positions in the rear were assigned. When that faltering bird set its wings and slanted down, he understood what had happened. The careless rifle shot, fired for no reason at all, had struck that bird.

The wounded bird flashed out of sight beyond the willows at the river's edge, where their fresh leaves created a mild, green haze.

Bitterly Abel blamed himself for his call to the geese. He had lured them out of their course. Because of his action, one goose lay dying on the river. The image hurt him. Long long ago he had ceased to hunt those birds because he did not care to interfere at all with their lives, their hard passages to the bays of Canada or the bays of Virginia. Now he had unwittingly hurt one of them, bound north to their ancestral breeding grounds, to the mate, the nest, eggs and beloved goslings-to-be.

His sorrow became worse because he believed there was nothing he could do, except to resolve that he would never call geese again. Even so he did not resist the impulse of his heart that forced him to take up his paddle and send his boat gliding swiftly around the last bend. In that passage toward the river all his joy in the return of spring—the buds of his thousand apple trees, the thrush song and arbutus's gleam—changed, not exactly to sadness but to a melancholy strain, as if he had just learned, far too late, a lesson he couldn't quite comprehend. Often before he had heard an inward voice hinting of a lack, a hidden, tender desire. It had never taken a true form; and it did not now, even in this keen access of its strength.

A vessel beyond the willows bayed a signal. Gliding in much beauty, its azure hull matching the sky and its white bridge matching the clouds, a Swedish freighter bound for the port of Albany showed itself in the openings of the forest. Flying low over its wake, a number of gulls vaulted upward. At first Abel believed the gulls were following the vessel in a search for food. They were not. They were answering signals from other gulls that screamed in a place hidden from him by reeds.

Abel knew that gulls prefer to keep silent. Their endless flying creates endless hunger. Except for early-morning crankiness, when famine is at its worst among them, they search in silence, heads down, eyes glaringly intent. Nothing eatable escapes their vision. So scanty is their fare that they must examine every floating object, even a bit of odd-colored cloth. He had often seen them at the moment of discovery when the hope of meat excited them to shrieks of exultation. He had seen them in cruel actions many a time, even in his orchard, where they soared hawklike, watching for a rabbit that had met disaster. The screams he now heard were just such blares of exultation.

His boat struck into the river. He steered toward a sand bar. There he saw the gulls that had been concealed. They were coursing downstream, rising in silent, frantic curves, then swooping. It was in the swoop that they shrieked. And they rose and fell in a pattern of eight or nine birds, one following the other, and the first curving hastily back to swoop and scream again.

"What are you up to now?"

Abel thought they had caught sight of a crippled striped bass or, possibly, an injured duckling, lost from a brood of native mallards. He had seen such attacks by them and had counted it in the ways of nature, ways to be accepted. Nevertheless, that first impulse had not entirely died in his heart. At the next cry—not from a gull—his impulse became something stronger: a call to action. He had never heard such a cry before. He could tell only that neither a gull nor a duckling had uttered it.

At the next stroke of his paddle and after a long glide foward he saw what was crying so strangely—a young goose, a gander thrusting violently forward, unable to rise because its wings beat too weakly. When its gray breast surged up from the ripple, a spurt of blood glittered. A gull swooped and struck at the gander's head. The gander shrank and tried to dive. He could not. Violent blows of his wings baffled the next attack. The second attacker swept off, *Continued on Page 92*

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# People on the way Up

***Judy Neiman: Housewife With a Cause.*** The crisis past, Judy Neiman, 35, reflects on the potential tragedy she helped her city avert. Mother of three, Judy was aghast at the possibility that school desegregation in Atlanta this fall might erupt in violence. She helped form O.A.S.I.S. (Organizations Assisting Schools in September) and, as its information chief, wrote persuasive appeals for law and order on the crucial day. In plain language O.A.S.I.S. told Atlantans how a Little Rock-type catastrophe could hurt their city. Atlanta desegregated peacefully. Judy is a pro at influencing people. Graduated from the University of Michigan in 1946, she helped found a public-relations firm, later plotted advertising campaigns for a large agency. In 1955 her husband moved his business from Chicago (Judy's home town) to Atlanta; in no time Judy was deep in the school fracas. Now at last she can relax at home—until another crisis demands her skills. PHOTOGRAPH BY LARRY KEIGHLEY

***Zubel Kachadoorian: Young Master.*** Cordial even to the greenest critic—here, daughter Nika—artist Zubel Kachadoorian, 37, is long on talent, short on temperament. His paintings, which have won twelve major prizes and hang in eight permanent collections, are mysterious and brooding, but Kachadoorian himself is genial and outwardly uncomplicated. A baseball fan and a camping enthusiast, he grew up in Detroit during the labor strife of the '30's. "Those were the days," he recalls, "when art students painted signs for pickets as well as portraits for class." The mood of that era, he says, influences his work. Since 1950, when his high-school art students raffled paintings to raise money for his first trip to Europe, he has studied abroad often. Last month he arrived in Rome—with his wife, two young daughters and a $1000 fellowship—for two years of painting. As he departed, the first public showing of a group of eighty-five Kachadoorian sketches was winning acclaim at the Art Institute of Chicago. "Extraordinary sensitivity to figure and line," says one critic, appraising the art of Zubel Kachadoorian. "The more you look, the more comes out to you." PHOTOGRAPH BY ARTHUR SHAY

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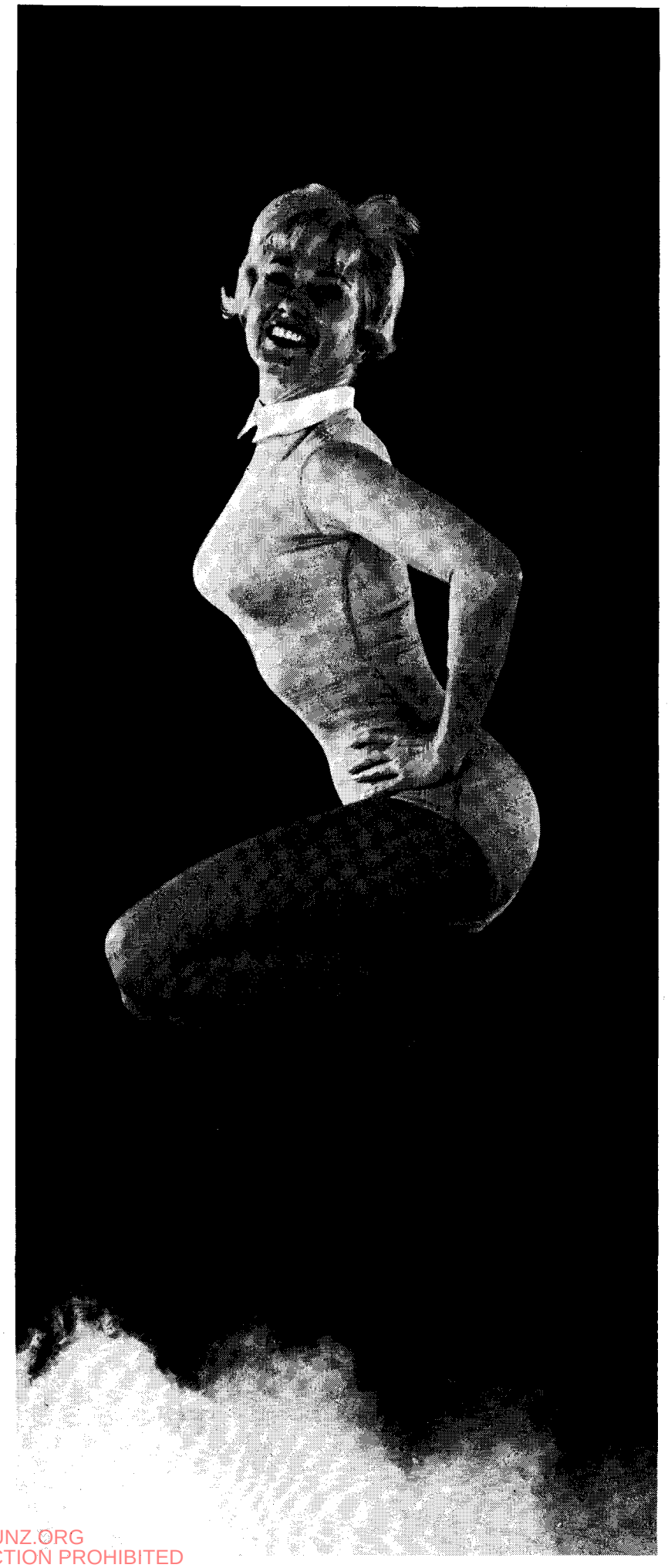
# People on the way Up

***Donald Madden, Princely Hamlet.*** Even with a wash-and-wear suit embracing the skull of, alas, poor Yorick, actor Donald Madden, 28, looks the part of the character that brought him stardom. His *Hamlet* ran at Manhattan's Phoenix Theater for 109 performances this year—a record for an American actor. Madden first went on the stage *behind* the curtain, as a puppeteer, to overcome his adolescent awkwardness. A chronic truant as a youngster—"I hated the predictability of the school day"—he later studied English and speech at C.C.N.Y., broke into acting via TV dramas and soapers. He became Hamlet after stage roles in *Tea and Sympathy*, *Look Back in Anger*, *Julius Caesar* and *Henry IV, Part One*. "Uncommonly versatile" is what critic Brooks Atkinson called him. A native New Yorker, bachelor Madden lives on Manhattan's West Side, where even his relaxations—reading about the theater and carving marionettes—are oriented to his career. Now weighing two Hollywood offers, Madden is undecided on whether he should try to be a movie actor. To be or not to be, that is his question. PHOTOGRAPH BY CARROLL SEGHERS II



***Debbie Drake, Body Beautifier.*** When bouncing Debbie Drake, 29, does setting-up exercises on television, legions of figure-conscious females—and males—sit up and take notice. Sculpturesque Debbie expects to render a plump $80,000 this year from her "body-contouring" TV show. Exercise, she insists, transformed her into her 113-pound, 38½-22½-36 shape. Her approach is insistent: "Girls, if you're having trouble getting incentive to exercise, strip down and have a look in the mirror." Texas-born Debbie launched her daily, fifteen-minute show less than two years ago in Indianapolis, after an unsuccessful try at the reducing-salon business. An instant hit, *The Debbie Drake Show* has been sold to more than seventy stations in the U.S., Canada and Mexico. In her Peter Pan collar and drum-tight leotards, Debbie aims to resemble "a virtuous all-American girl to men and a sincere helpmate to women." Debbie, who is divorced and has a twelve-year-old son, recently shaped up two new ventures which won't hurt her figure but will fatten her bank account: A syndicated newspaper column and a book (both ghost-written) on her favorite subject. Says Debbie, "I'm a missionary in the field of fat." PHOTOGRAPH BY ORMOND GIGLI

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# PT 109: The Adventure that Made

**PART TWO**

## The heroic ordeal of Kennedy and his crew fighting for their lives as castaways in enemy-patrolled waters.

*PT 109*, commanded by Lt. (j.g.) John F. Kennedy, was on night patrol, cruising in 200 fathoms of water, when the Japanese destroyer *Amagiri* rammed her. There were islands all around, but that meant nothing to the survivors struggling in the water. The nearest land was 1200 feet—straight down. The next closest offered scarcely more of a haven. Hidden by darkness, Kolombangara Island, crowned by its extinct volcanic cone, rose from the sea a little more than two miles east. But the Japanese held it, with a base and airstrip at Vila Plantation and lesser garrisons elsewhere. To the west was Gizo Island, also Japanese-held. Hemming the other edges of Blackett Strait in the northwest Solomons, where the night-running destroyer smashed the thin-hulled PT boat, were fringes of lesser islands which might shelter enemy outposts. Wherever the survivors of *PT 109* turned, there was only risk—risk of being captured and possibly tortured, risk of drowning in deep waters or amid seething coral reefs, risk of an even grimmer death from unseen sharks.

That was the outlook for John Kennedy and his shipmates early on the morning of August 2, 1943. The enemy destroyer, after firing two wild parting shots at the *109*, had sped northwest to Rabaul. Two other PT's, cruising behind Kennedy's craft, launched four torpedoes but missed the destroyer. Then, with gasoline flames from the shattered *109* dancing high, the other PT's left in the night. Their skippers assumed that nobody could survive the watery inferno. All thirteen men on board *109* were given up as dead. Actually only two were killed. Eleven, including Kennedy, managed to stay afloat through a nightmare of shock and fire.

The ramming caught part of the crew on deck, part below; part awake and part asleep. Nineteen-year-old Harold Marney, a newcomer to the boat, was crushed to death at his post in the forward gun turret. Twenty-five-year-old Andrew Jackson Kirksey, who had been troubled by premonitions of death, may have died in his sleep on the after deck where he was napping.

Aft in the engine room Motor Machinist's Mate Patrick McMahon, of Detroit—"Pop" to the younger men because he was all of thirty-seven years old—was about to check on an engine gauge when the ramming flung him sidewise and sat him flat. In disbelief he watched a river of red fire cascade down from above. This he thought impossible, because he himself had dogged the hatch overhead. He did not realize that the hatch had been sheared away and the gasoline tanks above ignited.

The river of fire rose. It seared McMahon's bare shins, hands and face. He held his breath to keep the flames from his lungs. Then from roasting heat and glaring light he was in an instant immersed in a watery darkness, his lungs almost bursting. The flaming stern, pulled down by the weight of its engines, had plunged below the surface of the sea. McMahon fought to get to the surface. Fortunately he was wearing his kapok life jacket, for he could not swim a stroke. Back at boot camp at San Diego, when ordered to jump into a training pool, he had plummeted to the bottom and had to be pulled out. Now the surface above him appeared as a wavering orange glare. He broke through into a sea of fire—burning gasoline covering the water.

Motor Machinist's Mate William Johnston, thirty-three, a Scottish-born Gulf Oil truck driver from Dorchester, Massachusetts, who had volunteered right after Pearl Harbor, underwent an experience as weird as McMahon's. Johnston, a South Pacific veteran who had expected rotation home and had been ordered to the PT instead, was asleep. He was awakened by being knocked into the sea and saw the destroyer sliding by with Japanese sailors running on deck. Then, as the *Amagiri*'s stern passed, the propellers sucked him under. Their downward churn spun him head over heels into the depths like a shirt in a washing machine.

Johnston went down fully clothed, even to steel helmet and heavy combat shoes. Fearing death, he did not pray, but thought of his wife Nathalie. Weighted down as he was, the struggle to rise seemed hopeless. He had almost decided to give up and die when the thought struck him, *Nat will think I'm yellow*. Treading upward, as if on an invisible underwater ladder, he saw overhead an orange glow. He thrashed to the surface and began beating the flames away with his hands.

Like McMahon and Johnston, the five other surviving crew members aft did not have to abandon ship—the stern section, in plunging into the depths, abandoned them. Several floated unconscious, sustained by the life jackets, which Navy men were required to wear in combat.

Four others remained on *PT 109*'s wrecked bow section, drifting among the gasoline flames.

Ens. George H. R. Ross, Princeton '41, of Highland Park, Illinois, boatless because of another sinking, had asked Lieutenant Kennedy to take him along that night "for the ride." Ross was attempting to load a 37-mm. antitank gun temporarily lashed to the bow when the *109* reeled and broke apart. The forward deck tilted sharply. Most of the rope holding the gun snapped. Ross let go of the gun, for fear it would drag him overboard. He mistook the first flare of flame for an enemy searchlight seeking a target. Thinking that gunfire would follow and catch him on the bow, he slipped into the water. There gasoline fumes choked him, and he fainted.

The other three on the bow were Lieutenant Kennedy; Radioman 2/c John E. Maguire, twenty-six, of Dobbs Ferry, New York, who had volunteered for PT's in order not to be outdone by his younger brother William, a radioman of *PT 109;* and Seaman 1/c Edgar E. Mauer, of St. Louis, Missouri, one of the first crewmen sent to Kennedy's PT. Mauer, a survivor of the sinking of the PT tender *Niagara* by enemy bombers, had reported to *PT 109* with nothing but the clothes on his back. Eying Kennedy for the first time, he remarked to a nearby sailor, "Another ninety-day wonder, eh?" only to be told, "You'll find out."

At the moment of collision Mauer, who had identified the destroyer as an enemy vessel, was thrown to the deck and suffered a bruised shoulder. Kennedy stood at the wheel in the cockpit, Maguire beside him. The steel destroyer bow slammed through the plywood PT just behind them. The impact hurled Kennedy against a steel reinforcing brace, aggravating an already-bothersome back injury suffered in junior-varsity football at Harvard. Maguire was flung clear out of the cockpit with a jolt that jammed his helmet down on his brow.

Fearing that the bow would explode, Kennedy ordered his men into the water and jumped with them. The surface was heavy with gasoline fumes, but waves from the destroyer swept a path through the flames. They swam out a safe distance.

As the flames around the derelict bow subsided, Kennedy concluded there would be no explosion. He and Maguire and Mauer swam back and climbed on board. Kennedy told Mauer to get the blinker, a two-foot-long tube with a signal light inside, and flash it periodically as a beacon for any men who might be alive in the water. Then he stripped off his shoes, shirt and side arms and dived overboard in a rubber life belt to make a personal search.

(Continued on Page 83)

*Photographs by Elliott Erwitt*

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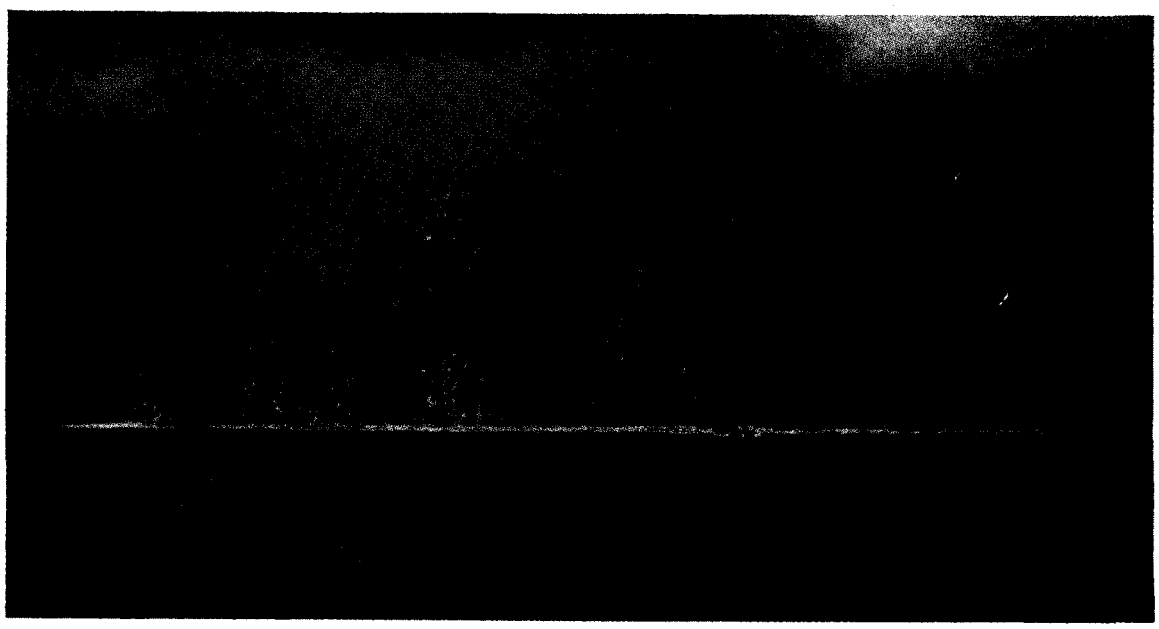
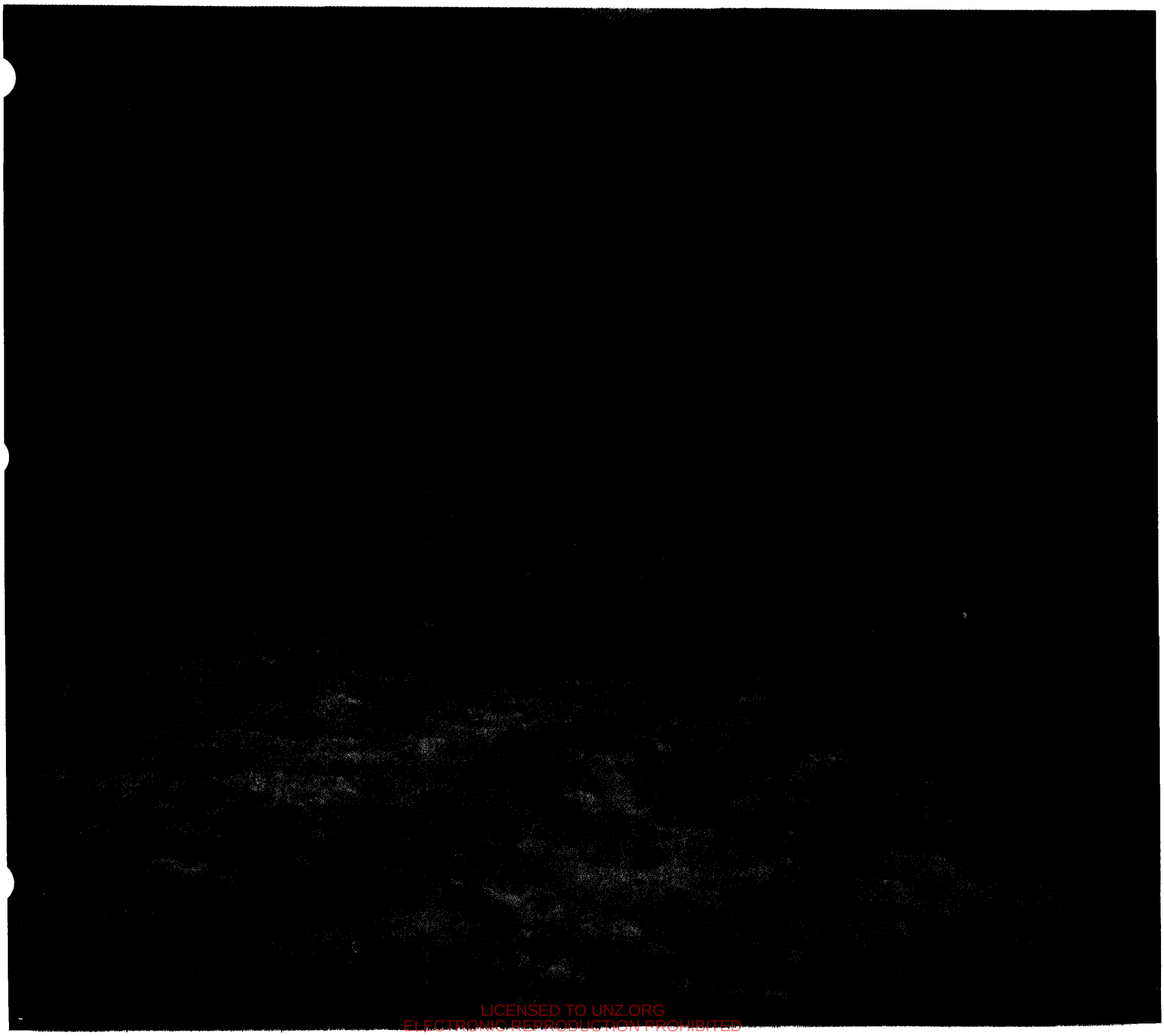
# a President

## BY ROBERT J. DONOVAN

© 1961 by Robert J. Donovan



Slashed by coral outcroppings, the crew of *PT 109* staggered onto the beach of Plum Pudding Island, (right). During the 3½-mile ordeal the men clung to a loose timber; from time to time some swam without this support.



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WHAT KIND OF DOUBLE LIFE HAD HIS WIFE BEEN LEADING?

# THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

BY ROBERT STANDISH

It was one of Mark Willaston's little idiosyncrasies—and he had not many—that he feared the embarrassment which might have been occasioned at the office if he produced an otherwise clean pocket handkerchief stained with lipstick. It was because of this and for no other reason that when Jane, his wife of three years' standing, dropped him at Guildford railway station on five mornings weekly, the parting kiss they exchanged before he went on to London and she returned to the chores at Rosemary Cottage, was little more than a perfunctory peck on the cheek. A stranger witnessing this each morning and knowing nothing of Mark's little idiosyncrasy might have been tempted to believe that their marriage had entered the doldrums, that sadly prosaic stage when young couples, without being fully aware that it has happened, take each other for granted. But in the case of Jane and Mark Willaston, the observant hypothetical stranger would have been wrong.

These two were gloriously, blissfully in love. Their life together had been one of unclouded happiness, for already their honeymoon had lasted three years, one month and four days.

On this morning in late July—note the date, please, it was July twenty-eighth—when we first meet these two outside the railway station, their behavior merits our close attention. There were three minutes before Mark's train, the eight-thirty-one, was due to arrive. "What are you going to do today, darling?" he asked.

"Just wait for this evening when you come back to me," replied Jane. "Maybe I'll have some news for you then. And I've some odds and ends of shopping to do. It's possible that I might even buy you a present."

"What do you plan to use for money?" he said.

"Not the housekeeping money," replied Jane. "You've got such an appetite that there's never any left. If I buy you a present—and I'm not sure that I will—I shall draw it from my bank. I've never touched Aunt Edith's legacy, you know."

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There was no time for more and, even if there had been, the whistle of the approaching train would have made their voices inaudible.

Then something strange happened, something which tempts one to believe that in those swiftly passing moments Mark and Jane were permitted, in some way beyond our understanding, to anticipate time and to catch a glimpse into the uncharted future. To say more than this would be foolish, while, on the other hand, to say less would be to deny the power of love.

They had exchanged their railway-station peck. Jane had opened the door of their small car, while Mark had turned his back and was walking through the station entrance when he stopped dead in his tracks, turned and retraced his footsteps. There, in front of scores of hurrying people making for the train, Mark threw his arms around Jane and, oblivious of the eyes upon them, kissed her lingeringly on the lips.

There are as many kinds of kisses as there are kinds of people, while their nuances are far more subtle than any spoken word. Jane, as she drove away from the station, and Mark, as he leaped onto the train while it was moving, tried in vain to analyze just what kind of kiss that had been and just what it had said. That there had been some special meaning in the kiss neither of them doubted, but it did not occur to either that it had been their last. It was minutes before Mark, his newspaper unopened, wiped his lips clean of lipstick and folded the otherwise spotless handkerchief so that the smear was invisible.

Mark Willaston, who was twenty-seven years of age at this time, held a responsible position with a city firm of insurance brokers, whose principals were so well pleased with his work that they had held out the inducement of a junior partnership. Happily married and with material success already within reach, he seemed to be a man singled out by the gods for special favor.

At twelve minutes after six that same evening Mark emerged from the railway station to look for Jane, who, in the absence of a phone call to say that he would be late, always met the same train. The shadow of disappointment crossed his eyes when he realized that she was not there. Perhaps the car had broken down. He blamed himself for not having cleaned the distributor, which might have been the cause of a slight hesitancy in the engine which he had noted the previous day.

At six-thirty, when Jane still had not reached the station, Mark put in a phone call to Rosemary Cottage. There was no reply, which suggested that she was on the way. At seven there was still no reply. A neighbor, seeing him apparently stranded, and not knowing when he himself might be glad to be saved a six-mile taxi fare, offered Mark a lift, which he accepted.

There were still two hours left of the long summer evening when Mark entered the garden of Rosemary Cottage. The first thing that he saw was that the car was not in the garage. Within a few seconds of opening the front door with his key, he went into every room and verified that Jane was not there. Although perplexed as to what was best to be done, he was not seriously worried. Jane, he concluded, had had a breakdown somewhere, had telephoned, or would telephone shortly. The obvious thing to do was to stay where he was, which was where Jane would expect him to be. Needing some exercise, Mark changed into shorts and an open shirt, and mowed the small lawn. This done, he opened a bottle of beer, showered and changed again.

At nine o'clock when pools of violet shadow were deepening in the valley and the owls were hooting in the coppice which adjoined the isolated cottage, Mark made himself a sandwich of cold meat and lettuce. He had skipped lunch that day and he was conscious of the gnawing pains of hunger. But before he ate he phoned a neighbor about some trivial matter. He wanted to be sure that the phone was working. When full darkness had fallen, Mark became seriously worried and determined *Continued on Page 62*

PAINTING BY JOE BOWLER

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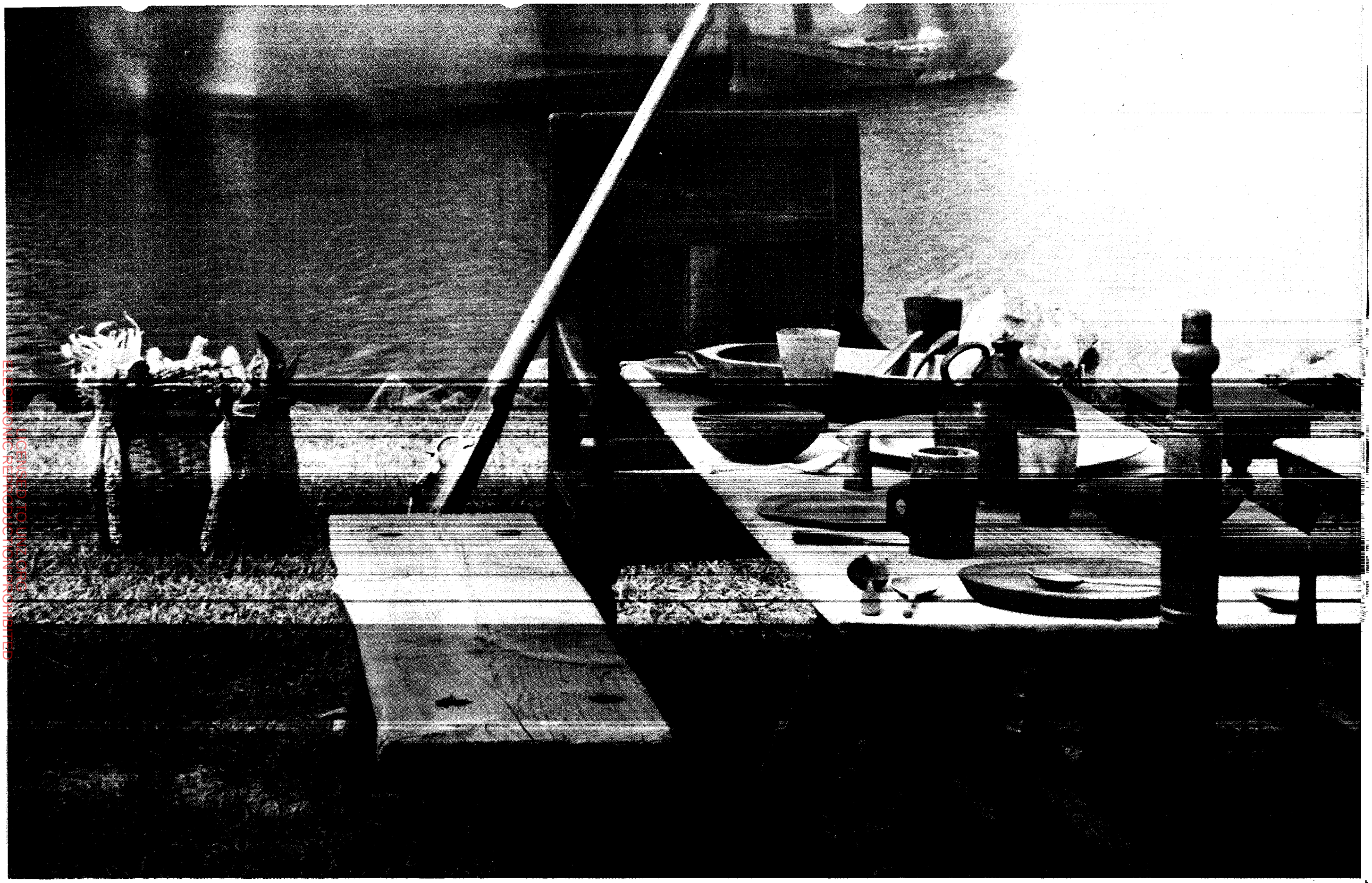

# "FOR THREE DAYS WE FEASTED..."

*WILLIAM BRADFORD, 1621*

THE Face OF AMERICA

The *Mayflower* was just a misty memory when the Pilgrims sat down to that famous harvest Thanksgiving. The ship had returned to England nine months before. Today, however, visitors to Plymouth, Mass., may see a floating copy of the plucky little vessel. On display also are the plain, somber furniture and tableware used by plain, somber people. Their dinner menu included eels, clams, mussels, duck, venison, corn bread and strong red wine. No turkey. No pumpkin pie. The celebration, a three-day frolic of food and games, was for the staid brethren a rare lapse in decorum. Nearly fifty years elapsed before they held another. Photograph by Erich Lessing

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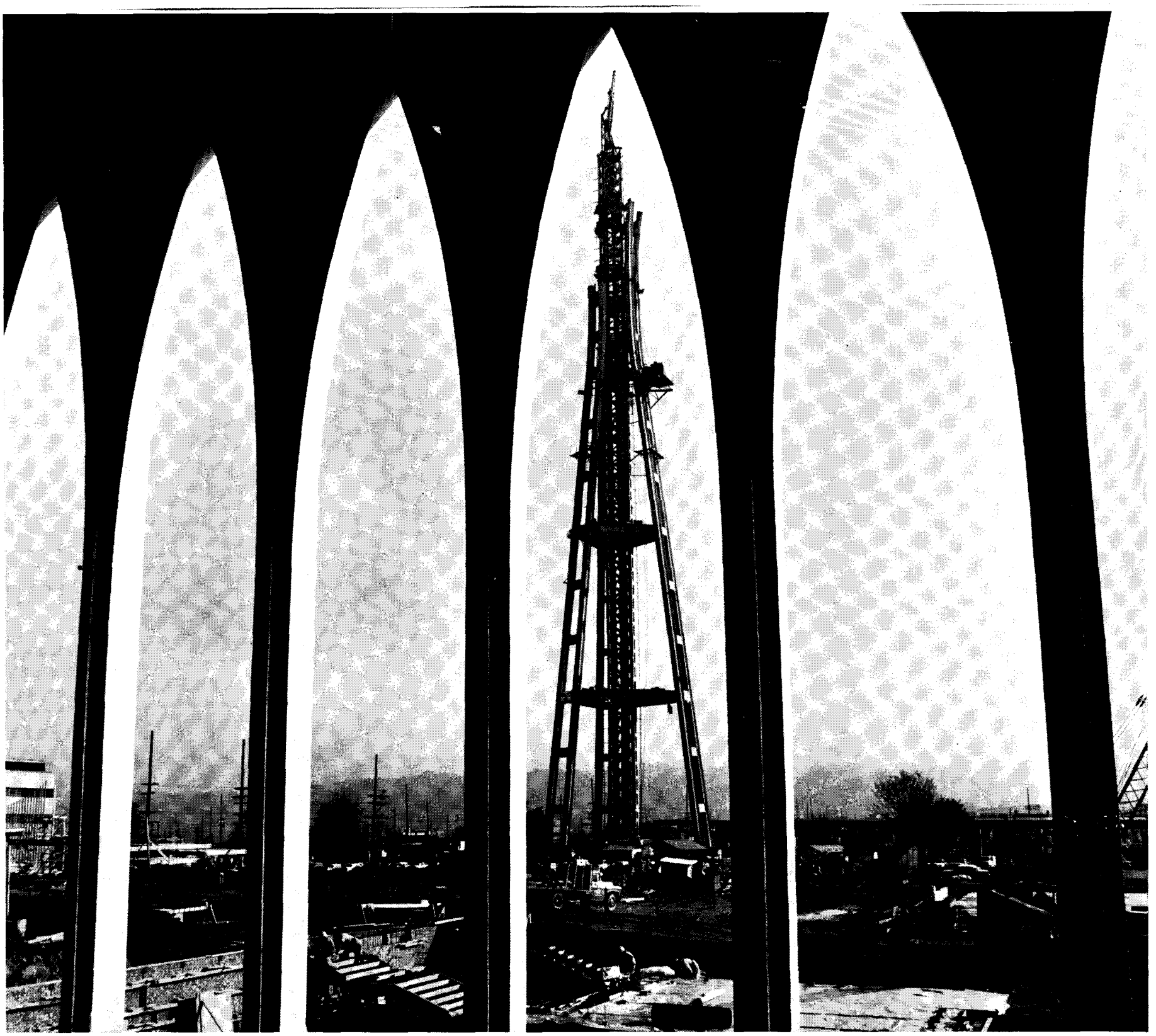

Seen through the arches of the fair's Coliseum, the 600-foot Space Needle is designed to symbolize a new age.

# THE SHOW OF TOMORROW

## A trip through outer space is only one futuristic feature of the ultramodern Seattle World's Fair opening next April.

**BY FRANK J. TAYLOR** Come April 21, 1962, Seattle's World's Fair will have the race for outer space won—figuratively, that is. In a huge domed hall known as the Spacearium, spectators will grip the railings of a tilted space platform for a hackle-raising, simulated flight into the cosmos. They will not only buzz the moon, but roar through Saturn's dazzling rings, rocket to the Milky Way and continue on to unknown planets and galaxies in the farthest reaches of the universe. They will take their billion-light-year journey in twenty-one minutes, then come safely down to earth.

This Spacearium flight is no more fanciful than the Seattle World's Fair itself. For this cloud-nine show is being put together by a team of amateurs who admit that, if they had known what they were getting into, they would never have begun.

The amateurs' dream is quickly becoming a spectacular reality. Next year, visitors to the Seattle fair will step into a rotating elevator—shaped like a bubble—and called a "bubble-ator"—for a short lift into an ingenious bank of metal clouds. There they will see the homes, offices, schools, autos and who-knows-what hardware of the twenty-first century.

While these rubbernecks sample the space travel, status symbols and life of the future, others will step into view-window elevators for a speedy trip to a restaurant atop a 600-foot space needle. The restaurant will revolve slowly, affording each table a view of Mt. Rainier to the south and Puget Sound nearby. At an observation deck on another floor patrons will pick up snacks at a lunch counter and do their revolving afoot.

Another feature of the fair will be a ninety-five-second, one-and-one-fourth-mile ride from downtown Seattle to the heart of the fairgrounds on a futuristic monorail train. The European company that produces the monorail—Alweg International—has offered to demonstrate free of charge its cure for metropolitan traffic ills. Bagging this first full-scale monorail at no expense is an example of the good luck Seattle's amateur world-fair impresarios have experienced since they started their project.

Seattle's version of the 1962 World Fair was originally planned as a belated, semicentennial celebration of the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition of 1909. When that fair closed, its grounds were turned over to the University of Washington. The

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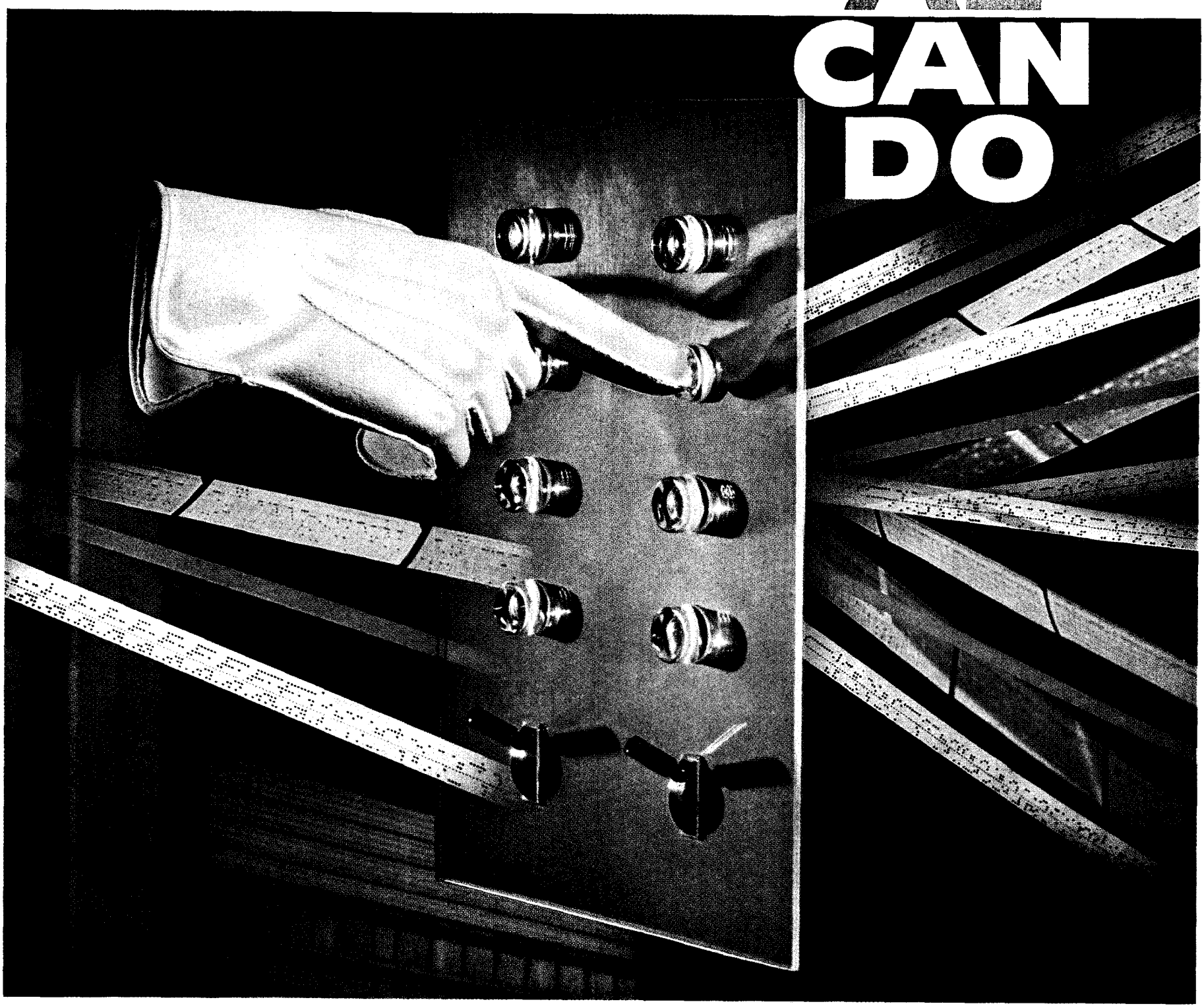

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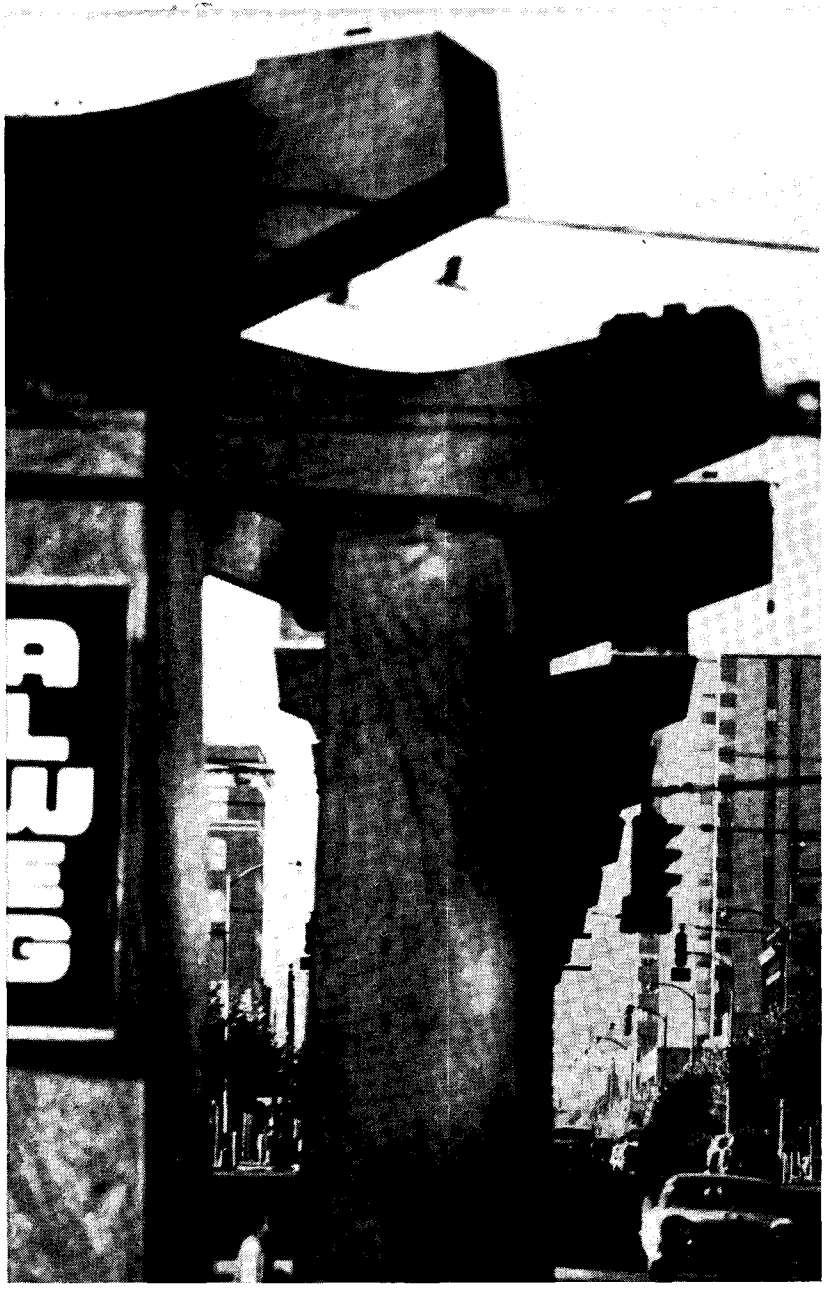


The monorail's massive stanchions await completion. The train will carry visitors between downtown Seattle and the fairgrounds.

## SHOW OF TOMORROW

school's impressive, present-day campus evolved on the site.

When the Seattle exposition is over, its site and buildings will be converted into an imposing, seventy-acre cultural, trade and sports center for the city. It will replace a blighted area that languished on a filled-in swamp near the center of town for years.

Residents of Seattle, almost encircled by glittering Puget Sound and a necklace of gemlike lakes, have long claimed they live in the world's most beautifully located city. Now they are beginning to boast of what they claim will be the handsomest community center in the West.

You might surmise that Seattle, with a relatively modest population of about 600,000, is the nation's brashest young metropolis. Perhaps it is. But this superconfidence enabled Seattle to outmaneuver mighty New York City for a designation by the Bureau of International Expositions as the approved American World Fair site of the decade. B.I.E. approval automatically brought the fair a flock of coveted foreign exhibits.

When a group of show-business greenhorns parlay a borrowed shoestring into a $70,000,000 international exposition, it shows how far Lady Luck will go when she is courted by Ingenuity. The shoestring was a $7,500,000 bond issue voted by Seattle citizens in 1955 for a community center—plus a few acres of land in a reclaimed swamp. The greenhorns were a group of civic-minded businessmen, led by hotel man Edward E. Carlson, who decided that this "paltry" sum would not buy Seattle the center it deserved.

Organizing a fair corporation, with Carlson as its temporary head, the group passed the hat, raked in dollars, opened an office, and employed hard-driving Ewen C. Dingwall, manager of the Washington State Research Council, as full-time manager. Persuading Seattle's city council to lend the $7,500,000 for a fair that *might* provide the city with a $50,000,000 community center was relatively easy. But coaxing the state legislature to match the sum was more difficult. Carlson and his adroit associates took the difficult hurdle in stride, then mobilized a group of influential citizens—all dedicated to the community-center cause—to line up the swamp acreage needed for the fair.

With this nest egg in hand, Carlson and Dingwall established a beachhead in Washington, D.C., late in 1957. The timing of their Washington junket was perfect. The first Sputnik had just been shot into orbit, and Nikita Khrushchev was twitting American scientists about their slow start in the race for space. Fuming and squirming uncomfortably, members of the National Science Foundation were talking up a World's Fair of Science. They wanted to dramatize what American science was achieving. Washington's senior senator, Warren Magnuson, who had been doing spadework for congressional recognition of the proposed Seattle fair, heard of the N.S.F. proposal and tipped off Carlson and Dingwall.

Nimbly adjusting their sales pitch from a Gateway-to-the-Pacific trade festival to a more ambitious Man-in-the-Space-Age

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At certain times of the year we're reminded how well off we are—as Americans. The most heartfelt thanks of all often come from the head of the table—especially these days when being a family provider is no light responsibility. For past blessings, it is a time for gratitude. For the future, a time for high hopes and careful planning.

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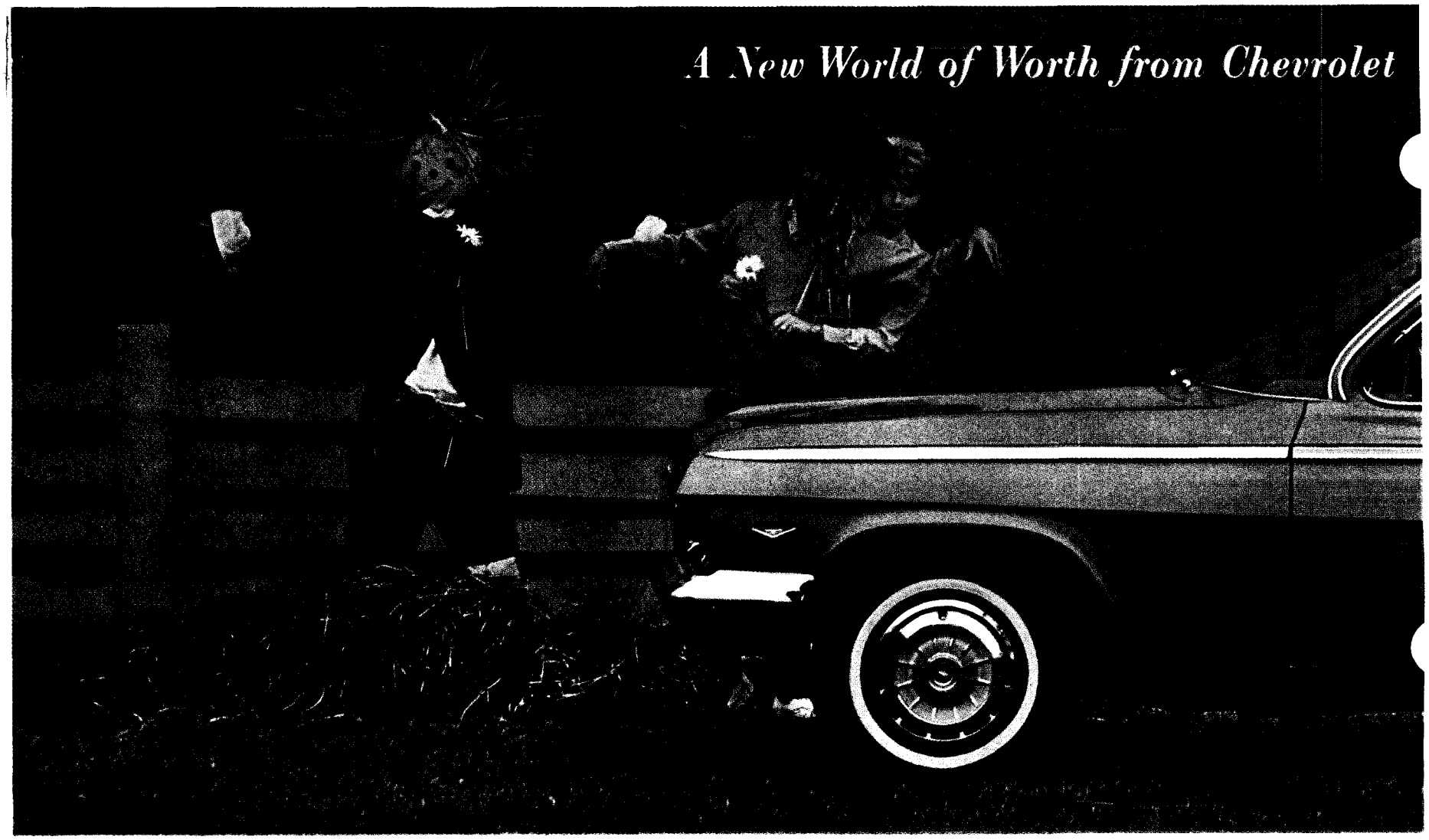


The Bel Air 4-Door Sedan—one of 14 Jet-smooth beauties for '62

# '62 Chevrolet

## Smooth, Spacious And Superbly Styled!

If you're looking for a beautiful way to break the high-priced car habit—look no further. Here's all the ***room*** and ***comfort*** anyone could want . . . with ***Jet-smooth*** gentleness to boot. Here's ***fresh-shaped beauty*** that knows how to ***stay*** beautiful (example: new steel front fender underskirts to fend off rust). Rich new Body by Fisher interiors. New V8 vitality. There's more than ever to like from America's best liked car.

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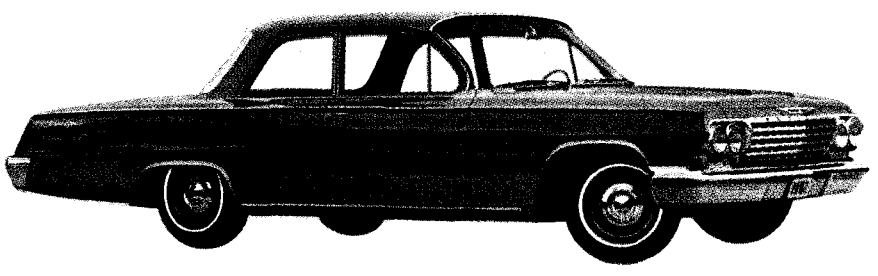
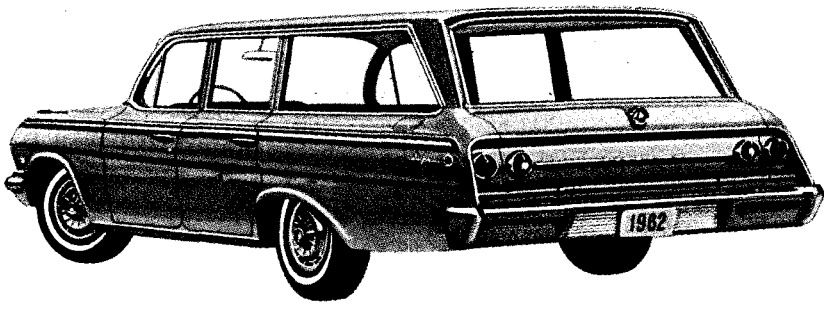
**Optional at extra cost.*



Biscayne 2-Door Sedan—lowest priced Jet-smooth way to go




Impala 4-Door 6-Passenger Station Wagon—Chevrolet wagoning at its finest

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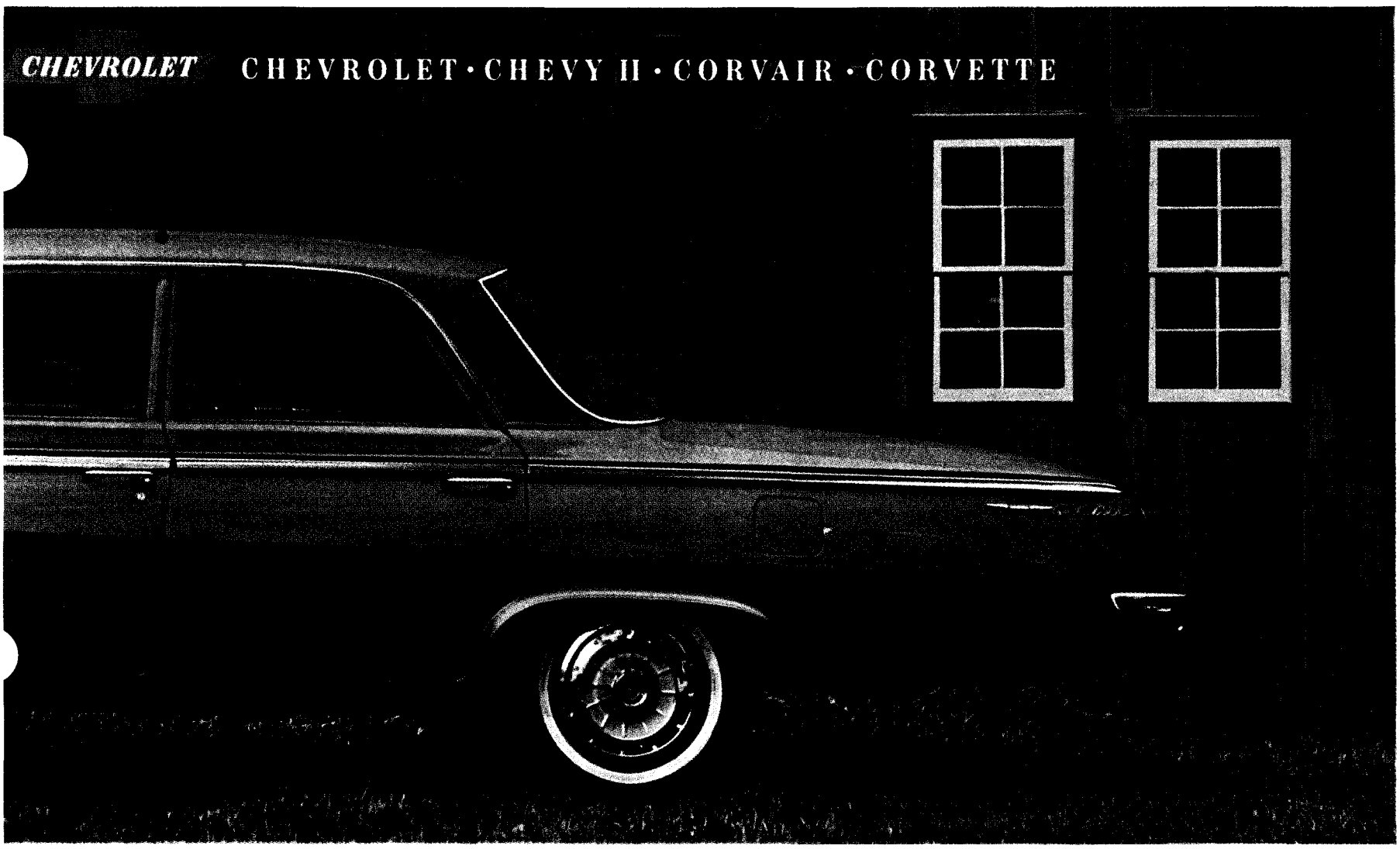

Chevy II 300 2-Door Sedan

## *Sensibility At Its Sunday Best – In A Totally New Line of Cars!*

# *the new Chevy II*

Here's modern basic transportation in its finest fashion. Sturdy simplicity that saves you money in service and maintenance. Enough room inside to make many a full-size car wonder how it's done. Two plucky new engines—a frugal 4 or a satiny 6—are available in most models. Nine different models—including wagons, hardtop and convertible!

Here's the new kind of car that a whole lot of people have been wishing would happen. A likeable tightwad that's easy on the eyes, easy on the road and ultra easy on gas. And what little service and maintenance this new Chevy II requires is simplicity itself. Repairs, too, are easier, less expensive. Fixing a damaged front fender, for example, doesn't put a big dent in your wallet because front fenders bolt on and off easily. Interiors are surprisingly roomy and comfortable. Mono-Plate rear springs (a new kind of flexible steel beam design) cushion you with delightful gentleness, eliminate the friction of multi-leaf springs. We could give you lots more to read about (like the Body by Fisher craftsmanship and the standard equipment heater and defroster), but why not go down to your Chevrolet dealer's and take a reading on the Chevy II yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

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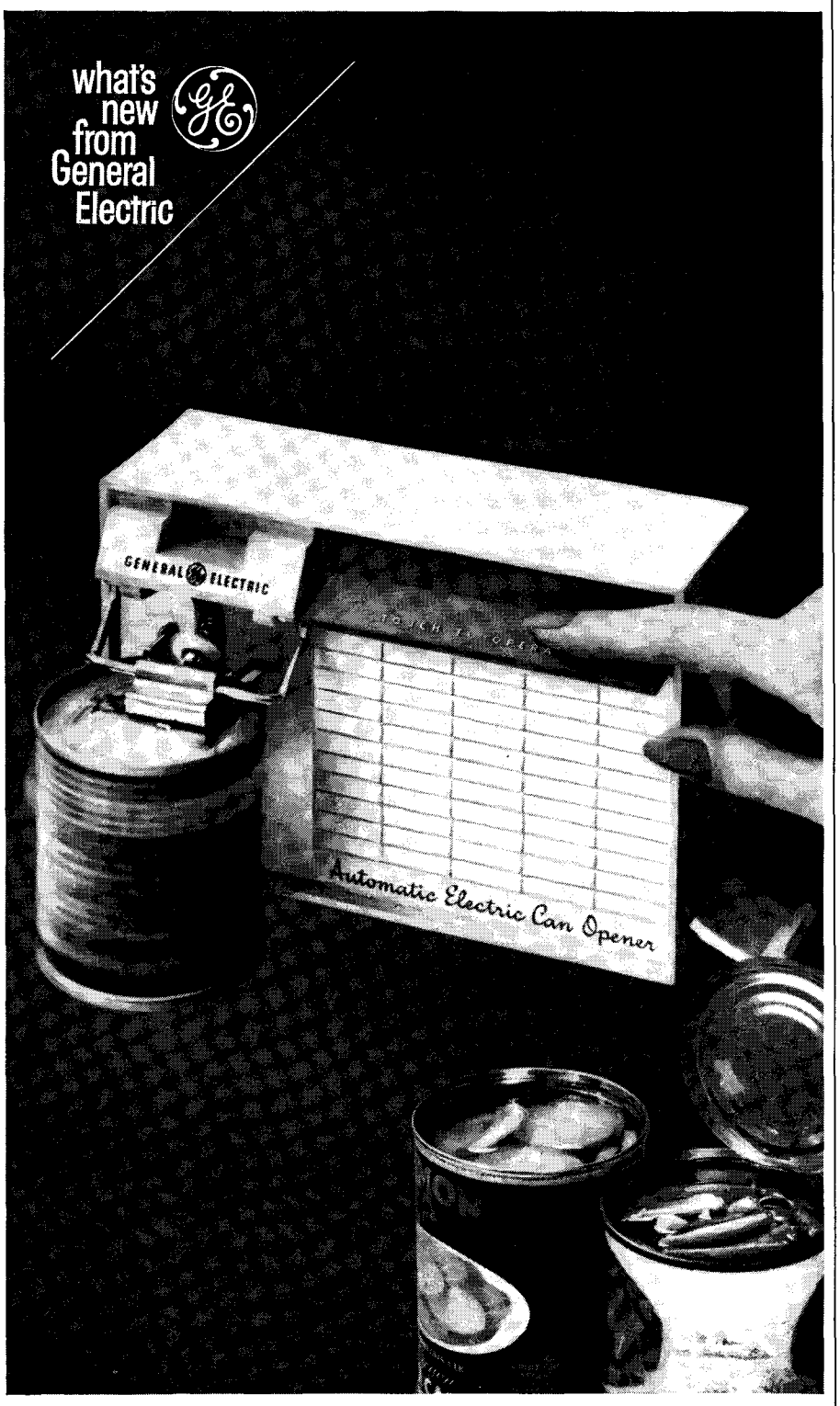


# A Can Opener that removes or hinges lid!

A touch of the finger and the lid's off . . . big cans, little cans, round cans, oval cans . . . electrically. No jagged edges ever! Want to store the food contents in the original can? Just release the lever before the lid is completely off. Presto! A hinged lid!

A wonderful convenience for any kitchen. It's a dandy gift item too, available in wall or counter-stand models, at your General Electric dealer's now. General Electric Co., Portable Appliance Department, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

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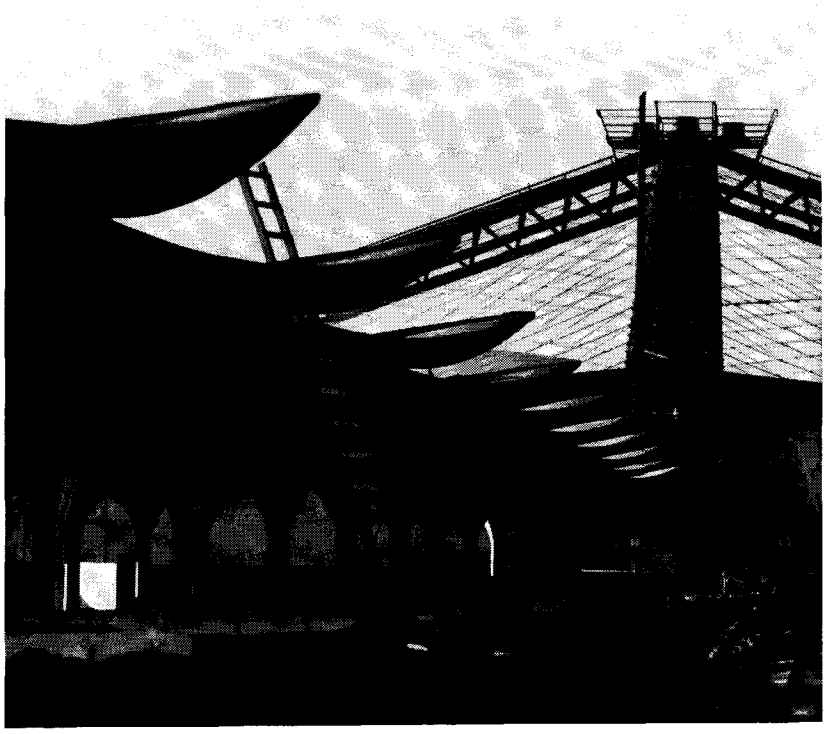

The domes of the fair's International Exhibit area embody a "tomorrow" motif—expressed by sleek inverted-mushroom shapes.

## SHOW OF TOMORROW

theme, the Seattle promoters offered their show to a committee of fifteen top scientists. The savants were delighted with the idea. Magnuson then received approval for the project from the White House. Astutely the senator organized a bipartisan movement in Congress to sponsor the exposition. It would show the world, he pointed out, how American science was enriching humanity rather than threatening to destroy it. Congress unanimously approved the Seattle exposition and voted $9,000,000—the largest Federal appropriation ever made for a fair—for the United States science exhibit. President Eisenhower then named Dr. Athelstan Spilhaus, a distinguished University of Minnesota oceanographer, as commissioner of a committee of scientists. Their job: shape up the elaborate United States Science Pavilion, consisting of six "space gothic," permanent structures designed by Seattle architect Minoru Yamasaki. The cluster of pristine halls, galleries and Spacearium that resulted was just what the Seattle promoters wanted for the cultural wing of their proposed community center.

With these structures a certainty, Joseph E. Gandy, a bouncy Ford dealer who replaced Carlson as president of the fair Corporation, and manager Dingwall flew to the Paris headquarters of the Bureau of International Expositions late in 1959. The B.I.E. was created by a treaty among thirty nations (the United States is not a participant) three decades ago. The bureau's function is to lay down rules of order for world fairs. One of the agency's edicts is that no single country can play host to more than one "approved" world fair each decade. This meant that Seattle would have to fight it out with a heavyweight—New York City—for the bureau's blessing. Another rule stated that no recognized fair could run longer than six months. Both Seattle and New York had proposed two-year fairs. Another stipulation was that the approved fair must provide free pavilion space for official exhibits of foreign nations. Perhaps its most important rule is that none of the thirty B.I.E. nations is permitted to exhibit officially in a world fair unless it is approved by the bureau.

To make Seattle's quest more difficult, the B.I.E. was dubious about approving *any* city in the United States for a world fair. The reason: foreign nations were still smarting over the rough treatment they received from labor unions at New York's 1939 fair. Premeditated work stoppages that year sent overtime costs skyrocketing, and unions refused to let craftsmen from abroad work on their own nations' exhibits.

Gandy and Dingwall began to lose hope when one of the B.I.E. officials asked, "Just where *is* this city, Seetul?" The promoters hurriedly obtained maps showing that Seattle—Washington—is across the continent, not just across the Potomac, from Washington, D.C.

When the next B.I.E. meeting was held later in 1959, Gandy and Dingwall were better prepared. They had persuaded fair directors to cut the show to a six-month period during the summer of 1962. Seattle would also offer foreign nations free exhibit space. Gandy had an additional ace up his sleeve. He had talked turkey with Seattle's labor leaders at a meeting while he was home. Back in Paris, he displayed letters from bigwigs on two Seattle-area construction-industry councils. The letters pledged that there would be no work stoppages or interference with construction of displays by foreign exhibitors. Gandy also showed the B.I.E. representatives documentary evidence of the U.S. Government's $9,000,000 endorsement of the Seattle fair. As a result, he won the B.I.E.'s approbation and the assurance of at least thirty exhibits.

Seattle's novice world's-fair promoters have been equally skillful in securing financial support from private sources. The fair needed an angel to pay the salaries of 200 staffers and underwrite other expenses until the turnstiles start registering coin and customers in April, 1962. Seattle and the state of Washington had already been tapped for additional millions to augment original fair bond issues. And Seattle businessmen had responded almost to the limit of their

*Photographs by Fred Lyon*

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The gift most
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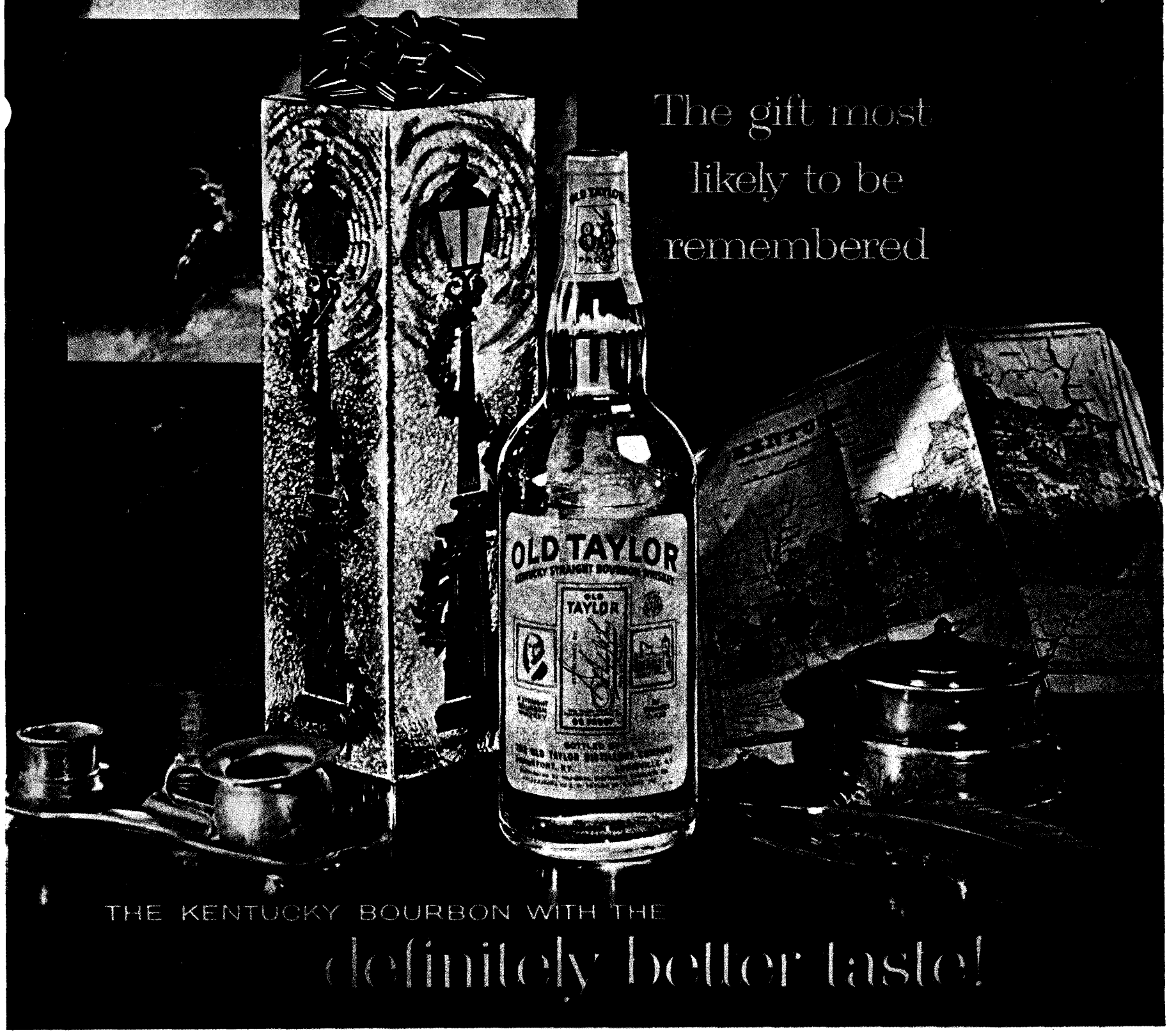


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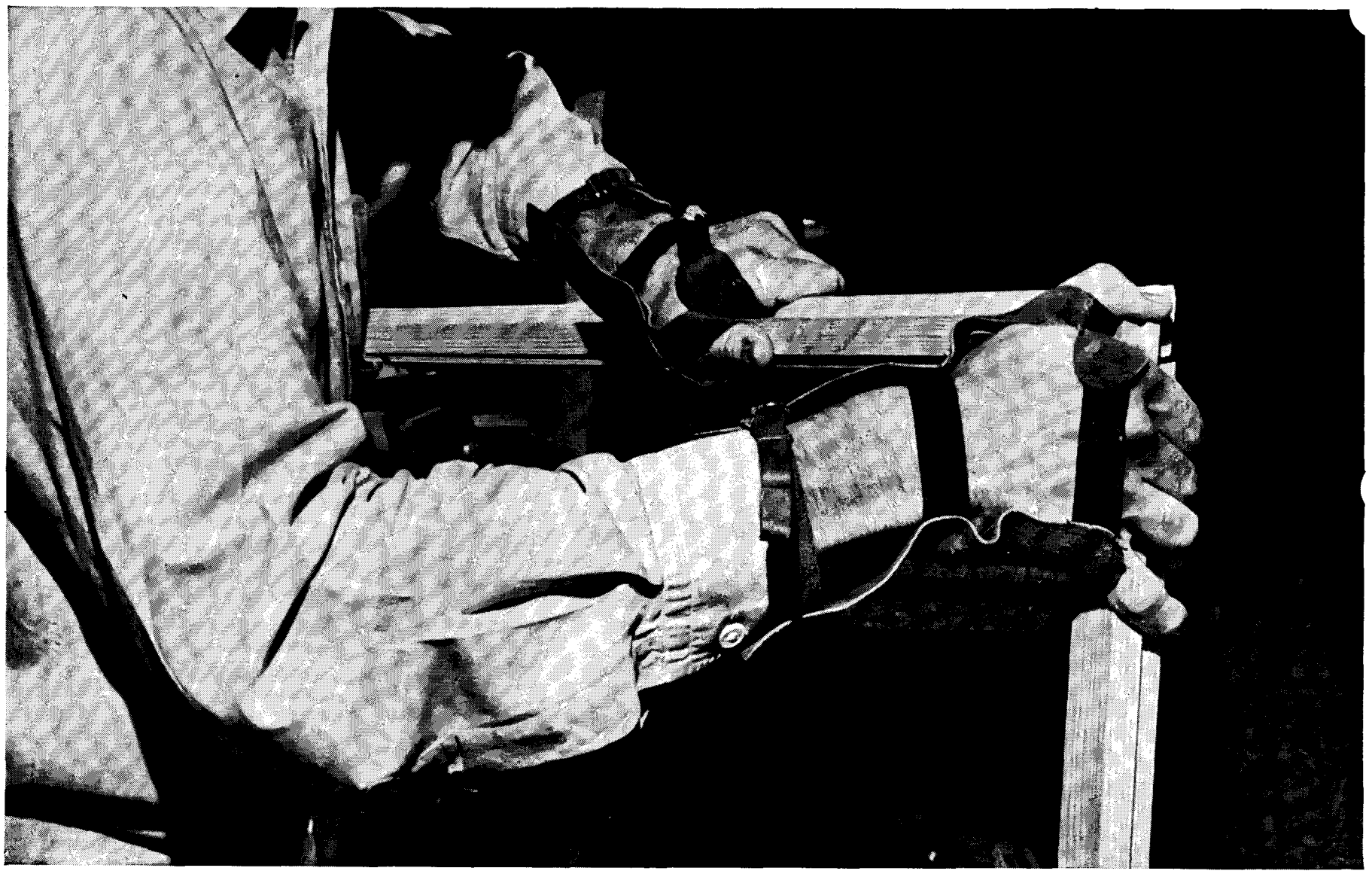
# "These gloves our window makers wear help us cut insurance costs!"



Employers Mutuals' people help reduce insurance costs by keeping accidents from happening.

# Wausau Story

*by* **ROY H. SAKRISON**

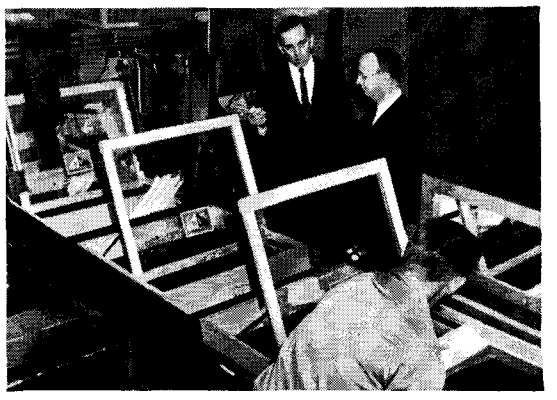
*Vice President and Secretary, Andersen Corporation, Bayport, Minnesota*

"According to Employers Mutuals' people, *nobody* can afford an accident. Even small hazards are potentially expensive. "Here's a typical example. In reviewing our accident reports, Employers Mutuals' safety men found that workers sometimes cut their hands on the edges of the window glass. Not many cases—but any at all were too many because of the potential severity. Those cuts could be close to arteries. Now, as the picture shows you, our men wear specially designed leather gloves with the palms padded and the leather reaching high inside to protect the wrists.

"What has this to do with cutting insurance costs? Workmen's Compensation Insurance costs are largely determined by the accident cost of an entire industry. But, as we have found, the individual employer can *control his own costs* and make substantial savings. The thoroughness and efficiency of Employers Mutuals' people have helped us earn experience credits averaging nearly 50% over the past 12 years.

"In effect, with Employers Mutuals' help, we are determining our own insurance cost!

"And our people understand this. Employers Mutuals' men have taken the time to explain how safety can reduce insurance costs—and ultimately increase our Employee Profit Sharing Pool. Management and men at Andersen Corporation agree: 'Employers Mutuals are good people to do business with'."



"To produce quality Andersen windows, our men combine their skill with automation and mechanization . . . in a year convert 40 million board feet of lumber and 500 carloads of glass into 'America's most wanted windows.' Tom Fredrickson, our Plant Engineer (left), and Ken Smith, Employers Mutuals' safety engineer, work together to keep procedures safe."

★ ★ ★

*Employers Mutuals has 138 offices throughout the country. We write all forms of fire, group health and accident, and casualty insurance (including automobile) We are one of the largest and most experienced underwriters in the field of workmen's compensation. Consult your telephone directory for the nearest representative or write us in Wausau, Wisconsin.*

## Employers Mutuals *of* Wausau

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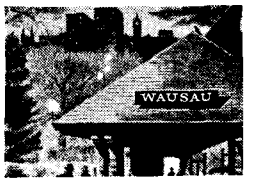


FOR 50 YEARS

"Good people to do business with"

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# SHOW OF TOMORROW

resources on repeated occasions. At this point Carlson, who was now the state's fair commissioner, and Ned Skinner, a forty-one-year-old steamship-company executive, brought off a financial coup. Seattle bankers agreed to put $4,000,000 in the fair's bank account. Foresighted city businessmen guaranteed the loan, which will be paid off by earmarking forty cents out of every dollar in admissions until the banks have their money back.

Imaginative financing also provided the exposition with its striking symbol—The Space Needle, taller than the Washington Monument and far more practical. The Space Needle became a gleam in Eddie Carlson's eye when he visited a Stuttgart, Germany, restaurant high on a tower. When he learned that the Stuttgart Tower lured 800,000 visitors annually, Carlson was sold on the idea for Seattle.

There was only one big problem. Neither the fair's treasury nor Carlson had the $3,500,000 architect John Graham said it would take to build the graceful steel structure. Carlson solved the problem by persuading a small group of Seattle businessmen, including Graham and contractor Howard S. Wright, who is building the Needle, to guarantee another loan. Bankers signed notes. Banks dug up dollars, and Carlson's company, Western Hotels, signed a long-term lease to operate the tower's revolving restaurant and stationary snack bar. The backers are convinced they have a gold mine in the sky that will yield continual profits after the bankers are paid off.

The Space Needle became the talk of Seattle soon after its three lofty legs began to take shape. Sidewalk superintendents couldn't figure out how the structure could continue growing skyward after it got above the reach of the cranes lifting its first steel sections into place. Harvey Farwell, superintendent of construction on the tower, had been lying awake nights dreaming up a solution to the riddle. He planted a crane inside the Needle's three legs which hoists steel for a fifty-foot section of the tower; then welders and ironworkers fasten the beams, and the crane hoists itself atop the completed section, and the performance is repeated.

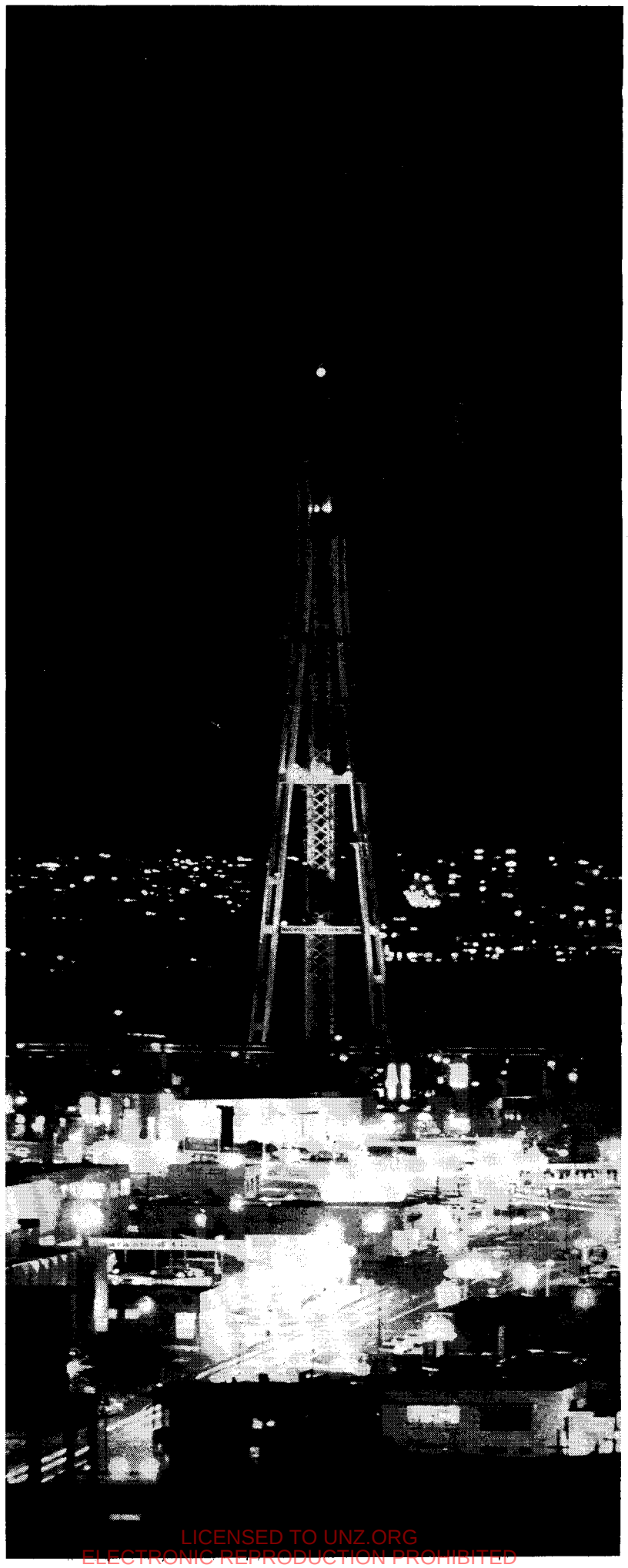
Subsequently the sidewalk superintendents had a new puzzle to solve. "How are they going to get that crane down when the Needle is completed?" one gawking spectator asked. "No problem," says Farwell. "We'll take it apart and lower the pieces over the side."

Two monorail trains will carry 10,000 passengers each hour into the heart of the fairgrounds from downtown Seattle. Showmen wanted the system to dramatize how commuters will glide smoothly to work at high speeds in the year 2000; the monorail, they believe, will also solve parking problems for thousands of fair patrons. Alweg International of Cologne, Germany, the company promoting the monorail as the solution to metropolitan traffic woes, had built a small monorail system at California's Disneyland. The Alweg organization was waiting for the time and place to demonstrate a full-scale system in the United States. Seattle was the natural place, 1962 the opportune time. Alweg International has invested $4,200,000 in towers, rails and trains. The outlay will be paid back out of fares collected, and a twenty-five-cent cut on each fairground admission. After the fair Seattle can keep the monorail—if the city's transit people want it—as a starter for a future high-speed transportation system. Sixty cities have notified fair officials that they will send experts to ride and study the monorail next year, so Alweg may have more than one customer before the fair is over.

Seattle officials have made sure the fair complex—which eventually will be their community center—will be harmonious of itself and compatible with adjacent areas of the city. To avoid being left with a hodgepodge of leftover fair buildings, the fair promoters mobilized Seattle's designing talent under architect Paul Thiry. Thiry and his colleagues produced an over-all plan that integrates pavilions, two theaters, an art gallery, a coliseum, an outdoor-sports stadium, a ceremonial plaza and other structures into a functional, aesthetically pleasing unit.

"It's permanent," fair president Gandy points out. "We're building a community center that would have cost Seattle $50,000,000 if we had gone about acquiring it in any other way."

Thiry himself designed the Coliseum, the theme building and main exhibitors' showplace. A four-acre structure without a single view-obstructing column, it will seat 18,000 for indoor-sports events or conventions. To support its aluminum roof, Thiry designed four gracefully curved concrete pylons that join at the center. A spiderweb of steel cables spun from these pylons supports huge sections of aluminum roofing. For the fair's duration the 310-foot ceiling will be hidden by metal clouds containing the fair's futuristic exhibits.



The fair recently received another buss from Dame Fortune. Seattle art collector Norman Davis persuaded fifty galleries throughout the country to lend the exposition several hundred masterpieces. Valued at $8,000,000, the paintings will be shown for six months in a series of exhibits billed as "The World of Art from the Renaissance to the Space Age."

Good luck in finding talent to solve problems has characterized Seattle's zealous amateur showmen from the start. The Spacearium, conceived by Boeing Airplane Company designers to provide exposition visitors with an unforgettable ride through the heavens, is an example of problem solving at its thorniest.

The project hinged on obtaining a camera lens that could project an image onto the form of a hemispherical, geodesic dome. No such lens existed at the time. Conventional lens manufacturers said it couldn't be made. Then Felix Bednarz, a Pasadena lens wizard, said he would like to attempt the impossible. In August, 1961, Bednarz delivered the lens to fair officials. Fine Arts Productions of Hollywood is shooting a thrilling film of the cosmos which Cinerama will project at the fair. Officials of the exposition claim it will be a show stopper.

With the technical hurdles behind them, all the showmen have to do now is get construction completed, malls landscaped and line up stage shows for the theaters and the Gayway. More than seventy American companies have agreed to put on exhibits of items they will be merchandising in the year 2000. The stage shows will feature entertainers imported from all over the world by the S. Hurok organization. For the carnival-type Gayway shows, a must even in a space exhibition, the fair borrowed talent scout George Whitney from Disneyland.

When the Stanford Research Institute forecast that 10,000,000 space fans and fun seekers will converge on Seattle next summer, the fair promoters began to wonder if the town could accommodate all its visitors. Taking a cue from the Brussels Fair, they organized a subsidiary—Expo-Lodging, Inc.—which has secured the use of all hotel, motel, dormitory and private-home guest rooms in the area. From offices located around Seattle, Expo-Lodging will attempt to find quarters for fair patrons who need them.

Perhaps all this may seem like the long way round to a community center, but the fair's promoters feel the extra steps are being taken wisely.

"We're creating a jewel box of a world's fair, acquiring a magnificent community center, and we're putting Seattle on the map," says fair president Gandy. "When we get through, nobody's ever going to ask 'Where's Seetul?'" THE END

At the top of the Space Needle a slowly revolving restaurant will be built. Here diners may gaze at a 360-degree panorama of the Seattle area.

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NIGHTMARE!

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She was always asleep when it came. She couldn't remember now when it had started, but it was always the same. Long before she was fully awake the horror of it seeped into her consciousness so that when she waked, she was drenched with sweat, her whole body trembling. She would reach for the light, her hand going automatically to the switch, but even when the room was filled with light, the dream lingered. Then she would turn over in bed and look at her husband, who slept soundly all the while. He lay on his back, breathing heavily, entirely relaxed, his black hair rumpled, his beard heavy on his face.

**Would she ever know a night when she did not see her child die? By Camilla R. Bittle**

At first when the dream had come, she waked him, plunging against him in the darkness, bringing herself back to the reality of their bedroom, feeling his long, solid body next to hers, taking deep breaths to keep pace with his so that after a while she could close out the picture and accept it for what it was—simply a nightmare.

The first time or two this happened he had roused out of sleep, growing alarmed at the violence of her reaction, but gradually he came to accept the dream and sometimes he would mumble sleepily to her, "Having another dream, baby? Go to sleep."

She had lost track now. It had started soon after the New Year; now spring was shaking out her green skirts. When she waked, she would get slowly out of bed, cross the room to the window and see a faint grayness in the sky. There would be a rustling in the branches of the maple tree that stood in the yard, and in the thicket beyond the stone wall she could hear the birds, their chirping a small, shrill backdrop of sound that reassured her.

She knew that the baby was all right. He slept in his crib not six feet from her side of the bed. They had planned to move him into the other upstairs bedroom, but during the winter she had decided it was easier to keep him right there in the room. If he kicked his covers off, she would be there. If he had a cold or cried, it was much simpler having him close by, beside the bed.

After the dream had come, recurring without any warning at all, she could not bear the thought of moving him; for even before her hand reached the lamp, she had turned her body in the darkness and was staring in the direction of the crib, terrified that something had happened to him.

He was always there, asleep, his knees drawn up under him so that his little bottom stuck up in the air, and he looked like a lopsided pyramid under the covers. His face, round, innocent, dark lashes against fair skin, was turned toward the bed and, even when the light flooded the room, there was no tremor of awareness, no knowledge that he was the key figure in her dream, the very core of her fear.

*I can't stand it any more*, she thought. She pushed up from the bed, feeling a wave of anger because her husband slept untroubled. They had gone to bed at eleven, and she knew without looking at the clock that it was now about five. That was six long hours. Some of it must have been spent in sleep; a dream wouldn't take the whole six hours no matter how agonizing and prolonged it seemed. She knew that it hadn't robbed her of all her rest, but even so, she felt drugged with weariness. She ached with fatigue and knew that she ought to roll over and go back to sleep.

Once at the window she saw the familiar lightening in the sky, heard the birds and the squirrels and the sound of the milk truck 'way down the street. *I haven't had the dream in almost two weeks*, she thought. She tried to feel glad about that. Two full weeks of untroubled sleep—she certainly ought to be thankful for that.

She wasn't. She had thought it might be over. Every night she had gone to bed and every night she had breathed more easily. *It's gone*, she told herself, *I've worn it out. It's all over.* Well, she hadn't. Sighing, she went back to bed, slipped in beside her husband and tried to sleep. After a little while, when she knew it was useless—for her whole being was alert, quiveringly awake—she forced herself to relive the dream. Sometimes she could conquer it in this way, lay it to rest and get back to sleep. Resolutely then she closed her eyes and allowed it to take form before her eyes.

It was always the same. To begin with, there was nothing but a vast stretch of light and shadow and then, as she lay there, it began to change, taking form subtly, molding itself into two long empty strips, one of sand, the other of water. As soon as these areas were spread before her they came to life—the water, gray-green, rising in swells, churning, swirling, mounting into great, white-capped waves that burst themselves against the beach, pounding, crashing, breaking on the sand in fountains of white foam and salty spray. The noise of the sea was deafening in her ears. It was like the sound of a great wind in the trees, the roar of a train in a dark tunnel, the crashing sound of a waterfall, the throbbing, deafening sound of heavy surf pounding against the shore.

As she came along at the water's edge she could see a small thing, undistinguishable at first, just a dark object like a round cask, bobbing in the milky foam at the edge of the sand. Unaccountably her stomach lurched in fear, and she began to run; but as she ran, her legs refused to move, her knees jackknifed in the terrible effort she was exerting as she tried to run; her feet caught in the foam at the water's edge, tangled as though in a net that pulled her backward.

As she struggled, the small thing at the edge of the water became clear, and she saw that it was the baby, standing there on his uncertain baby's legs, waddling like a plump pink-and-white duckling in the spray. As she watched, fighting to gain a foothold as the waves licked the hard-packed sand from beneath her feet, driving her backward, she could see her husband. He sat on a towel in the sun, a newspaper spread in front of him, the corners weighted down with shells. He wore dark glasses, and his hair hung over his forehead. He didn't look up. She began to scream then. "Val!" she screamed. "Val, the baby! The baby!" Her voice was thrown back at her. Sand stung her face as the wind whipped down the beach, gathering the sound of her voice and flinging it back at her.

Val never heard her. He sat hunched forward over his paper. He sat while she watched the waves come surging in and swallow her child, sat while she saw the baby disappear in a great swell that broke over the beach like a mammoth hand scooping over the sand, taking her child in its grasp and drawing him down, down, down where she would never be able to reach him again. She twisted violently in the bed. She had only made it worse. Each time it became worse. Each time it seemed less like a dream. Seeing it, fully awake as she was, it had taken on a new and sinister twist. The room was awash with the pale gray light of early morning, and she found that she was trembling with anger as she watched Val sleep.

Realizing this, she passed her hand over her face, rubbing her eyes with a brutal fierceness, trying to erase the dream and the

PAINTING BY GEORGE HUGHES

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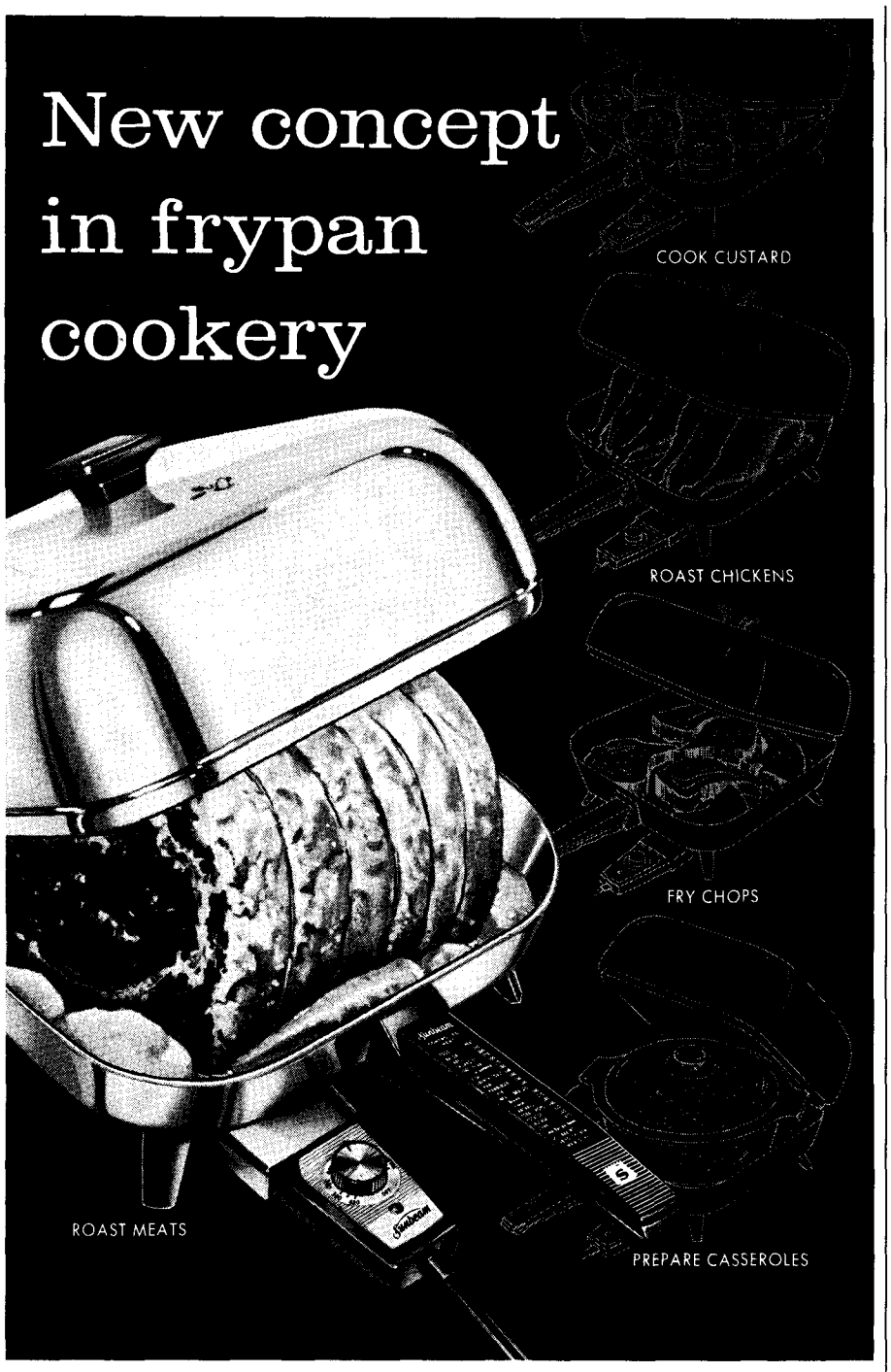
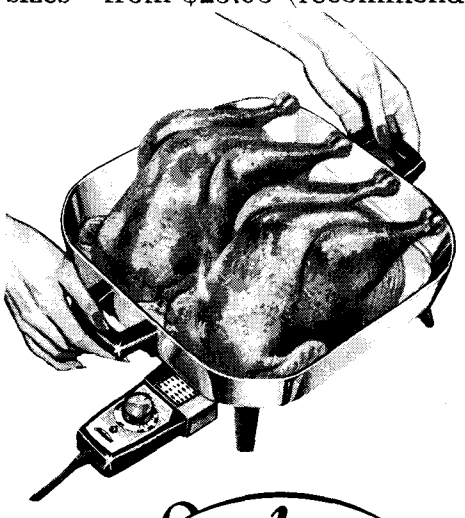



**Sunbeam's New Multi-Cooker Frypan** cooks up to a nine-pound roast! The extra-high dome cover provides plenty of room for roast chickens, casseroles, cakes, and one-dish meals . . . tilts in six handy positions. It's completely immersible, with control removed, for easy cleaning. This brand new concept in frypan cookery gives you the utmost in cooking convenience for every meal. Large and medium sizes—from $25.95 (recommended retail price).



**Buffet Style Multi-Cooker Frypan** is the ideal appliance for informal entertaining at the table or on a buffet. Its two stay-cool handles provide a secure hold for carrying and also lock the removable high dome cover in any one of six different positions. Foods can be completely cooked in it and kept hot until ready to serve, or it can be used as a warming oven for buns, cakes or pies. Complete with cover, $29.95 (recommended retail price).

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**NIGHTMARE!** anger and fear it produced in her. She got up and went down the hall to the bathroom, washed her face in cold water and went downstairs and put on the coffee.

Two hours later Val appeared with the paper under his arm. He was shaved, wearing a white shirt and dark tie, and he bent to kiss her, but stopped.

"Hey," he said, "something wrong?"

She tried to smile. She shrugged. "The same old thing."

"Dream again?"

She nodded.

She waited for him to open the paper, shake it and turn it inside out the way he always did. She poured his coffee and pushed the sugar across the table. "What's the matter?" she asked. "Don't you want scrambled eggs?"

"Yeah, sure," he said. He took his coffee and the sugar, but still he didn't open the paper. "Look," he said, "this has been going on long enough. I thought you said the other day you hadn't had that dream in almost two weeks. Is it always the beach and the baby?"

"It's always the same."

"Can't you figure out what brings it on? What did we have for supper last night? Isn't there something that happens every time before you have it? Something that upsets you?"

She shook her head. "No."

"Did I do something to make you mad yesterday?"

"You know you didn't."

He looked at her quizzically. "Did something happen to the baby yesterday? Did he fall or something?"

"Everything was fine," she said. "It was just a usual day."

"Did you get overtired? Did you iron while I was out last night? Did you do the kitchen floor or wash windows or something?"

"No, I didn't get overtired. I washed. I always do. And I marketed, but I like to market. I read when he had his nap and I watched television until you got in last night. I felt fine all day."

"Are you worried about something?" he said. "Have you run over your budget or let some account get out of hand?"

"No." She picked up her coffee. "And quit trying to analyze me. It's only a dream."

"I'm only trying to help," he said.

***The nice, dependable thing about TV cowboy heroes is that they always come clean-shaven.***

Mont Hurst

"Darling, I'm sorry," she said. "I don't try to dream it."

"I know you don't." He put the paper down and began to eat his eggs. "Anne," he said, "I think you ought to talk to the doctor about it."

She looked up quickly, dismay flashing across her face. "No," she said.

"Why not?"

"Oh, Val, for heaven's sake. He's a busy man. Can you imagine how I'd sound? 'Doctor, I have a bad dream. Please tell me how to stop it.' All he can say is that I need a psychiatrist."

"Don't be a nut," he said gently. "There's some good reason. You may be anemic or something."

"I don't want to go."

"Well, go anyway. That's an order."

Anne called the doctor's office and made an appointment. She couldn't get any time with him for a week and during that time she waited for the dream to come again. Every night she thought, *I dare you to come tonight.*

It didn't come. Now she had an ally and the dream eluded her. Val was her ally. For weeks he had soothed her, petted her, treated the dream with irritation and indifference, but now he was worried and ready to help her. Every morning he said, "How did you sleep?"

Every morning she replied, "Fine."

And then it came. Early in the morning on the day of her appointment it returned to haunt her. She waked, shivering with fear. Instead of thinking about the dream, she thought instantly of the doctor. Five hours and she would be able to tell him about it. Five hours. . . .

Her mother came and stayed with the baby, and she entered the doctor's office at ten in the morning.

Even though she told the nurse she only wanted to talk to the doctor, the nurse took her blood pressure and blood count and her weight—it was all routine.

"Well, Anne," Doctor Harris said, "what can I do for you?"

She moved nervously in the chair beside his desk. She had tried to think of a good way to tell him about the dream, but now that she confronted him, there was no good way. She blurted it out, the beginning of it, the substance of it, the way she would lie awake and shiver and the way she was beginning to feel about Val, almost as though she blamed him for something that actually had not happened at all. She finished in a rush, her voice apologetic. "I know it's silly and I told Val I didn't want to come and that you'd say I ought to go to a psychiatrist. I know it's just a dream and I've tried not to think about it, but I want it to stop."

"I don't blame you," the doctor said. "I'd want it to stop too."

The nurse had brought in her record, and he picked it up and studied it for a minute. "Your hemoglobin is O.K.," he said, "and your blood pressure and your weight. How do you feel, aside from this dream of yours?"

"Fine."

"Not getting too tired?"

"No." She smiled at him, a small, wistful smile. "No, I'm not getting too tired, and Val and I are happy, and we don't fight, and the baby's fine. We're broke, but everybody is. We go to church almost every Sunday and we have some nice friends, and I like being married. And for goodness sakes, don't ask about our sex life, because it's just fine. I'm not pregnant."

He grinned at her. "Anything else?" he said.

"No."

"Well, now, first of all. If you need a psychiatrist, I'll tell you, and it won't be the worst thing that ever happened to you. I'm going to give you a sedative that you can take when you go to bed and again when the dream wakes you, if it does. I'm going to ask you to come back in here in another month, and from now on for as long as this thing persists. All I want to do is keep my fingers on the pulse, so to speak. And, lastly, I'm going to recommend that you take a vacation."

"Fine," she said, "my favorite kind of prescription."

"I want you to go to the beach."

"Oh?"

"That's right," he said. "I want you and Val to go to the ocean and soak up some sun and play in the surf."

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She thought about it and after a bit she said, "I suppose mother could keep the baby, and ——"

"Nothing doing," the doctor said. "You and Val and the baby. Just the three of you, for at least a week."

"I can see what you're driving at," she said.

"Good girl. When do you think you can go?"

"Soon," she said.

They got away in two weeks. Val's uncle had a cottage at the beach and he let them have it for a week. She and Val sat on the porch in the evening after they had arrived, drinking coffee, smoking and watching the ocean change from blue-green to silvery gray. They could smell a charcoal fire.

"Steak," Val said, sniffing. "Wonder where you buy food around here?"

"I saw a store at the crossroads before we turned for the beach. Maybe we could drive up there tomorrow."

Val sighed. "Maybe," he said. "Right now all I want to do is sit in the sun and roll in the waves. One solid week," he said, yawning. "This is the life." They sat there until it was dark and then they went into the cottage, cleaned up the supper dishes and went to bed. It was only nine-thirty, but the trip had made them tired, and they were sleepy.

In the darkness Val reached over and pulled her up close. He held her almost protectively. His arms tightened around her. He pressed his face into her hair. "You want to know something?" he said. "I'm not going to give you a chance to dream that damned dream."

She slept soundly all night. She didn't stir until the baby waked her in the morning, and then she rolled over in bed, feeling as though she were emerging from a dark silent world where she had soaked up enough strength to carry her through a dozen dreams. She wiggled her fingers at the baby. "Hi," she said lazily, "I suppose you're hungry."

He was always hungry. He was seventeen months old and had been toddling for five months. He said "mamma," and "dada," and "go-car," and "hi," and that was about all; but he told her quite plainly that he was hungry and that he wanted to be changed and that it ruined his day to see her lying there in bed.

She scooped him out of the crib and changed him, put him in a sun suit and carried him out to the kitchen where they had rigged up a high chair by using the car seat and a box and a kitchen chair.

Anne found some cereal and poured him a cup of milk, then she measured the coffee and sat down by the back door where she could look out and see the ocean. The tide was in. The water came 'way up on the sand. When the tide was out, she and the baby could wander along the wet sand and look for shells.

She had always loved to come to the ocean. It was ironical that her dream would center around a place that was familiar and pleasant to her, a place where she had always been happy. If she had ever seen anyone drown—but she hadn't. The beach had always been good to her. The only fault she had ever found with the ocean was the fact that she always had to leave it too soon.

A week wasn't enough time. This was a soul-searching place, an unwinding spot. She and Val lay in the sun, and in five days' time they were a golden brown. Even the baby was glowing, his skin a deep honey color. He would sit at the water's edge, letting the foam roll over his toes. Then he would kick and laugh and scratch up the wet sand in his baby fists and fling it into the water.

Anne and Val sat there at the edge of the ocean and watched him. The fringes of the waves were warm, the sun melted into their backs, the gulls circled and screamed, and 'way, 'way out they saw sailboats and other craft that passed like dark darts on the surface of the water.

"How can I ever have that dream again?" she said to Val.

Val reached out and put his hand on top of hers, let the water and sand bury them there together, and said, "That's what the doctor had in mind, baby. This is what's known as the painless cure."

"I hope so," she said.

The dream never came. The last day dawned with the sun behind the clouds; even so, the week had been perfect, and

***Some folks run into debt, others loaf into it.***

Cy N. Peace

she was glad the dream had not come to shatter it.

They spent the morning cleaning the cottage and loading the car. After lunch Anne put the baby in his crib, then she went out on the porch. Val had driven up to the store for the Sunday paper and he was busy catching up on civilization.

"I'm going to walk up the beach," she said.

"Go ahead. I'll listen out for the baby."

"If he doesn't settle down, you can get him up and let him wade," she said. "It might cool him off before we start home."

She swung off the porch, her bare feet sinking into the hot sand. She raced toward the water. The tide was coming in, and the surf was high. She could hear it hiss and roar as it rolled in.

Anne started up the beach, passing half a dozen cottages. Now and then she saw people on the sand, but it was a hazy day, there weren't many out. She was sorry they were leaving. Anne had come to feel a kind of aloneness here, an individuality of personality that she had not felt since she was first married. It gave her a new strength. She supposed this was the reason the doctor had sent her to the beach. He had known that she was insecure in herself and had needed to be alone, forced by the nothingness of the beach to face herself, to accept her life, waking and sleeping.

Thinking this, she took a deep breath and paused. She would never forget this week in the sun. She loved the sand and the waves, and the blue sky. Looking up, she tried to absorb the scene, wanting to remember it forever. Her glance swept ahead, taking in the long strip of sand and water, and suddenly it seemed to her that it was nothing but a vast stretch of light and shadow, and then slowly it began to change, taking form subtly, molding itself into two long empty strips, one of sand, the other of water.

A strange, familiar fear stirred inside her. Turning quickly, she saw that she had come much farther than she intended. Their cottage had dropped completely out of sight, and she started to run, her feet splashing along at the water's edge, the crashing, sucking, drawing sound of the waves in her ears.

She was running too fast and she tried to slow down. She had come slowly up

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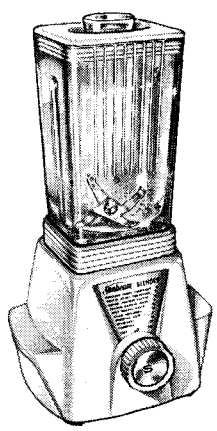

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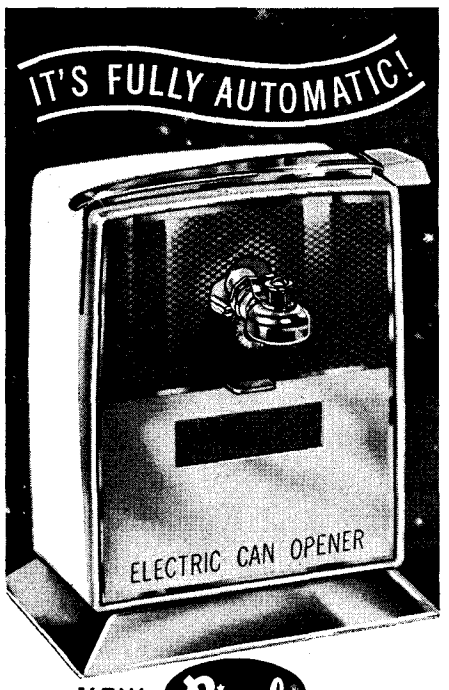


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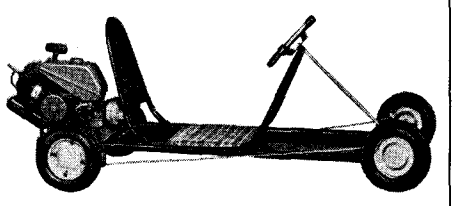

***BOYS . . .***

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**NIGHTMARE!** the beach; she could return the same way. It was no use; with every breath she seemed to run faster. The wild, uncontrollable fear that she had lived with for weeks was surging through her body, and as she came along at the water's edge she could see a small thing, just a dark object bobbing in the milky foam at the edge of the sand. Glancing up, she saw that it was in line with their cottage, and she watched it with a feeling of horror as she strained to see what it was.

A thick rope of fear swung around her, and her eyes darted from the water to the cottage. There was Val, just as she had left him, sitting with his feet propped up on the porch railing, the paper opened wide in front of him. She knew what she would see in the water, knew with a horrible certainty that it was a child.

A cold paralysis seemed to tighten around her legs, like iron bands squeezing her tighter and tighter, and she could scarcely make a sound. At last her voice burst out of her throat, tearing through the air with a scream of sound. "Val! Val!" she screamed. "The baby! Get the baby!"

Val didn't lift his head. She watched him as she ran. She didn't feel the water or the sand or the sharp, broken shells that lay at the edge of the water. The pounding of her heart was like a great wooden mallet beating inside her body, driving her toward the child as a rolling swell rose over it, tumbling the small body, carrying it almost beyond her reach. Her heart seemed to burst, and she couldn't see through the salty spray and the tears in her eyes, and she couldn't breathe because fear choked her, trapping her breath in the raw passage of her throat.

She grasped the small body, pulling it against her, burying her face in the baby's hair, and she raced up over the sand toward the cottage. Sobbing now, for this was not a dream, gasping for breath, hatred for Val pouring through her body so that when she reached the porch, she began to sob and scream at him, and he got up and stared at her as though she were crazy. Then, bounding down the porch steps, he put his arms around her and tried to soothe her.

"Hey, sweetie, take it easy," he said. "What happened? Where'd you pick up this little fish?"

He bent down and wiggled his fingers at the baby, made a face that was meant to bring a smile and brought, instead, a wail.

"Poor baby," she murmured, loosening her hold. "Poor baby."

She lifted the child and looked at it. Holding the baby up, she saw eyes filled with tears, a downcast mouth, fair skin, curly wisps of wet hair, a healthy, beautiful, normal little girl—a child she had never seen before.

"The baby," she gasped. "Where's our baby?"

"In his crib. He's asleep."

"I thought—" she said "—I thought you'd got him up and ——"

"You thought I'd let him play down there alone," Val said. "Is that what you thought?"

"I saw the baby," she cried. "Oh, Val, I saw the baby and I was so far away I couldn't tell. I screamed and ran, and you didn't even look up. It was like a dream. It was just the same as if I were in the dream."

"You were," Val said wearily, "only it wasn't your nightmare this time."

"No, it wasn't," she said.

But she knew better. It was every mother's nightmare. For some it was deep water, and for others it was fire, tall trees, smashed automobiles, one terror or another. And when it came, there was no use trying to pass the blame—awake or asleep, it was yours to live with.

Holding the child close to her, she started across the sand to the next cottage. She'd seen a baby on their strip of sand, and even at a distance she'd known it was a child about the age of her own. She could feel the baby warmth of the child, the vulnerability of her, and she thought that if she had suffered a thousand dreams to save her, it had been worth it.

Reaching the cottage, Anne found a girl about her own age. For a minute she stared at Anne, then she held out her arms and smiled. "For Pete's sake," she said, "where did you find her? I left her in the pen on the porch."

"I fished her out of the water," Anne said simply.

The girl's face quickly went white. Her arms tightened on the child.

## NEXT WEEK

Cartoonist
BILL MAULDIN
Speaks Out
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"Oh, my God," she said softly. She rocked the baby in her arms. "I watch her," she said slowly. "All I do is watch her, and I think I know every trick she's learned. How can she crawl out of her crib and out of the pen? I don't know how she does it. Every time I'm sure I'm safe, something like this happens."

"I know," Anne said. "I know just how it is."

"You have to believe there's a Guardian Angel," the girl said.

When they were on the way home and her own baby's head was nodding against her shoulder and the sound of the car was a steady hum of wheels on asphalt, then Anne knew that the dream would never come again. She was sure of it. It was not something she could explain. It was just the feeling that when you have done all you can do, summoned aid from all the sources at your command, then there is nothing left but to believe a Guardian Angel stands at the edge of the water.

This is the truth of all living, and she was ready to accept it; for without it, living takes on all the terrors of the nightmare, and the real happiness of life becomes only a dream. THE END

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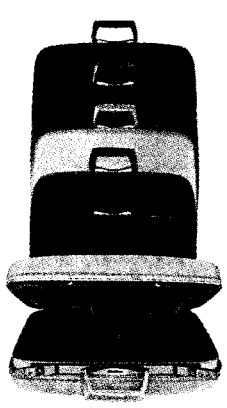

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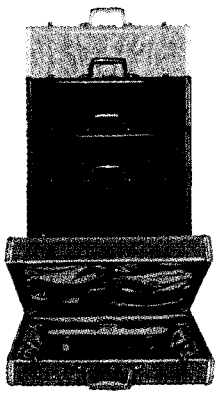

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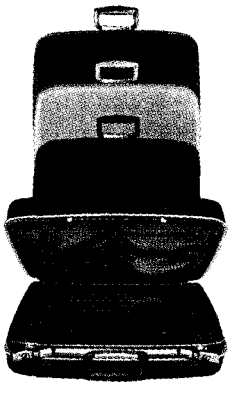

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# WHO SAYS PROS CAN'T PLAY 60 MINUTES?

**By CHUCK BEDNARIK as told to Dick Schaap**

## The Philadelphia Eagles' indestructible lineman tells how he proved that pros can still go the whole route playing grueling, offensive-defensive football.

When I was playing both defensive linebacker and offensive center for the Philadelphia Eagles last year, a sports writer I know went up to Artie Donovan, Baltimore's veteran lineman. "Hey, Artie," the reporter said. "Bednarik's just as old as you are, and he's been around just as long. He's playing both ways. Why don't you?"

Donovan gave the sports writer a dirty look. "There's one big difference between Bednarik and me," Artie said. "He's nuts!"

I guess a lot of players in the National Football League thought I was nuts last year. I was thirty-five years old, the oldest man on the Eagles, and I was the only man in the whole league playing sixty-minute football.

But I had a special reason. We were fighting for a championship, the first for Philadelphia in eleven years and, if I could help us win by playing both ways, it would be worth the effort. The way the season developed, it *was* worth it. The Eagles won the title, and I made the all-league first team on defense and honorable mention on offense. Against Green Bay in the championship game I was in there for fifty-eight minutes—every single play except kickoffs.

I'm no superman. If I can play offense and defense, so can other professionals. Playing both ways is as much a mental strain as a physical strain. Once you think you can do it, you can.

Right now the trouble is that too many pros think they can't do it. When we beat the New York Giants in Philadelphia last year, the temperature was in the 60's, and I was really dying. For three quarters I played every minute, offense and defense. Then as we were switching ends of the field, I walked past Sam Huff, the rough Giant linebacker. I was puffing hard. "Sam," I said, "how'd you like to go both ways?"

Huff is six-one and 230 pounds—two inches shorter than me, five pounds lighter and ten years younger. He shook his head. "Man," he drawled, "they couldn't pay me enough money."

Huff was wrong. He could play sixty minutes. On defense he's a solid linebacker with an uncanny knack for anticipating plays. On offense he'd be a fine center. For two-way football the most logical combination, I figure, is linebacker-center, like me or like Huff. Les Richter of the Los Angeles Rams is another example.

But there are men at other positions who could go both ways. Roosevelt Brown of New York and Jim Parker of Baltimore are two of the finest offensive tackles in the league. They're mean blockers. Put them on defense and they'd be mean tacklers. Henry Jordan, a rugged defensive tackle with the Green Bay Packers, could switch the other way and be a rugged offensive guard.

My teammate Tommy McDonald is a flanker—a great pass receiver. He could also be a good safety man. Em Tunnell of Green Bay, who's been around so long he's as old as I am, has built his reputation as a defensive back. With his speed and his quick reactions, he'd be an excellent offensive halfback. And don't forget Jimmy Brown of Cleveland, the toughest fullback I've ever banged up against. He could play defense, and I don't care where you put him. For a change of pace, how would you like to see Em Tunnell breaking clear into the secondary and Jimmy Brown charging up to make the tackle?

This is just a partial list of examples, but you get the idea. Personally I think it would be better for the fans and better for the players if we had more men going both ways. The way things are now, with offensive and defensive platoons marching on and off the field, the spectators have trouble comparing their favorites. Take the Giants' two Roosevelts—Rosey Brown, the offensive tackle, and Rosey Grier, the defensive tackle. Their jobs are so different it's impossible to tell which one is better. But if both played offense and defense, the fans could make accurate judgments.

Two-way football would be the best thing that could happen to the linemen. The backs monopolize the headlines. Each year only one or two linemen, for some special reason, get national publicity. Two years ago it was Sam Huff, because he made a lot of tackles and played in New York, and Gene (Big Daddy) Lipscomb, because he was huge and made good copy. Last year it was me. Why? Only because I did something different.

I don't care about publicity just for the sake of publicity. It's what it can mean financially. You may not believe this, but last year there wasn't a single lineman in the National Football League whose salary was as high as $15,000. Not me. Not Huff. Not Lipscomb. But there were many backs making that much. The explanation is simple. Backs are gate attractions. Linemen don't draw people into the stadiums, because linemen aren't well known.

I know I'm not as good as I was five years ago, but as a result of playing both ways last season, I am making more money this year at thirty-six than I ever made before. That's reason enough for other men to try sixty-minute football.

I'm not saying that everyone could play both ways. I don't think that rookies can adjust to pro competition fast enough to play offense and defense the first season. I remember when I joined the Eagles in 1949, fresh from the University of Pennsylvania. I had been an All-American twice. I had won the Maxwell Trophy as the outstanding college player in the country. But I discovered quickly that there's a big difference between college football and professional football.

In the pro league the competition is tougher, and it's a much more intricate game. For every offensive play you learn in college, you have to learn five as a pro. On defense, there are a million little tricks that must be mastered. You find that the pro linebacker's prime weapon is his right forearm, aimed to spoil the assault (and the profile) of the blocker. It takes time to develop a rigid forearm, and then more time to perfect its use.

During most of my rookie season in 1949 I played second-string offensive center. I switched to defense in 1950 and made all-pro for seven straight years. In 1955, after I had learned most of the tricks, I volunteered to play both offense and defense. Jim Trimble, who was coaching the Eagles then, declined my offer. He decided he needed me only on defense.

After a few seasons most men should feel qualified to go both ways. Consider sixty-minute football from a physical standpoint. Most National

Portrait of a football man-at-arms: Eagle defensive captain Bednarik surveys the jousting ground.

*Photographs by Arthur Rickerby*

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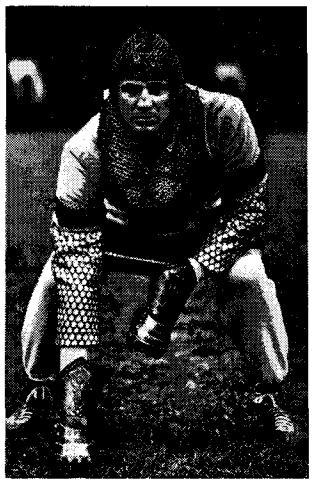

**PROS** Football League teams never scrimmage during the week. So a pro player takes a physical beating only once a week—on game days. If he is in shape—and that's part of his job—he can take a beating for sixty minutes.

I'm not giving away any trade secret when I say that there are players in our league who aren't in the best shape. They can get away with that only if they play one way and never have to go more than ten minutes at a stretch before they get a rest. But if you want to go both ways, you have to shed every ounce of extra weight.

From a mental standpoint you've got to have an incentive. Take me, for instance. Suppose my team had been just a .500 ball club last year. I wouldn't have had any incentive. I wouldn't have been able to play both ways. But as long as we were winning, I found strength I didn't know I had.

If anybody had told me during the early part of last season that things were going to work out like that I'd have said he was crazy. Cleveland crushed us in our opener. Then we won tough games from Dallas, St. Louis and Detroit. Those first four weeks I was strictly an offensive center. It wasn't until the fifth game that we really began to get championship ideas—and I began playing both offense and defense.

We were in a return match against the Browns at Cleveland. On the first play one of our linebackers, Bob Pellegrini, pulled a groin muscle. Our spare linebacker, John Nocera, was injured, so Buck Shaw, the coach turned to me. "Get in there, Chuck," he said, "but don't pull any hero stuff." I had practiced a little on defense during preseason workouts; Jerry Williams, the defensive-backfield coach, suggested it

For more than a quarter of that game in Cleveland I was fairly good both on defense and offense, but nothing sensational. Then midway in the second period, as I moved over to get a shot at Bobby Mitchell, Gern Nagler knocked me flat with a perfect block from the blind side. Somehow I managed to get up and help out on the tackle.

When I got up again, Paul Brown, the Cleveland coach, was clapping his hands. "Now we're playing football," Brown said. I got the idea he was making fun of me. Right then I started playing twice as hard. Cleveland led at the half, 15–7, but we came from behind and won with a field goal in the final seconds, 31–29.

I concentrated on defense the next two games, in which we beat Pittsburgh and Washington and stretched our winning streak to six. Then came a big one with the New York Giants, defending champions in the Eastern Conference. I started out playing defense only, but after the Giants took a 10–0 lead in the first half, Coach Shaw told me, "I'd like you to play offense, too, in the second half." I was all for it.

Everything seemed to go right after that. We went ahead, 17–10. In the closing minutes George Shaw, who was replacing the injured Charlie Conerly at quarterback, moved New York past the middle of the field. On third down he faded back and spotted Frank Gifford cutting across the middle. Shaw threw a good pass, and Gifford caught it close to our thirty-yard line as he was running laterally toward me. He saw me coming at him from my linebacker position. Then he saw Don Burroughs, only four or five steps away, running at him from the direction of the line of scrimmage. Gifford took his eyes off me to watch Burroughs, and just at that moment I reached top speed, drove directly into him and buried my shoulder in his chest. My shoulder hooked up and caught Gifford under the chin. Caught off guard, he fell hard. The ball bounced loose from his hands, and one of my teammates, Chuck Weber, pounced on it. I began jumping up and down, laughing and waving my fists. "We got it, we got it," I shouted. "That's the game. That's the game."

I didn't know then that Gifford was badly hurt. Conerly, on the side lines, began yelling at me. "Cheap-shot artist," he said.

I'll never forgive Conerly for that. A "cheap-shot artist" is a man who makes a dirty, vicious tackle. I don't play dirty. I'm no cutthroat. You have to be crazy to hurt a guy deliberately in this game. He's got a wife and a family, just as you have. Not only that, if you get a reputation as a dirty player you had better pay up your insurance policy. There are ways for the other boys to get even. You get elbows in your face and knees in your stomach, and pretty quick you get the message.

Gifford went to the hospital with a brain concussion. When he regained consciousness, he told his wife, "Chuck didn't mean it, honey. He had to make the play. It was a clean play."

I appreciated that. To me, Gifford is a tremendous football player—the best all-around halfback I ever faced. He's retired now, but if he had changed his mind and played this fall, I still would have tackled him as hard as I could. He would have expected it.

We played the Giants again the following Sunday, and this time I went all the way on offense and defense at my own request. Again we had to come from behind, but we finally won, 31–23, and for all practical purposes clinched the Eastern Conference championship.

The day after our regular season ended, we started getting ready for the championship game against Green Bay. When we weren't busy on the field, we watched movies of the Packers in action. During the season we hadn't played Green Bay. Studying the films, I noticed that when Paul Hornung ran around end, he often left his blockers and cut back toward the inside. I made a mental note. *If he does that against us, I'll get him.*

We didn't practice on Christmas. I spent the day with my wife Emma and our four daughters—we have five now—at our home in Abington, a suburb of Philadelphia. At eight P.M. I went upstairs, lay down on my bed and watched television for a while. At 10:30 I took a sleeping pill. By eleven I was out.

I got up at seven the next morning, went down to the kitchen and made myself a big pot of coffee. For breakfast I had six cups of coffee, a sweet roll and ten cigarettes. On the way to Franklin Field in Philadelphia, I ate a chocolate bar. I can't digest anything else before a game.

Usually I'm shuddering—tense, not afraid—until I go out on the field, but this time I was pretty calm. I was set for sixty minutes of football.

After the kickoff, when we took over on our own twenty-two-yard line, I entered the game. On the first play, Norm Van Brocklin, our quarterback, called for a slip-screen pass to Bill Barnes, the left halfback. Van Brocklin's pass was high, it bounced off Barnes's hands, and Bill Quinlan, Green Bay's defensive right end, intercepted on our fifteen. *What a way to start*, I thought.

Eleven Green Bay players hurried off the field, and eleven new ones came on. Ten Eagles ran off, but I stayed put. Earlier in the season, when I was just starting to play both ways, that used to make me feel strange, but by this time it was old stuff.

On their opening play Jim Taylor, the fullback, churned through right tackle for five yards. I moved in from my left linebacker position and hit Taylor. His legs moved up and down like pistons. Next to Jimmy Brown, Taylor was the hardest runner I'd met all year.

We stopped them from scoring that time, but Green Bay picked up field goals in the first and second periods and went ahead, 6–0. Seven minutes before the end of the half, we had the ball on their thirty-five. "I can beat my man," Tommy McDonald said in the huddle. "He's waiting for me to cut in. If I cut out, I'll be free." Van Brocklin nodded. "O.K.," Norm said.

On this play I was an auxiliary blocker. I snapped the ball to Van Brocklin, then moved back to block anyone who broke

The key to Chuck's top physical shape at 36 is a daily four-hour workout period.

## CHUCK BEDNARIK'S ALL-NATIONAL FOOTBALL LEAGUE TEAM 1949-1960

### *OFFENSE*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| END | DANTE LAVELLI | *Cleveland Browns* |
| END | ELROY HIRSCH | *Los Angeles Rams* |
| TACKLE | MIKE McCORMACK | *Cleveland Browns* |
| TACKLE | ROOSEVELT BROWN | *New York Giants* |
| GUARD | ABE GIBRON | *Chicago Bears* |
| GUARD | AL WISTERT | *Philadelphia Eagles* |
| CENTER | FRANK GATSKI | *Cleveland Browns* |
| QUARTERBACK | OTTO GRAHAM | *Cleveland Browns* |
| HALFBACK | STEVE VAN BUREN | *Philadelphia Eagles* |
| HALFBACK | FRANK GIFFORD | *New York Giants* |
| FULLBACK | JIMMY BROWN | *Cleveland Browns* |

### *DEFENSE*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| END | JOHNNY GREEN | *Philadelphia Eagles* |
| END | GENE BRITO | *Washington Redskins* |
| TACKLE | ARNIE WEINMEISTER | *New York Giants* |
| TACKLE | ERNIE STAUTNER | *Pittsburgh Steelers* |
| LINEBACKER | TONY ADAMLE | *Cleveland Browns* |
| MIDDLE GUARD | BILL WILLIS | *Cleveland Browns* |
| LINEBACKER | JOE SCHMIDT | *Detroit Lions* |
| HALFBACK | EM TUNNELL | *Green Bay Packers* |
| HALFBACK | DON PAUL | *Cleveland Browns* |
| HALFBACK | JACK CHRISTIANSEN | *Detroit Lions* |
| SAFETY | RUSS CRAFT | *Philadelphia Eagles* |

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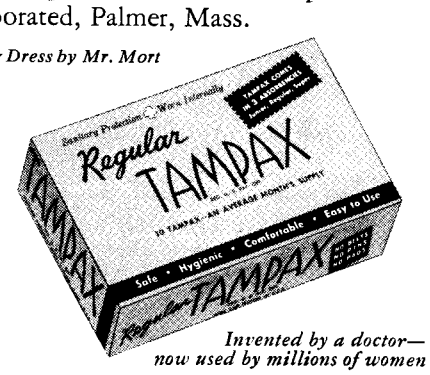
☆ *Dress by Mr. Mort*




*Invented by a doctor—now used by millions of women*

**PROS** past our front line. Someone came through—I didn't see his number—and I knocked him down. Van Brocklin stepped perfectly into the pocket formed by the blockers. He had five seconds to get off his pass. I looked up in time to see McDonald catch it on the seven-yard line and sprint into the end zone. We got a field goal a few minutes later and led at the half, 10–6.

Midway through the third quarter the Packers reached our twenty-six-yard line, third down and two yards to go. In this situation, against a team known for its runners, I expected a running play. I thought they might send Taylor through the middle, so I tightened up a bit. I positioned myself inside their right end.

Then the play started and I saw Hornung sweeping toward his right—my zone. I remembered from the films how he liked to cut back. I waited for the cutback. Just as Hornung pivoted, I rammed into him. My shoulder dug into his right side under his arm. He went down like a shot. His right arm was quivering. I was really scared.

Fortunately Hornung wasn't injured seriously. I had pinched a nerve in his shoulder, and his arm had gone numb. He was in for only two unimportant plays during the rest of the game.

In the fourth quarter Green Bay scored its only touchdown of the day and took the lead, 13–10. But we quickly got a scoring drive going ourselves. When we reached their five-yard line, Van Brocklin called for fullback Ted Dean to run a swing to the left. I had a difficult assignment—one of the most difficult for an offensive center. I had to snap the ball, then move out to the left and block their tackle, Henry Jordan, toward the *inside*. I managed to nail Jordan, and Dean skirted the end and scored. We were back in front, 17–13.

But the Packers weren't through yet. With less than fifteen seconds to play they were on our twenty-two. Starr flipped a short pass to Taylor on the twenty. I was on the two. I saw Maxie Baughan bounce off Taylor at the fifteen. I moved up to the five. I saw Don Burroughs bounce off Taylor at the thirteen. I was on the nine. I set myself. I didn't want Taylor to "juke" and sidestep me.

We collided at the nine. I hit him high and put a bear hug around him. Finally Taylor toppled to the ground, his legs still moving. I fell on top, still hugging him. I could see the clock. I saw the second hand sweep past zero. Then I stood up. "O.K., Taylor," I said. "You can get up now. This game is over."

I went wild. I yelled. I laughed. I pounded my teammates, and they pounded me. Then, all of a sudden, I was exhausted. I hadn't been tired once during the game, but now my arms felt like concrete. My legs refused to move. I couldn't have played another minute.

The $5116 check I received as a winning player's share in that game was more money than my father ever made in a full year. He was born in Czechoslovakia and can't read or write any English. He came over to this country and worked in the steel mills in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. Until he retired last winter, he was a first helper in the open hearth. I spent a few summers in the mills myself. It's not like boys' camp.

Our family always lived in a small, simple house. At one time we had five kids sharing a single room. We shared clothes, too, and food. I got my first football when my father saved the tops of twenty-five coffee bags and sent away for a free premium. The ball was made of cheap imitation leather. I used tape to keep it in one piece.

I went to Bethlehem High School and played football, baseball and basketball. After graduation in 1943, I went into the Army Air Force. I was a waist gunner in a B-24, and I flew thirty combat missions over Germany.

When I got back to Bethlehem in 1945 I decided that I wanted to go to college. John Butler, my high-school coach, recommended me to George Munger at the University of Pennsylvania. I put in four good years there. Following my senior season in 1948, Christy Walsh and a board of coaches named me to a twenty-five-year All-American team.

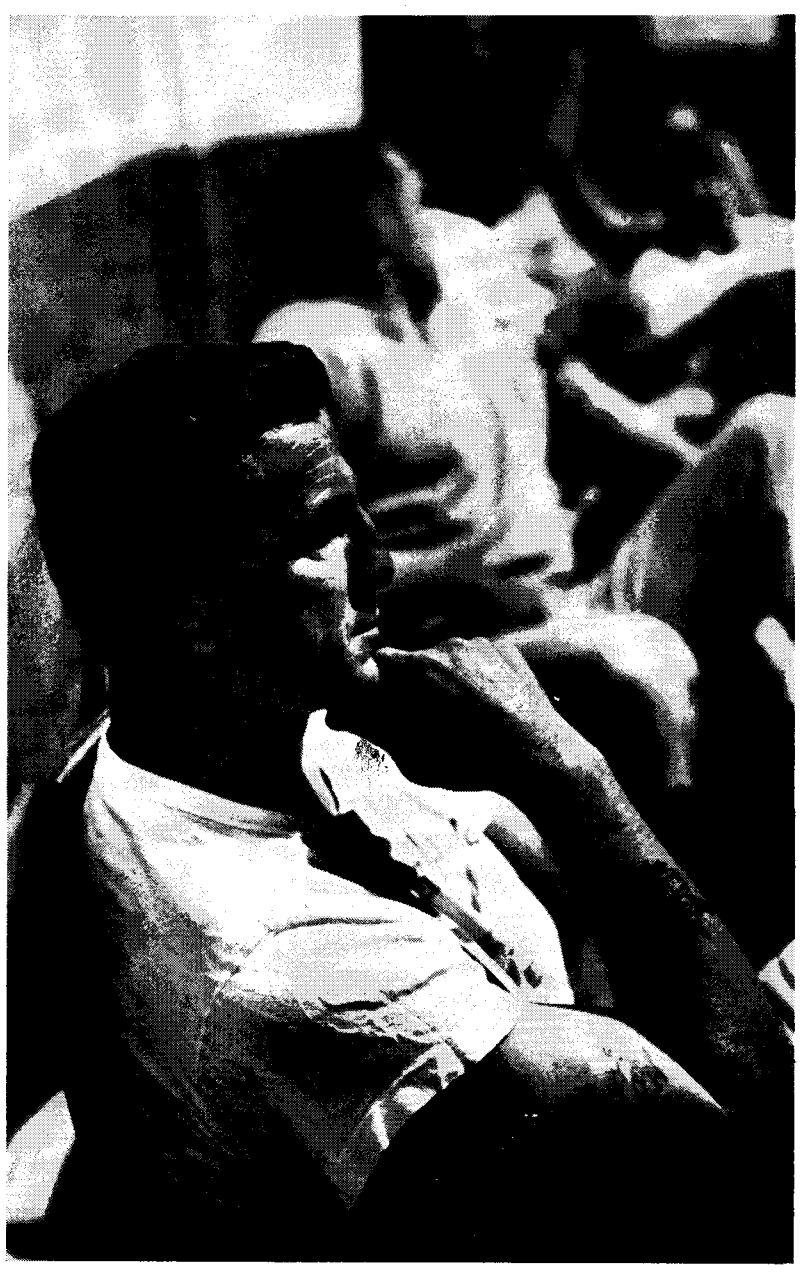
From Penn I went to the Eagles in 1949, and right away we won the championship. As I said earlier, I wasn't a regular most of that year, but the next seven seasons I was an all-pro selection as a linebacker. Then from 1957 through 1959 we didn't have particularly good teams, and the sports writers stopped picking me. They figured I was slowing up. So did my coach. In 1959 I played offensive center only, except on goal-line stands.

I was used to being a star, and suddenly I was just another player on just another team. At the end of 1959 I decided to quit. I announced my retirement from football, and the Eagles, as a parting gift, gave me $1000 and a color-television set.

Over the winter I changed my mind. My wife was pregnant and I knew we needed money. So I decided to play again in 1960. It was the best decision I ever made. The Eagles and I both had a big year.

This fall I've been acting my age. Through our first seven games I took it easy and played only on offense. And when the season comes to an end, I'll be through. This time I mean it.

THE END



Distracted by thoughts of his future, Bednarik only half hears the locker-room noises around him. After one great career, how does a man begin again?

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# Why it pays you to "GET MARRIED" to a good bank

## *(like First Western, for instance)*

*People who do business with banks fall generally into two groups: those who get very little out of their banking relationship, and those who get a great deal out of it. Let us explain the difference, and how each group gets that way.*

### The first group are the "Bank Bachelors"

These are the casual customers who never really get tied down to any bank. They scatter their banking business all over town—a checking account with one bank, a home loan with another, a car financed somewhere else, and finally a savings account at still some other institution. Like a sailor with a girl in every port, they never discover how mutually advantageous a good "banking marriage" can be (particularly with a bank like First Western).

### The second group are the "Bank Marrieds"

These are the more sophisticated customers. They learned long ago that banking and marriage have much in common. Both are founded on trust, and the more each party puts into the relationship, the more he receives in return. Thus, the customer who effects a kind of "marriage" with his bank does all of his banking *with that one bank* (like say, First Western). Here he maintains his checking account, his savings account, and any little savings accounts he may have started for his children. Here he keeps his personal financial statement on file. And here he applies for any loans he may want from time to time. He does most of his business at *one particular First Western office*. He makes it a point to meet and get to know the Manager—and at least one other bank officer. He lets them understand that he is giving them *all* his banking business, and that he expects them in return to *take care of all his banking needs*.

### What does a "Bank Marriage" do for him?

A great deal.

1 When he wants a *home loan*, the bank can usually supply the money needed—and usually at rates equal to or less than elsewhere.

2 The same is true when he wants a *home improvement loan* to add a room or build a swimming pool.

3 When he wants a *credit reference*, the bank (*knowing* him) steps up and gives him a resounding endorsement.

4 When he wants a *personal loan* to pay bills, taxes, or just take a vacation, again the bank stands ready to serve him. And—because he's an established customer—his loan application goes through with maximum speed.

5 When he wants to buy *income property* or *his own business* or *do almost any legitimate thing toward building his financial stature*, the bank is behind him, ready to counsel with him and lend him money if (in the bank's judgment) the proposal is sound.

6 Even when he leaves home to *travel in foreign lands*, his bank "goes with him" by furnishing:

(a) *Letters of credit*—useful in obtaining money.
(b) *Letters of introduction* to a global network of correspondent banks.
(c) Information on *foreign economic conditions*.
(d) A source of *foreign currencies*, plus exchange information . . . not to mention *Travellers' Cheques*.

7 Finally, if our "bank married" customer has availed himself of our Trust Services, the bank can even manage his assets (cash, stocks, bonds, real estate) for his own benefit or for any beneficiary he names, such as children or grandchildren, an invalid mother, even a favorite charity. Likewise, through the Trust Department, the bank can serve his widow and children by helping to execute his will and by administering and managing his estate.

### This is why it pays you to "Get Married" to a good bank—like First Western

*Want to Propose?* Just tear out this ad, take it to any one of our offices and ask to see the Manager. Tell him you want to make his particular office the home-base for *all* your banking activities and that, in return, you expect him to take care of all your banking needs.

Try it. Find out what a good bank is really all about. We'll be seeing you soon.

# First Western Bank

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*At the 67 First Western offices throughout the State of California your savings earn daily interest . . . every day on every dollar*

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**"...the water shortage is not something to be feared for the future. It is here now."**
U. S. Senate Committee on National Water Resources

Disgust and anger turned Clayt Hoff's casual hike into a crusade.

# CLAYTON M. HOFF AND THE SECOND

**He found the historic waterway an unruly sewer. Flooding. Almost running dry. Threatening city water. Eroding farms. Discouraging industry. Costing millions.**

Clayton M. Hoff, an industrial chemist, was appalled at the sight—and the smell.

On a Saturday morning hiking trip in 1937 from Wilmington, Del., up the banks of the Brandywine Creek, he found the historic waterway little more than a malodorous mixture of raw sewage, industrial waste, and silt from the gully-scarred farms of this once beautiful valley.

His anger aroused—he began to investigate. He found many towns and cities, including Wilmington, depended on the polluted creek for water. He found that not only was a million yards of priceless top-soil being washed away from farms, but it later had to be dredged off the bottom of the port of Wilmington at a cost of up to $300,000 a year.

He learned that sudden rains caused the Brandywine to leap its banks. Droughts slowed it to a trickle and threatened water supplies of cities and industry—including large steel and paper mills. Wildlife had fled. New industry wouldn't consider the area.

Clayt was filled with disgust—and determination. He carried the story through the region—holding out promise of what could be achieved if the 200,000 people of the valley went to work. In 1945 the Brandywine Valley Association was formed with Clayton Hoff as executive vice president.

Today its 2000 members have largely won the battle to save the Brandywine from ruin. Through their work and dues, which support a full-time staff, a carefully planned and co-ordinated program has showed amazing results.

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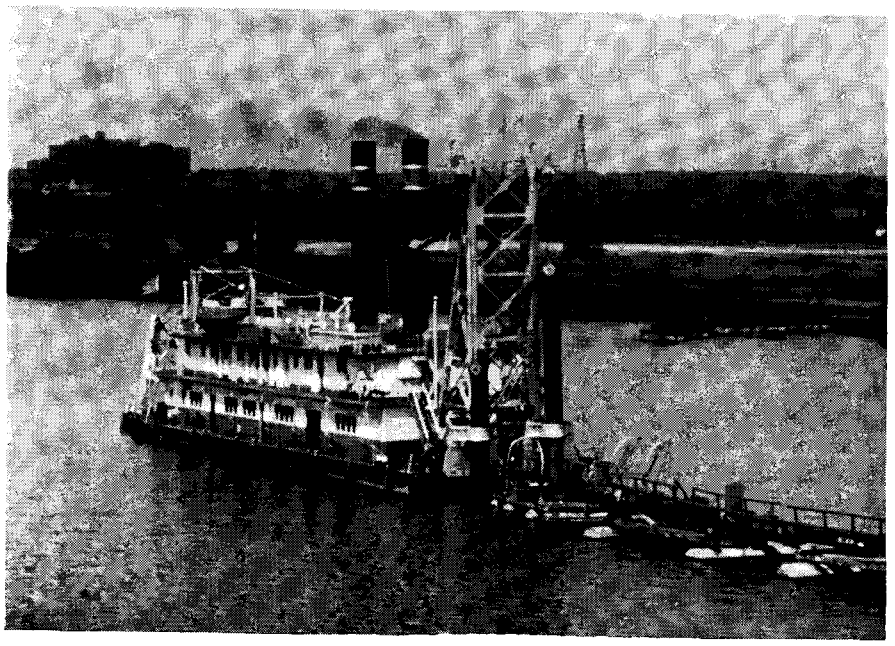
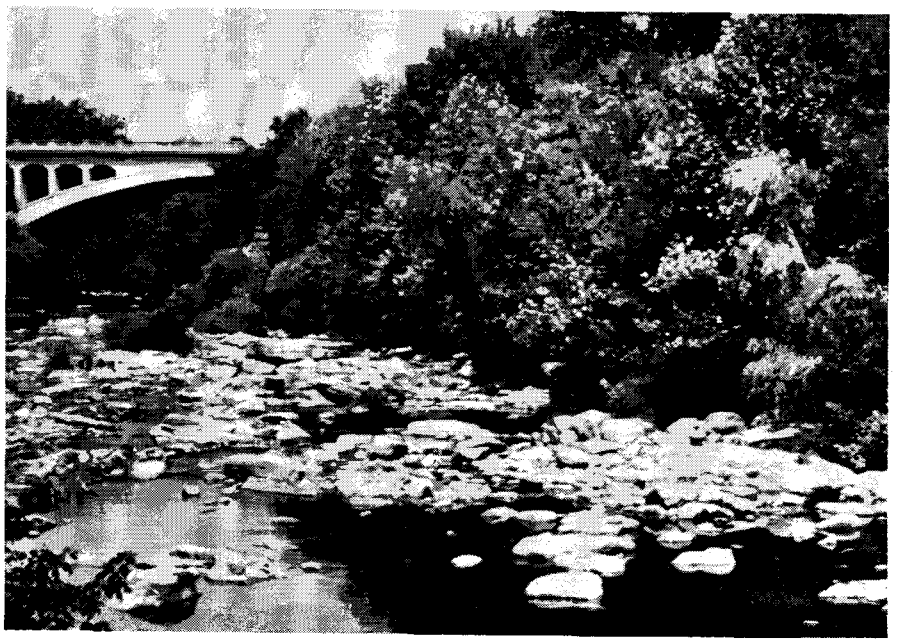
**Costly paradox.** Priceless topsoil eroded from farms ↑ along the Brandywine was carried downstream to the port of Wilmington. Dredging it from the ship channel ↓ cost up to $300,000 a year. The loss to farmers could probably be placed at three times that amount.

**Too much or too little.** The Brandywine often flooded, as shown at this steel mill ↑ leaving hundreds of thousands of dollars damage. When droughts occurred, the Brandywine virtually dried up ↓ leaving cities, farms and industries short of water.





# BATTLE OF THE BRANDYWINE

Valley income is up several million dollars yearly. Farm income has almost doubled. 96% of industrial wastes are purified. 94% of sewage wastes are treated. Erosion is down 60%. 300 new farm ponds help control runoff and provide recreation. 1½ million trees have been planted.

Cost of controlling silt at the port has been cut in half. A steel company has built a $33 million addition to its plant. A large bakery and other industries have moved into the area.

And the Association has just started to fight. It is now carrying forward a 25-year building plan to assure the valley of clean, adequate water for the next 50 years, and cut flood damage by 77%. It calls for construction of 12 new dams and reservoirs and still more conservation practices on the land.

There are dozens of areas in our nation that have been allowed to turn into sinkholes. More than a matter of national pride, the restoration of these precious water resources is of critical concern to us all. We have allowed pollution, runoff, silt and flooding to take a tremendous amount of our precious water supply. Water rationing has become common in many places. Every day the margin between adequate water and shortage grows narrower. Yet, by 1980 we will need twice the water we're using now.

If you live in an area where a water crisis exists or impends, you need not despair. Clayt Hoff proved that one man with determination can overcome deterioration. Perhaps you can do it for your area.

For information, write to Dept. C1, Caterpillar Tractor Co., Peoria, Illinois, U.S.A.

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# THE LAST RENDEZVOUS

continued from page 33

to do something. But what? What was the intelligent thing to do? Action, any kind of action, seemed preferable to waiting and worrying. Mark's perplexities were ended abruptly by the ringing of the telephone.

"Mr. Willaston?" asked a gruff voice. "Just a moment, sir. This is the Amblesham police station. The sergeant would like a word with you."

Then another voice said, "I'm afraid, Mr. Willaston, you must prepare yourself for some bad news—very bad news. Mrs. Willaston has met with an accident. As you have no car, I'll come to fetch you. Expect me in six or seven minutes."

"A bad accident?" asked Mark thickly, for his mouth had gone dry. "You mean she's been killed?"

"I'm afraid that's just what I do mean, sir." The line went dead.

The horrifying impact of the words had its own kind of mercy, for to Mark there was an unreality about them, as though they were intended for the ears of some other Mark Willaston. When the police car arrived and the sergeant urged him to put on clothes suitable for a long drive, he obeyed in a daze.

The sergeant was a kindly man, tactful, and made no small talk as they drove south and west for about an hour. At a sign which read COTTAGE HOSPITAL they slackened speed, turning right into a laurel-bordered drive. Nothing about the place was familiar to Mark, who was led into an officelike room where a nondescript man with a stethoscope round his neck peered at him over thick-lensed glasses. "We did our best for her, Mr. Willaston, but there was never any hope. Would you like to see her?"

Jane was in a small room alone. There was a screen round the bed. They moved this and pulled back the sheet. Except that her eyes were closed and her lips bloodless, she had changed very little. "Be thankful that she did not suffer at all," said a middle-aged woman who might have been the matron.

Then they led him away and into just such another room where, minutes, hours or aeons later, he felt the prick of a needle before the curtain of oblivion dropped. It was three days before the doctor-in-charge deemed it wise to allow Mark to leave, and then only because his presence was required at the inquest.

There were no surviving eyewitnesses to the accident. Police witnesses established that Jane's car had been traveling along a minor road leading from the village of Wingfield toward its intersection of the London-to-Chichester road, about five miles from the latter town. She had braked violently a few yards before the intersection. The tire marks revealed this. She then had skidded across the path of an oncoming sports car which, a few moments previously, had overtaken another car at, according to the driver, at least seventy-five m.p.h. The two people in the sports car—a man and a woman—were killed instantly, while Jane had reached the hospital alive, dying about an hour after admission without recovering consciousness.

Although offered hospitality by several friends, Mark elected to return alone in dry-eyed grief to Rosemary Cottage, unable yet to endure the sympathy which was showered upon him. All he was able to grasp at this time was that the accident had occurred soon after five o'clock. By driving fast Jane could have been at Guildford station just in time to meet the six-twelve train on which he had arrived. Foolishly the realization of this gave him a sense of guilt and responsibility.

As Mark discovered over the next days, hearts do not break. Scar tissue formed over his. People were kind, but there was no comfort in their kindness. Alone and surrounded by familiar things which were a link with Jane, he began almost methodically to adjust himself to the terrifying loss he had sustained, trying to understand why he had been singled out by fate for such a cruel blow. Grief is of its essence selfish.

Mark went for a long walk in the woods while Margaret, Jane's sister, cleared the cottage of all Jane's clothes, her toilet articles and other personal belongings.

NEXT WEEK
ADVENTURES OF THE MIND:
MUST OUR CITIES BE SO UGLY?
BY JOHN BURCHARD

Then, having put Rosemary Cottage into the hands of an agent for sale, he went back to work. The daily journey to and from London helped him to regain some equilibrium. He plunged into work with a furious intensity, hoping to find in it a way of shaking out of the mood of self-pity which, he was only too well aware, would solve no problems. Life was for the living, and he knew that Jane, who had loved life and laughter, would not have wished him to mourn for her too long.

A few weeks after Jane's funeral, when Mark's critical faculties were beginning to function again, he asked himself a question to which there seemed to be no reasonable answer: Why had Jane been where she was when she was killed? On the morning of her death she had said that by the evening she might have some news for him. What news could that have been? "I may even buy you a present," she had said.

It suddenly became tremendously important to Mark to know what had taken Jane to the village of Wingfield that day. The first time he had ever heard the name of the village had been at the inquest. They had had no friends there or anywhere near. They had driven through Chichester a couple of times together, but they knew nobody there either. An easy explanation might have been that Jane, having nothing particular to do, had gone for a drive. Plenty of people went for aimless drives, especially in the summer when the countryside was so lovely. But not Jane. She did not enjoy driving a car for its own sake. To her a car was a means of transportation, not a pleasure vehicle. Some definite purpose had taken Jane to the neighborhood of Wingfield that day, and Mark was determined to find out what it was.

On the following Saturday he drove to Wingfield in a hired car. It was a pleasant enough village with no great character. It had an enormous church which must have dated from a time when a much larger population had been served, suggesting that Wingfield had once been a more important center. There were three pubs and the usual village shops. Mark spent an hour in the post office thumbing through the telephone directory in the hope of seeing a familiar name which might have accounted for Jane's presence there on the last day of her life. Only one name rang a bell. Listed with a number on the Calthorpe exchange was a man with the unusual name of Larbelastier, which, Mark knew, was a Channel Islands name. Jane, long before he had met her, had had a boy friend of that name. Mark racked his brains to try to remember the man's first name, but it eluded him.

Among Jane's belongings had been an address book. Mark drove thoughtfully homeward, making a wide detour so as to call on Jane's sister, who lived with her husband about eight miles from Rosemary Cottage. Without asking why he wanted it, Margaret handed Mark the address book, urging him to stay on to an evening meal. He made his excuses and returned home to the lonely cottage.

In Jane's address book there was a Peter Larbelastier with an address in Devonshire. The entry was in a schoolgirl handwriting, suggesting that it had been made before Jane's had become formed. The address had been deleted and no other substituted. Peter was the first name of the Larbelastier who lived at Calthorpe. Since he obviously could not inquire of Margaret or her mother without offering some explanation, Mark drove to Calthorpe early the next morning. He was now obsessed by the need to resolve all the doubts which bubbled and fermented in him. A brief study of the road map showed him that the most direct route from Rosemary Cottage was by the road which passed through Wingfield. Why had Jane been on that road? He would know no peace until he had the answer to the question. Even if the answer were to destroy the picture of Jane which was enshrined in his heart, he must have it. If this Peter Larbelastier, by coming back into Jane's life, had been, however indirectly, the cause of her death, Mark believed himself capable of killing the man, whatever the cost to himself.

Calthorpe was a larger village than Wingfield. In reply to Mark's inquiry, the owner of a filling station on the outskirts told him that the Larbelastiers ran a poultry farm about a mile on the other side. He volunteered the information that young Larbelastier was usually to be found before lunch on Sundays in the saloon bar of The Wheatsheaf, where, he added for good measure, the beer was the best for miles around.

At noon, a pint of draught bitter beer beside him, trying to control and conceal his impatience, Mark was at the saloon bar of The Wheatsheaf, listening to the broad Sussex vowels and studying the weathered, bucolic faces around him. Then, just as he was beginning to believe his vigil hopeless, he heard the barmaid say, "Good morning, Mr. Larbelastier. The usual?"

The newcomer was a handsome man of about Mark's age, clad in rough corduroy trousers and a leather jacket. Had the circumstances been otherwise, Mark would have been predisposed in his favor.

The ebb and flow of men at the bar brought Mark closer to the object of his interest, who seemed popular, for he was several times addressed by name by new arrivals. While Mark was turning over in his mind various methods of joining the conversation of which Larbelastier was the center, he saw that the other was aware of his scrutiny. This, he decided, was no time for subtlety, even if he could think of a way of being subtle. "Excuse me for staring at you," he began abruptly, "but didn't I see you a few weeks back with Jane Willaston?"

"No, you didn't," was the curt reply, "and even if you did, what business is it of yours? Are you the chap who's been making inquiries about me at Bert Hatcher's filling station?"

Mark's brain was not functioning as quickly as it might these days, or he would have thought of a more adroit reply than, "Yes, I am. Any law against it?"

"Who and what are you? Don't make mysteries. Ask your questions and get out of my sight."

"Then you don't know Jane Willaston?" Mark persisted. "The question seems to embarrass you. I wonder why."

Other conversations at the bar died away. The edginess in the voices of these two and the mention of a woman's name suggested the excellent possibility of a fight to enliven a dull Sunday. "Seconds out of the ring!" a man's voice said from a table at the rear.

"If you want to fight, fight outside," insisted the landlord.

"Jane Willaston. . . . Jane Willaston," a woman's voice said reflectively. "Where have I heard that name before?"

The situation was getting out of hand. Larbelastier turned angrily to Mark. "You've said too much, or not enough," he said loudly. "What's it all about? Let's have it. I don't want to have to spend the next week trying to explain who this Jane Whatsisname is to my wife. My name's George Larbelastier. What's yours?"

"George Larbelastier—not Peter?" asked Mark weakly. "I'm sorry," he added. "I've made a mistake. My name's Mark Willaston. Please excuse me."

"My father's name is Peter," said the other less aggressively, realizing there was the possibility that an honest mistake had been made. "Maybe he can help you. I've a brother named Peter, too, but he's in New Zealand. Are you feeling all right?"

Mark felt his head swimming. He clutched the bar counter to stop himself from falling. Two men helped him out into the fresh air. As though from a great distance, Mark heard the woman's voice again: "Jane Willaston . . . now I remember. That's the name of the girl who was killed down at the crossroads a few weeks back. That chap is probably her husband."

"Poor devil!" said a man. "Maybe the shock has sent him round the bend."

In a few minutes Mark felt well enough to drive himself home, with the words of the last speaker ringing in his ears. Were shock and grief driving him mad? Such things did happen.

There was a car in the lane when Mark returned to Rosemary Cottage. A young couple sent by the local agent wanted to

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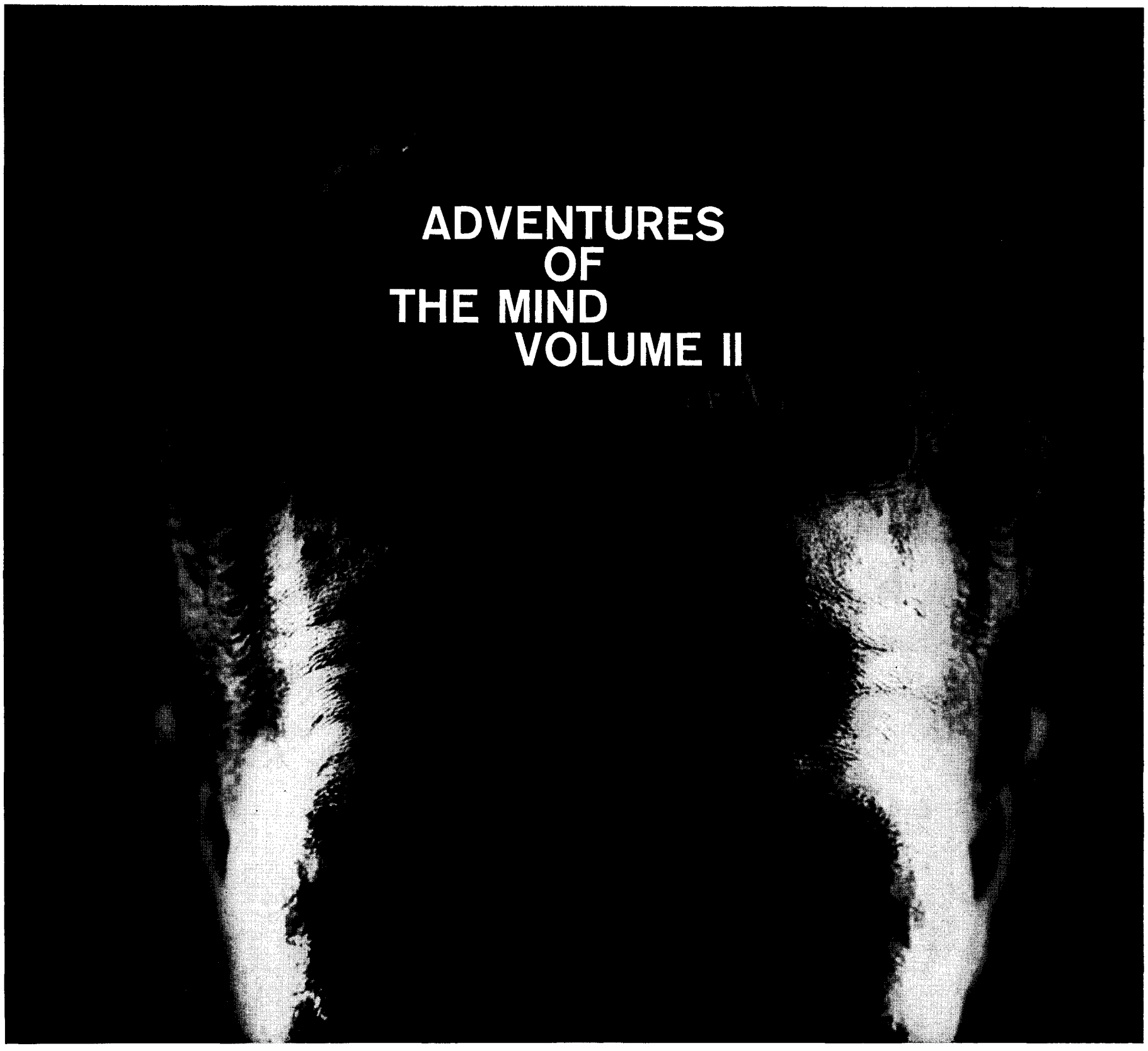


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**December HOLIDAY Magazine features**

# John STEINBECK

More adventures, characters and insights—done only as Steinbeck can do them—fill part two of his epic IN QUEST OF AMERICA. He sets out from Chicago en route to Seattle, savoring along the way the varied charms of Minnesota, North Dakota, Montana and Idaho; then down the Pacific coast to San Francisco and a nostalgic pause at Monterey.

## The Department of State

Holiday begins a series of articles on the functions of our government departments. Ten government departments, together with the office of the White House, execute the decisions of Congress and are the President's instruments of direct power. The department which most urgently points up this power is the little understood and awesomely important State Department. Holiday offers its portrait.

## Journey in Greece

A view that is both panoramic and incisive. V. S. Pritchett eloquently explains the allure of this rugged and beautiful country.

*ALSO: A WALK THROUGH FLORIDA'S HISTORY . . . Part III of THE ROTHSCHILDS . . . A Shunpike Tour of ARIZONA . . . Little Wonder ITALIAN RESTAURANTS OF NEW YORK . . . A wonderfully funny CHRISTMAS POEM by OGDEN NASH . . . A Handbook of FURS . . . MY PERSONAL CARNEGIE HALL by Samuel Chotzinoff . . . THE SAN DIEGO ZOO: A PEACEABLE KINGDOM . . . THE RADCLIFFE GIRL.*

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# HOLIDAY

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**A CURTIS MAGAZINE**

**RENDEZVOUS** see inside. Sunday, they explained by way of apology, was their only free day. Before they left, after nearly an hour spent making notes, they said they liked the cottage and would make an offer next day.

It was as they drove away that Mark suffered the first twinge of conscience. The sale of the cottage, if it materialized, would be a symbolic act, cutting the last link which bound him to Jane. How would she regard this? They had restored the cottage together, much of the work having been done with their own hands. They had bought the furniture piece by piece from antique dealers scattered all over the southern half of England. It had been a labor of love, the most important single thing in their lives—except love itself. Now, for a price, he was proposing to turn house and contents over to strangers. Was this hideous disloyalty?

A strange but logical train of thought was set up by these reflections. Mark had just opened a can of soup. He was about to eat this and some fried eggs off a cleared space on the kitchen table when he realized how deeply Jane would have disapproved of this way of living. Sheepishly, as though under observation, he set a place for himself at the head of the old refectory table in the dining room. There was a bowl of dead flowers in the center of the table. He threw these away, renewed the water and brought in fresh flowers from the garden. There was dust everywhere. The clock had stopped. Cigarette ends littered the inglenook fireplace. One had burned a hole in the rug, a Persian rug which they had bought together instead of a refrigerator, because at the time they could not afford both. He winced as he realized how unhappy this would have made Jane.

Mark toiled for an hour, strangely conscious of Jane's approval, as he restored the dining room to something approximating the cleanliness and order in which she had always kept it. Then he ate his simple meal. It was, he recalled, the first meal he had enjoyed for weeks. Was this, he wondered, the outcome of having earned Jane's unspoken approval?

Alone in the darkness of the garden after eating his meal, trying to piece together the fragments of the tragedy which had been enacted and to make a coherent whole of them, Mark began to laugh mirthlessly at his own inconsistency. Out of some curious blend of deference to Jane's ideas and loyalty to her memory, he had just spent an hour setting the dining room to rights, forgetful altogether of the larger, shameful disloyalty of which he had been guilty. For days he had poisoned himself with ugly suspicions, assuming that just because he did not know why Jane had been in the neighborhood of Wingfield on that fatal day, her reasons for being there were unworthy. Was this all he had to show for three years of happiness, devotion and mutual trust? Merely because he did not know why Jane had been at the Wingfield crossroads at the time of the accident, did any single thing in his knowledge of her entitle him to suppose that her presence there had any other than an innocent explanation? These questions answered themselves as Mark felt himself go hot with shame.

Mark was still in the garden when the clock of a distant church chimed midnight. The air was redolent of the sweetness of night-scented stock, which Jane had sown. She had loved the night too. The chirrup of crickets, the croaking of bullfrogs and the contented rumblings of cows on the other side of the hedge—these had been the background music of the happy years with Jane.

There was a locked drawer in Jane's small writing desk, the key to which he had not yet found. Would this yield some information? Using the claw of a hammer, Mark forced the lock. The first thing to meet his eye was a bundle of his own letters, written before they were married. No guilty secret there. Then there were diaries going back to school days, the last entry being for July twenty-seventh, the day before Jane's death.

Study of the diaries confirmed his belief that Jane was a scrupulously truthful person, for the diary entries of a score of little incidents tallied so exactly with the accounts he had heard in the past from her own lips. Occasional mean little things were set down as mean little things, without the smallest attempt to make them appear noble or even justified. In one entry she admitted having taken advantage of an undercharge by the butcher. "I wonder how often it has been the other way?" was her comment. This must have rankled in her mind, for, three weeks later, there was another entry: "Simpson got his four shillings back today and another eightpence. That makes us almost quits."

Jane's honesty was the real kind, not the kind that is paraded as a showpiece. It was, as Mark well knew, altogether inconsistent with a young woman capable of the duplicity involved in leading a double life. The whole idea was absurd, but—his thoughts went full circle—what had she been doing at Wingfield that day?

It was the last entry in the diary, the entry for July twenty-seventh, which drove Mark back into the private hell he had allowed suspicion to create for him. It read: "G.H. McA. 9:30 tomorrow. I am sure M. suspects nothing."

The drawer yielded little else of interest. On the hall table Mark found a pile of letters, mostly bills, which he had not been interested enough to open. A few were addressed to Jane. One of these, a thick envelope marked PRIVATE in the left-hand top corner, he opened. It contained Jane's bank passbook. Two years previously she had inherited six hundred pounds from her Aunt Edith. This sum, with accrued interest, had lain untouched until the very day of Jane's death, when she had withdrawn fifty pounds in cash.

***The human brain is a wonderful thing. It operates from the moment you're born until the first time you get up to make a public speech.***

Howard Goshorn

No such sum had been in her handbag when it had been handed to Mark by the matron at the hospital. What had she done with it? Or had it been stolen by someone who arrived early on the scene of the accident at the crossroads? But, leaving that aside, why had Jane withdrawn the sum in the first place? Was this withdrawal made to pay for the present she had said at the station she might give him? If so, where was it? Jane had always been so emphatic that she would not touch this nest egg except for some very special purpose, and it was not like her to change her mind in such a matter. Less than a year previously the purchase of a TV set had not been considered by her sufficiently "special" to weaken.

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Who was the mysterious G.H.? What was Jane sure that Mark didn't suspect? How could that be construed innocently?

The penciled words burned themselves into Mark's consciousness as though written with a hot branding iron. Wave after wave of suspicion rolled over him. She was right. Mark, the poor dupe, had suspected nothing. He remembered that last passionate kiss they had exchanged outside the railway station. What had that meant? Was it some kind of apology in advance for an act of deceit and disloyalty she was even then contemplating.

Mark regretted now that he had allowed Jane's sister Margaret to take away all her personal effects, for these might have yielded the key to the mystery. By now Margaret had probably stumbled on something and destroyed it.

The first light of the false dawn was in the sky when Mark again went out into the garden to wrestle in solitude with the doubts and fears which would not be stilled. Somehow, if he were ever to become a normal man again, he knew he must resolve those doubts. If, blinded by love, he had built up in imagination an altogether false picture of Jane, the sooner he destroyed it the better. To have spent three years worshiping a false image was idolatry in a vicious form. All he wanted was the truth, that same truth to which he had always believed Jane was so devoted. If the truth revealed that Jane to the end had been what he had always believed her to be, surely her love for him would have been strong enough for her to forgive his doubts. It was the kind of poisonous logic which could come only from the sick mind of a bewildered man. On the other hand, Mark found himself arguing, if it should transpire that the web of circumstance in which Jane's memory was caught was incapable of an innocent explanation—and this would surely justify his base suspicions—the truth became even more vitally important to his own sanity. What a fool he would be to go on mourning the loss of someone who had never existed—except as his own false concept of her!

It is easy for an onlooker, with no emotional involvement in Mark Willaston's perplexity, to view his doubts and heart-searchings through jaundiced eyes, forgetting that doubts, however unworthy, are uncontrollable. They come, they go, always unbidden. Doubts can be stifled. They can be sidetracked, put away in some remote corner of the psyche to ferment in darkness, but there is no formula for destroying them except by resolution. Ugly, disloyal as Mark's battle in the garden may seem to us, he had to taste the bitterness of remorse. It was his life, his loss. He had to free himself, cast off the chains which weighed him down if he were to go on living, and he realized that only the truth could make him free.

The chill of the dawn mist was entering into Mark's bones. He shivered, less for this than for the chill which clutched his heart. A sound, muffled by the mist, recalled the description of a scene in another garden two thousand years ago:

. . . this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice. . . . And immediately the cock crew.

While he stood there listening as a cock saluted the advent of another day, hot tears of shame ran down Mark's cheeks. He turned and went into the cottage. Kneeling beside the bed which he and Jane had shared since they returned from their wedding trip to Paris, his soul groped blindly out into the infinite to find her and beg her pardon for having allowed the cloud of suspicion to come between them. It seemed as he kneeled there, his cheek pillowed on the eider down which was still fragrant with the perfume she had used so sparingly, that a gentle hand lay across his shoulders and another smoothed his brow. It told him what he wanted to know above all else—that Jane from wherever she was had not withheld her forgiveness. Still kneeling there, Mark fell into a dreamless sleep.

Awakening to find the sun high in the sky, he felt descending upon him, like some healing balm, a tranquillity he had not known for weeks and with it a calm certainty that this would be a day of discovery, which would end his perplexities.

***Wives who drive their husbands might be more careful if marriage licenses, like car licenses, had to be renewed each year.***

Clifford S. Borden

The postman had left two letters in the box while Mark slept, one of them addressed to him and the other to Jane. The former contained a bill from Dr. James McAlister from the General Hospital, Guildford, for five guineas "for professional services rendered to Mrs. Mark Willaston." On the bill was annotated the dates of two consultations, one of July first and the other on July twenty-eighth.

Jealousy and suspicion had magnified "G.H." into a clandestine lover and Jane, by implication, into a faithless wife. Now, it seemed, she had been ill and, so as not to cause him undue worry, she had kept it from him.

Mark telephoned the hospital, asking to speak to Doctor McAlister, only to be told that he was on leave and would be returning two days hence. The earliest date for an appointment was a week ahead. Mark asked the secretary to book it.

His pulse quickened when he saw the Wingfield postmark on the letter addressed to Jane, and with self-discipline he did not immediately open it.

The bees were humming in the garden. The sweet scents of new-mown hay came from beyond. A lark was trilling in a blue sky, and the world was bathed in golden sunlight. The sense of tranquillity deepened as the memory of cockcrow faded.

Mark's fingers trembled as he opened the letter, as though they knew how important it was. A pulse beat madly in his throat, threatening to choke him.

The letter, written in a spidery handwriting belonging to another age, was from Joshua Meggeson, Antiquary, Church Place, Wingfield, Sussex. It read:

*Dear Madam:* Further to your esteemed order of July 28th, I beg to inform you that the satin canopy is now completed. I enclose my own certificate of authenticity which, you may believe me, would be endorsed by any reputable authority on Tudor furniture. I trust that the work of restoration will meet with your approval.

In addition to the £50 paid by you on July 28th, the cost will be £8. I trust you will not find this excessive. Yours faithfully,

JOSHUA MEGGESON

P.S. As I am frequently away from the shop, will you kindly advise me by letter when you intend to call for the cradle. THE END

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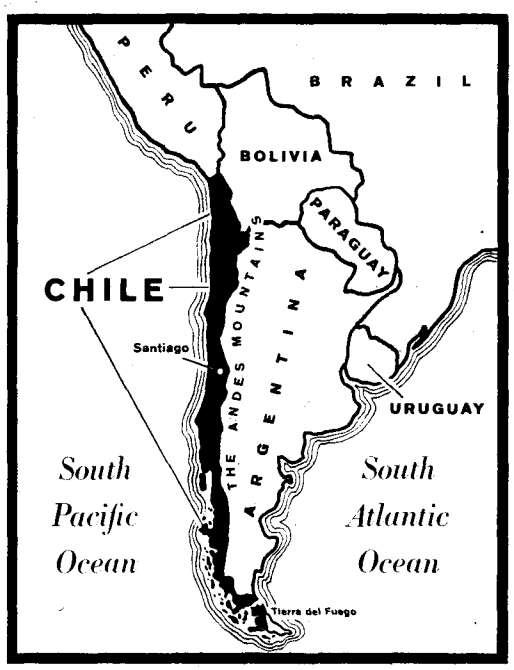
# CHILE:




Is Chile, a natural paradise, headed for greater political freedom or subjection to Communism?

# Restless Republic

**Behind a tranquil façade Communism threatens to dominate Latin America's most democratic nation. A report from the scene.**

By JAMES MORRIS

SANTIAGO, CHILE.

They say that animal lovers grow to resemble their pets, and I have a distantly related theory that the nations of the earth conform in character to their images on the map. What could look more grandly generous than the United States, stalwart and polychromatic in Mercator's projection? What could be more suggestive of sea-girt scent and sunshine than the triple prongs of the Peloponnesus, bathed in cartographer's aquamarine? And what country in the atlas—to get to my point at last—looks odder and more beguiling than Chile, snaking away down the Pacific coast of South America, squeezed breathlessly between the rugged reaches of the Andes and the ocean, and never wider, in all her 2600 miles of length, than the state of Colorado?

She looks singular indeed, fascinating and improbable to a degree; and sure enough, when you reach her shores at last you will find that the map does not belie her, for she is a nation *sui generis*. She is the end of the line, the ultimate. She is all on her own geographically, ethnologically and culturally, too, and at this moment of history she is all on her own politically; for she is a unique test bed of our rival systems, western democracy versus eastern despotism, Marx against Jefferson, Lenin against Voltaire, the rough against the tumble, the rich against the poor.

Most of the Andean countries of South America are facing a vicious revolutionary situation, as privilege, poverty and the glimmerings of education come into inflammatory contact. Chile, though, is unlikely to erupt into violence, or even curdle with intrigue. She is too urbane for fisticuffs, too mature for skulduggery, and by and large she is fighting her ideological battle in the open, at the polls and in the press. In Chile it is a straight fight between Them and Us, and the anxious westerner can only keep his fingers crossed, touch wood, and hope that the better man wins.

The ironic setting for this contest is a kind of paradise. Everybody tells you that Chile is different, and indeed as you travel down South America—through the contradictions of Colombia, the menaces of Peru and the turmoils of Bolivia—when you set foot in Chile you feel you have reached a republic altogether different in kind. Santiago, her capital, is a European city in all but race and geography; encouched beneath the Andean massif, she is a place neither brash nor brooding, but decently, perhaps a little stodgily, civilized. She reminds me most of Milan, but if I had to choose a North American equivalent, I would suggest Cincinnati, St. Louis, or some such elderly, essentially tolerant city of the Middle West. Santiago has twelve live theaters, a passion for the ballet, one of the best libraries in Latin America, two big universities, two observatories, a botanical garden, two racecourses, genteel teashops, hotels of brownish potted-palm discretion, a couple of symphony orchestras and the Prince of Wales Country Club. Some of the best lyrics in the Spanish language, I am told, were written in Santiago, and some of the city's satirical magazines are diabolically cutting. As an introductory emblem of Chile, Santiago is properly sedate and cultivated: a steady sort of city, with admirable traffic control and sober, rather provincial shops, the kind that thrifty aunts are pleased to discover when they want to buy something sensible and hardwearing for an adolescent's birthday.

But Santiago is only a fulcrum, not a mirror. Above and below her, north and south, extends a territory so luxuriantly varied, so rich in every kind of promise, so breath-takingly beautiful that in the pleasant but scarcely exuberant streets of the capital you can hardly conceive its proliferation. The shape of Chile, elongated across the latitudes, enables her to enjoy as wide a range of climates as does the entire Pacific coast of North America. The walls of the Andes are the frame of all these contrasts. They are dauntingly steep awfully enigmatic and so abrupt that within seventy-five miles of Santiago there stands Aconcagua, at 22,835 feet the highest peak in the Western Hemisphere. The Andes run down the length of the country, from the Peruvian frontier in the north, along the borders of Bolivia and Argentina, until they peter out at last in the hillocks, forests, fiords and dank wastelands of the south. Their perpetual presence, always majestically over your shoulder, fosters Chile's robust self-reliance. She cannot easily see over the mountains, and so all through history she has looked the other way, across the Pacific to the sunset. The Andes have molded Chile's character. To this day she mostly moves her goods about by ship and, although dozens of aircraft cross the Andes each day, Chile's lifeline to the world still runs northward, along the coasts of Peru, Ecuador and Colombia, to Panama, Europe or the seaports of the United States.

Behind this Andean wall Chile cherishes her astonishing diversity, from sapless drought to lush plenitude, from spectacular beauty to hopeless desolation. In the north, only eighteen degrees from the equator, there are desert regions so arid that in some places no rain has ever been recorded. In the center there are valleys as exquisite as anything in Sicily or California, rich in purples, greens and citrus yellows, radiant with orchards and vineyards. Lakes of a haunting glory shimmer among the southern mountains, spilling through forest, volcanoes and Alpine declivities to Patagonia and the Argentine; and away below the Bío-Bío River the Chilean archipelago runs away in bleakness, wet, windy and thickly wooded, periodically ravaged by earthquakes and tidal waves, to Tierra del Fuego on the rim of the Antarctic, thirty-five degrees from the South Pole. At one end of Chile is the Atacama Desert, the driest on earth. At the other you may experience an annual rainfall of 200 inches (in New York the average is 44.6), and in any normal year you may expect seven days of tempest, twenty-five days of storms, ninety-three of squalls, and 189 of heavily overcast skies. The lake areas of Chile are like Switzerland, the wine valleys like Tuscany, the high copper mines of the north smack frigidly of Tibet.

Every species of resource lies in Chile, every kind of promise. Minerals of diverse elements make the pioneer's mouth water—copper, coal, manganese, gold and silver, iron, oil and sulphur. Blue-blood sheep and cattle graze the great estates, vast forests of precious timber stand virgin and unvisited, 200 varieties of fish teem within a few miles of the coast. Chile is a land of gorgeous fruit, hilarious ski slopes, whales, sunflowers, wheat and oysters, and she gives an impression, as you saunter through her provinces, of boundless geniality, like a country show or a world fair.

Remarkable men, too, have been bred or attracted by this abundance. The original inhabitants of Chile were indomitable Indian tribesmen, very different from the cowed and docile inhabitants of the countries to the north. The Araucanians, stocky, adventurous men of great endurance, were never altogether subdued by the Incas, and when the Spaniards reached Chile in the sixteenth century these aborigines resisted them with such ferocity that in two and a half centuries 50,000

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Spanish soldiers were killed. Faced with such formidable opposition, only the toughest, most determined Spaniards, many of them Basques, came to this remote imperial colony. Chile did not attract the scented kind, the fops and social aspirants who clustered around the viceregal salons in Lima. Chile was Indian country, and indeed it was not until the 1880's that the last diehard Araucanian laid down his bow.

No less rugged, obstinate and unflustered were the settlers who arrived later. Many a wiry Yugoslav came to dig for gold in the south. Thousands of solid Germans, settling in middle Chile, gave to parts of that territory an atmosphere so imbued with beer and reliability that even now, if you wander through the streets of Puerto Montt or Valdivia, you may easily imagine yourself back among the steep-pitched roofs and gutturals of Bavaria or the Rhineland. Thousands of Britons came, too, to raise sheep in the south, service ships in Valparaiso or make money in Santiago. All these strains contribute to the texture and flavor of the republic. In Argentina and Brazil the atmosphere is heavily Italianate; but here you are struck mostly by the Nordic strain, heavy shoulders and blue eyes, phlegm and blond hair, only incidentally marked by the slant eyes and high cheekbones of the Pacific.

It is hard to think of Chile as Latin. She is the most disciplined, the most highly organized of the South American states—in some ways the most advanced. "Our neighbors are mostly hicks or braggarts," the Chileans like to say, "but down here we regard ourselves as fairly civilized." On the surface most things work extremely well in Chile, at least by the erratic standards of this subcontinent. Trains, telephones, hotels, medical services—all the everyday mechanisms of modern living—run smoothly enough and always courteously. People usually keep their appointments and honor their engagements.

The intellectual range of the country is wide, and in almost every kind of specialized skill Chile is self-sufficient. This is not a vulgar or ostentatious republic. You will not be struck, as you are in Peru, by any appalling gulf between the rich and the poor, for there is a substantial middle class in Chile. If you go to Mass on Sunday morning you will sense a climate of popular emotion that is not addled with superstition, but is almost bourgeois in its restraint. Even the cowboys of the Chilean countryside, resplendent in their ponchos and wide black hats, contrive to look infinitely respectable. And if ever you watch them changing the guard outside the Presidential Palace in Santiago, with the thump of a military band on the steps beside the plaza, and a pair of elegant white-gloved subalterns in command and a parade of precise and spotless soldiery—if ever one morning you hear the neat click of their boots and the slap of their rifle butts and the swish of their ceremonial swords—you will know why this country has sometimes been called the Prussia of South America.

It is an unfair analogy, though. It is true that Chile, partly under the influence of German regimental instructors, has had her moments of militarism, but she is not an arrogant country. She is more Scottish than Junker. For thirty years now she has been governed democratically, and her system is essentially canny and hardheaded. She has no racial problems: more than any other South American country she has achieved racial homogeneity. Nor is her hierarchy always snobbishly hidebound. The president of Chile, Dr. Jorge Alessandri, lives in a small bachelor flat in

Independence Day parade (September 18): President Alessandri (left, arm raised) rules a country rich in culture and natural resources—but wounded by widespread poverty.

Demonstrators and strikers on the march in Santiago: Their placards spell out coarse lampoons of the president ("El Pirata"), and scorn their recent wage raises as inadequate

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# Irene Fenton's 8th graders are building an analog computer

To most of us, building an electronic computer is an assignment for graduate engineers. But at the Kemble School in Utica, N. Y., members of Mrs. Irene Fenton's eighth-grade science class are building a small-scale version of the "electronic brains" that are used to plot the paths of satellites and missiles.

The secret is a new idea from General Electric – a kit which provides young people with the basic knowledge of why and how a computer works, along with the components to make it. The computer kit and six others in electronics and related fields were developed under the direction of General Electric's Norman Huey. The kits are on the market for individuals as well as for school use.

Norm Huey's kits represent more than a new business venture for General Electric. They also add a new example to the long list of General Electric efforts to help young people develop the understanding and skill to live in, and contribute to, today's increasingly technical world.

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CHILE downtown Santiago, walking to his office each morning, and the public uses the courtyard of his official residence as a short cut from one square to another. What is more, though his father was himself a president of Chile, his grandfather was a poor Italian immigrant, reputedly a circus performer. Elections in Chile nowadays are conducted fairly and freely. The press is merrily uninhibited. Women enjoy absolute equality of opportunity and as a result are delectably feminine and stimulatingly confident. ("Their breasts and shoulders are very naked," Byron's grandfather wrote happily when he visited Chile in 1743. "They have fine, sparkling eyes, ready wit, a great deal of good nature and a strong disposition to gallantry.") Nobody in this country seems afraid to speak out, and the debates in the Chilean congress are often boisterous and sometimes, I am told, as pungent as any parliamentary give-and-take in Westminster's heyday. If freedom of thought is your criterion, allied with reason and self-discipline, then in the South American context Chile is almost a paragon among the powers.

But alas, there exactly is the rub. Precisely because she honors the democratic system, she is likely to lose it. Because she is urbane and intelligent, she faces a sophisticated kind of calamity. She is moving fast, almost helter-skelter, to the left. In the last presidential election the Socialist candidate, eagerly supported by the Communists, barely lost; in the next one, in 1964, a Marxist may well win. Already the Popular Action Front, which is dominated by the Communists, controls fifty-three seats out of a total of 192 in both chambers of Congress, and the balance is held by the Radical Party so mixed up and heterogeneous that it might jump either way, impelled unpredictably by its whips or its whims. If there is another city that Santiago suggests to me, at this moment of her history, it is Prague. The Czechs share many of the Chilean qualities—realism, diligence, common sense, steadiness—and all these virtues helped, rather than hindered—the Communist coup in their country. I find it difficult to see Bolivia, say, or Peru, transformed into an earnest Communist satellite: but I can easily imagine those fine troops in Santiago undergoing some subtle mutation of style and accouterment, their splendid discipline perverted to alien ends, a drab red flag fluttering above their heads, a caucus of comrades deliberating in the palace behind their bayonets. Chile has the flaws of her abilities, and she is in many ways dangerously deceptive.

Certainly she looks an Elysium, with her oranges and her bottomless copper mines, her whitewashed Spanish churches and her dainty tearooms. But behind her comfortable façade many a misery broods. Perhaps you do not much notice the gulf between rich and poor, but poverty does exist to a terrible degree. If you poke around for a week or two you will find many a rural slum knee-deep in desolation, meet many a citizen sick and undernourished, observe the writing on the wall not ignorantly scrawled or splashed in blood, but placed there in a darkly purposeful script.

Chile is a country of widespread culture, but her infant-mortality rate is exceeded, according to a United Nations survey, only in Egypt, Ecuador and Guatemala. She seems a garden of fertility, but she has to import much of her food, and life within her lovely frontiers is so costly that Santiago is outranked, so the U.N. says, only by Caracas and Guatemala City as the most expensive metropolis on earth. Many of her great estates are worked by a method of sharecropping that is halfway to peonage. She still awaits a proper land-reform law. Her affairs are governed *au fond* by the instincts of the moneyed oligarchy, deeply conservative and often avaricious. Her population increases at a desperate speed, for her birth rate is one of the most precipitous on earth—34.6 per thousand at the last estimate, compared with about 25 in the United States. She may not look like a revolutionary state—no rebel drums are beating in her mountains, and it is only comparatively rarely that her schoolboys and students come out on strike. But if the obvious symptoms are lacking, the causes are not. Only the admirable poise of the state, backed by an unruffled complacency, masks discontents and soothes the apprehensive visitor.

It is this combination of urbanity and misery that gives the Chilean Communists their opportunity. They have publicly forsworn violence, and very sensibly, for the chances are that if they play their cards shrewdly they may easily accede to office by perfectly legal and constitutional means—and who can doubt that if they do slide peacefully into the seats of power, they will be irremovable when they get there?

Communism in Chile has long since passed the bawling demagogic stage, only now being attained among the less sophisticated Andean republics. Here it is cultivated, capable and speciously frank. It has an excellent press of its own and has skillfully exploited all those sympathies for Castro's revolution which would be, in another continent or another age, mere expressions of generous liberalism. No iron-curtain embassies exist in Santiago, but there is a wild profusion of Communist-backed cultural institutions, from the Chilean-Soviet Society to the Chilean-Bulgarian Institute. The Cuban Embassy must also, alas, now be regarded as a channel of Communist subversion and has established intimate relations with intellectuals and rural leaders alike: Many Chilean youths go to Cuba on scholarships, and there is said to be a greater flow of traffic from Santiago to Havana than there is from any other South American capital. The Communist Party was illegal until 1958, but now it is operating boldly aboveboard. It has infiltrated many trade unions, it has established an ascendancy over its colleague parties of the left, and it has now, for the first time, achieved a startling measure of support among the country folk, hitherto, for all their grievances, as true to traditionalism as any fustian yeomen of the English shires.

Four immediate injustices, in particular, give grist to the Communist mill. The first is the system of land tenure, which not only keeps much of the population in sallow degradation, but is also so inefficient that half the Chileans, according to reliable estimates, are suffering from malnutrition. The second is the grossly unfair structure of taxation, which places a crippling indirect burden upon the poor, but leaves the rich unharassed in their affluence. Third, wages are bitterly low, and hours of work cruelly long. And fourth, upon the weal of the state sits a Civil Service of absurd and blandly provocative dimensions, like a very corps of bloodsuckers. Four grievances in particular—but behind them fester all the standard afflictions of poverty in a society

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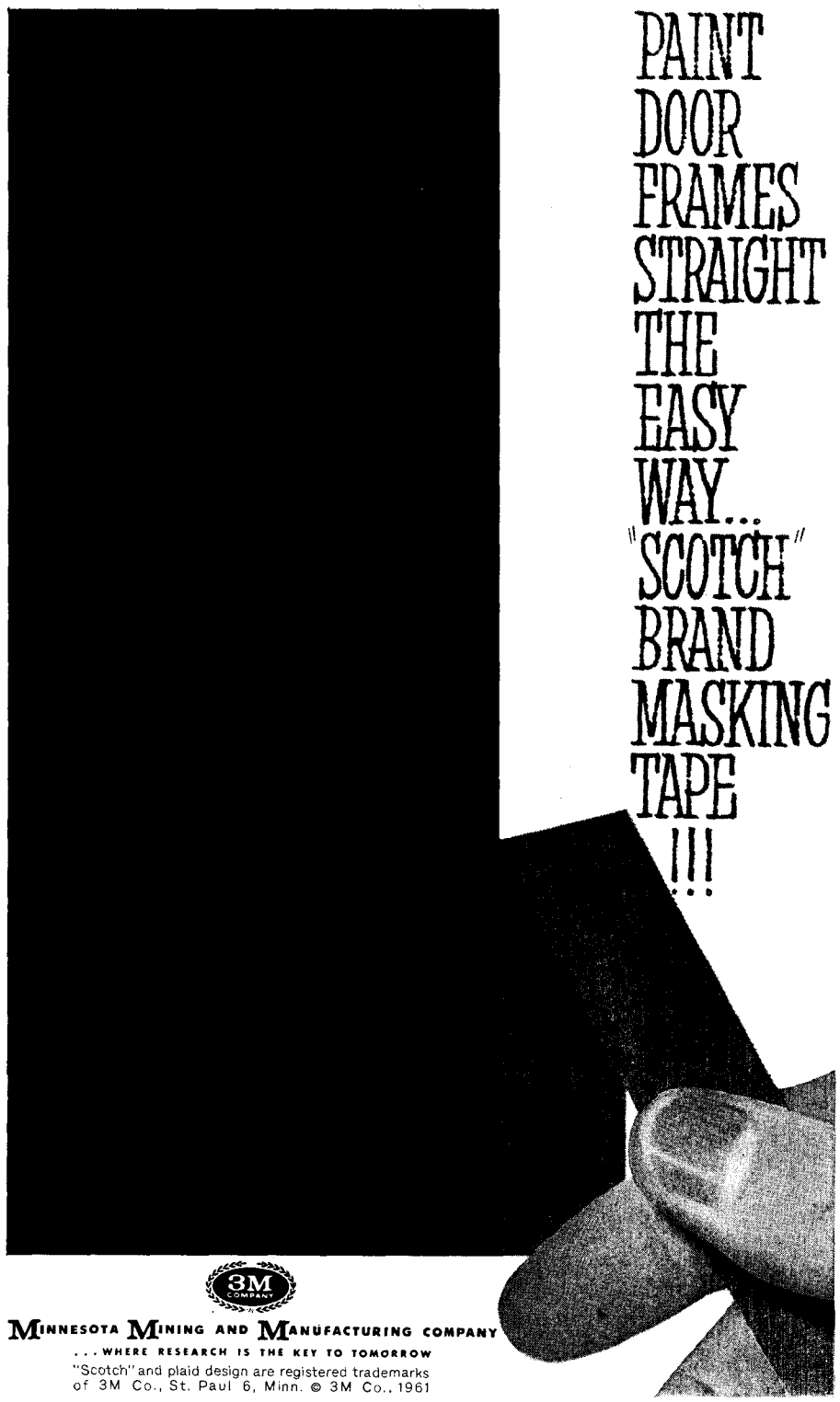

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**CHILE** of privilege, from ignorance to tapeworms, from muddy shantytowns to the wail of the tuberculous baby in the kitchen.

All this is true, but at the same time it seems to be, by and large, a good government that now runs Chile. Its ministers are mostly professional men rather than politicians, and they call it a Government of Experts. At least the dangers are understood. At least there is a proper program for economic development. At least the giddy cost of living has been held in check, and the exchange rate stabilized. At least there is no frenzied rear-guard bullying, no vicious spate of arrests and repressions. The rulers of Chile know very well that they must now concede urgently in order to consolidate. Governing a country in Chile's condition is like playing a particularly tenacious trout: treat your adversary gently, or *zing!* all you have is a snapped line.

Some Jeremiahs believe that the game is already lost, that Chile will inevitably elect a Communist government in our time. I myself think, though time is clearly running short, that the trout can still be landed safely. In Chile, it seems to me, the ideologies are still as evenly matched as they are anywhere else on earth.

We must be honest and sensible, though, and admit that if Communism wins in Chile, it is nobody's fault but our own—in the sense that Chile, with her understanding of freedom and fair play, is fundamentally a country of the West. It is stupid and dangerous to attribute such a country's predicaments to the machinations of international Communism, to the fervid meddlings of Castro or the long meddling arm of the Kremlin. Chile is in trouble not because foreigners have interfered, but because for many a long year her ruling classes have not moved forward with the times, have not recognized that all over the world, east and west alike, the old social order has changed.

Of course there has been some alien agitation (though the astonishing thing to me is the sloth of the Russians in South America, not their activity); but in general the swing to the left in Chile has been spontaneous and justified. There have, in fact, been radical administrations in this country before; but once in power they have usually shifted greasily to the right and have, for all their high-flown slogans of reform, generally worked in the interests of the ruling few. Today, I suspect, no government of the left could long survive such legerdemain. The radical movement is impelled by grievances too real, by political leaders too astute and confident. Jiggery-pokery at the top can result only, I have no doubt, in calamity.

And need it happen? Of course it ne not, and President Kennedy's Alliance for Progress is one sensible way, if Washington can restrain its habit of reproving patronage, of trying to prevent it. But it will happen, to my mind, unless we accept the fact that the Communists sometimes have a point; unless we are prepared to grant that the Chileans have, for example, every right to nationalize—at a fair price to the owners—the vast American-owned copper concerns that dominate the national economy; unless we stop branding every liberal reformer as a Communist agent; unless we learn, if not to stomach Fidel Castro, at least to concede his enormous appeal in Latin America and adapt ourselves to it; unless we recognize that rich friends are not always the best friends; unless we wake up to the fact that our opponents do not always win by fraud, but sometimes by a kind of back-of-the-hand, under-the-counter merit.

It will happen unless the governing classes of Chile admit the truth that privilege must die if political freedom is to survive; unless they learn all the harsh necessities of concession and self-sacrifice; unless they realize that compromise is the essence of diplomacy; unless they learn to look hunger squarely in the eye, face the leper's sore without shuddering, analyze the revolutionary arguments without blind rancor, listen to criticism and take a calculated risk.

Of course it need not happen. It will be a terrible tragedy if it does—a catastrophe for Chile herself, that attenuated Pacific paradise, and a disaster for all those of us who believe that in the long run the ordinary man gains most, lives happiest, under our system of society. But if those fine Chilean troops ever do strut to a Marxist beat, salute to a slogan of state divinity, then to my mind it will be a sad demonstration that in this part of the world democracy has failed; failed to honor its own principles, failed to satisfy the common man, failed in straight competition, in an open arena, before spectators. For us of the West it will be the worst kind of humiliation: the one we asked for. THE END

Chile's glittering troops marched in traditional Prussian style on Independence Day. Many Chileans are of German descent.

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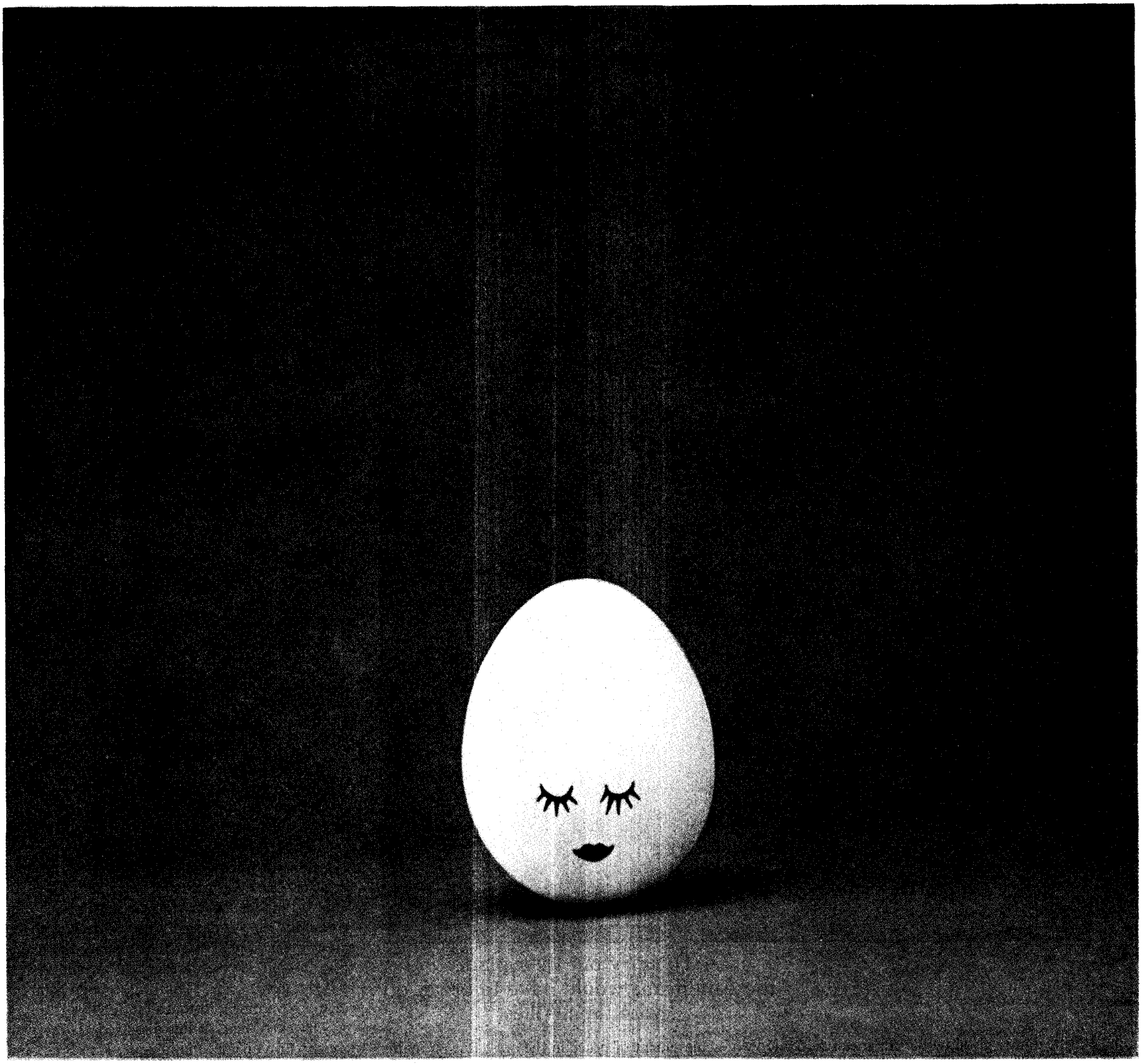

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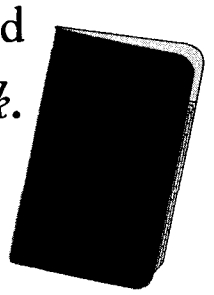

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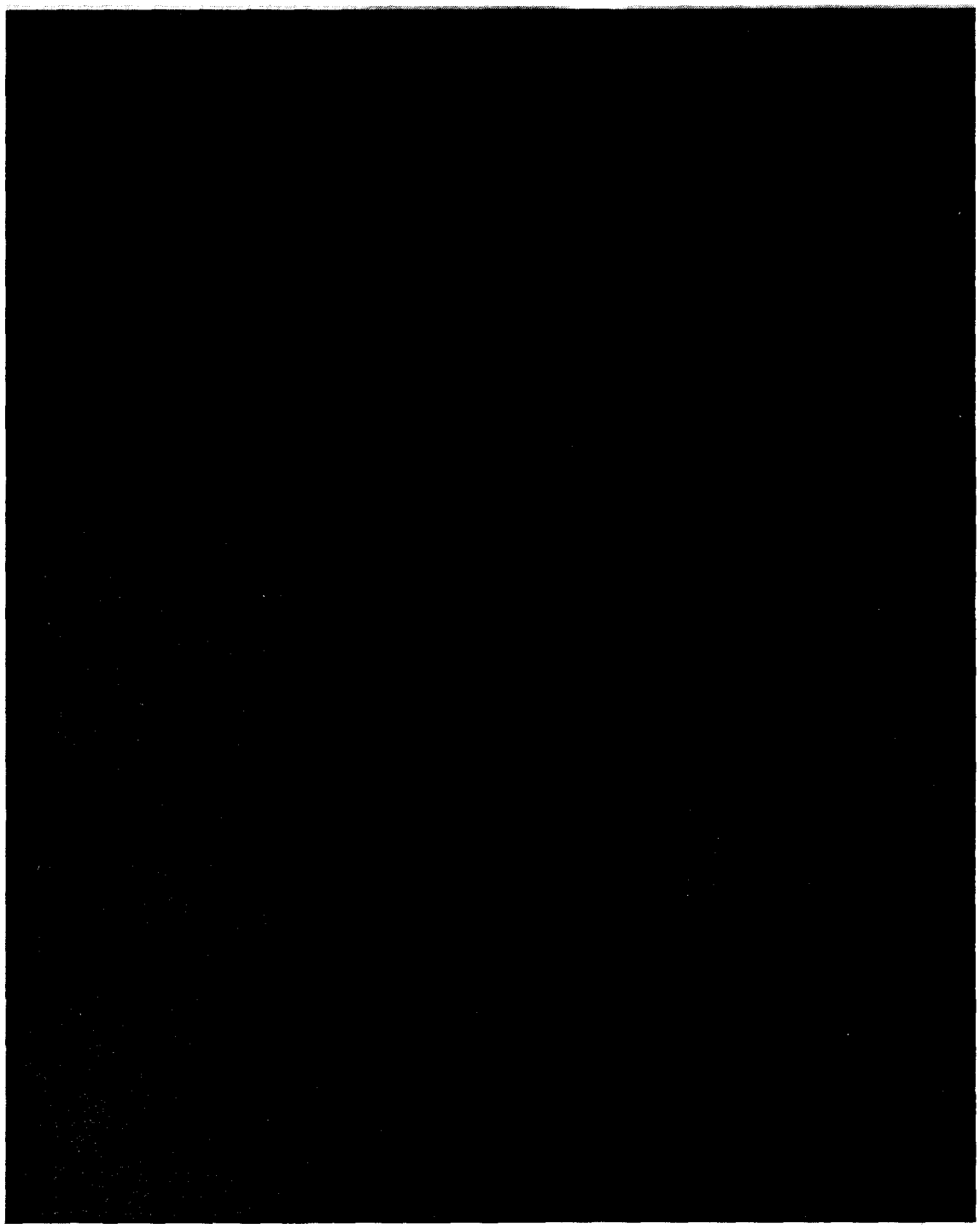
# The Peacemakers By Marquis Childs / Part 7



## To carry out their plan, the Americans would have to break off with their Allies.

At the dinner given by the American delegation, the American Secretary of State, Fulton, presented his plan for peace to Russian delegate Kuznetsov. Kuznetsov rejected it. Probable result of the impasse: nuclear war. With the fate of civilization at stake, Fulton conferred with the American President by telephone. They agree to announce a reproposal of their blueprint to withdraw French troops from Tunisia under U. N. supervision.

■ What was surprising was the way in which the details fell into place once he had made his initial announcement. He had seated the three others around him at a small table in a corner of the terrace. The announcement itself had been simple enough. The President had agreed to his, Caleb's, urging to accept the terms previously stipulated. He had been reluctant to do so, because he believed that what had been put forward with respect to the "volunteers" was essential to the achievement of peace in the area. But no matter what doubt anyone might have, there it was. Stoneface was the first to speak, if only because in the silence that followed Caleb's announcement the two others had waited for him.

"It is a good outcome," he said. "It is the only outcome which could have been expected. I am happy it has come about in this way."

And he did, Caleb noted, look almost happy. Geoffrey wore a radiant, glowing expression. If Duhamel did not smile, at least there seemed some slight alleviation of the awful oppression that weighed him down. But Stoneface had not finished speaking.

Picking up the glass before him, then pausing, he said in the measured tones of a pronouncement from on high, "And I wish to ask you to join me in drinking a toast to peace and friendship that may come with the beginning of this agreement that we have reached tonight."

"To peace and friendship," Geoffrey said loud and clear. Caleb and Duhamel made murmuring noises. They drank.

Then all the company gathered round, and Geoffrey repeated the toast, speaking the words "peace and friendship" in Russian. A first draft of the communiqué was passed around. With the press of the world waiting impatiently, it was believed a final wording in three languages could be completed for release at midnight. The hard task lay ahead: defining the terms, the components of the force to be sent by the United Nations, the extent of the truce zone, the duration of the agreement. They would meet for a preliminary discussion at 11:30 in the morning.

"Thank you very much." Stoneface was saying good night. "I must inform my government of the satisfactory conclusion."

"Yes," said Caleb, replying with the same formality, "it is important to inform our respective governments. And may I say that I am grateful to you for your patience in allowing me to communicate for a second time with Washington."

"It is fortunate you have had this opportuntiy. For we have known that the time was short, and we could not know what the consequences would be if we had failed."

For Caleb there was once again the sense of that far-distant line of communication running to whatever ultimate authority it might be. And because the nature of this authority was incalculable, in certain circumstances unpredictable, the relief that could for an instant be glimpsed on the Russian's face was remarkably revealing. It was Tom Brace who always insisted that the monolith was far less monolithic than it appeared from the outside.

Thus far Caleb had given no sign of his intentions. As he said good night to Duhamel, he asked him if he could call on him in the morning at 10:30, as there was something he wanted to take up before the meeting at the Palais. "But certainly," said Duhamel, with courtesy, with the air of quiet, patient reserve he managed to maintain through all the ordeal. "If," he added with a slight, ironic smile, "I am still Foreign Minister of my government at that time."

The party had all but dissolved. Those who were to firm up the communiqué, Tom Brace and Merton among them, had long since gone. He had managed to tell Tom that, when the job was finished, he would appreciate it if he would stay behind as he wanted to have a brief talk with him. That could not be put off, however much you might want to put it off. It might better be a part of the wrenching, the angry clashing of gears, with which this incredible day was about to end. There, waiting as he had asked him to do, was Geoffrey Hawkes talking with Duke, and Caleb could imagine what a polite, bemused sort of conversation this was. He knew that he must face it out with Geoffrey, and the time was now. Yet he held back. He went to the bar and got a stiff whisky and soda from the bartender. He called out to Geoffrey and asked him if he wouldn't like to have a nightcap, and the two men who had been seated on a settee strolled over to join him. This was a delaying tactic, a

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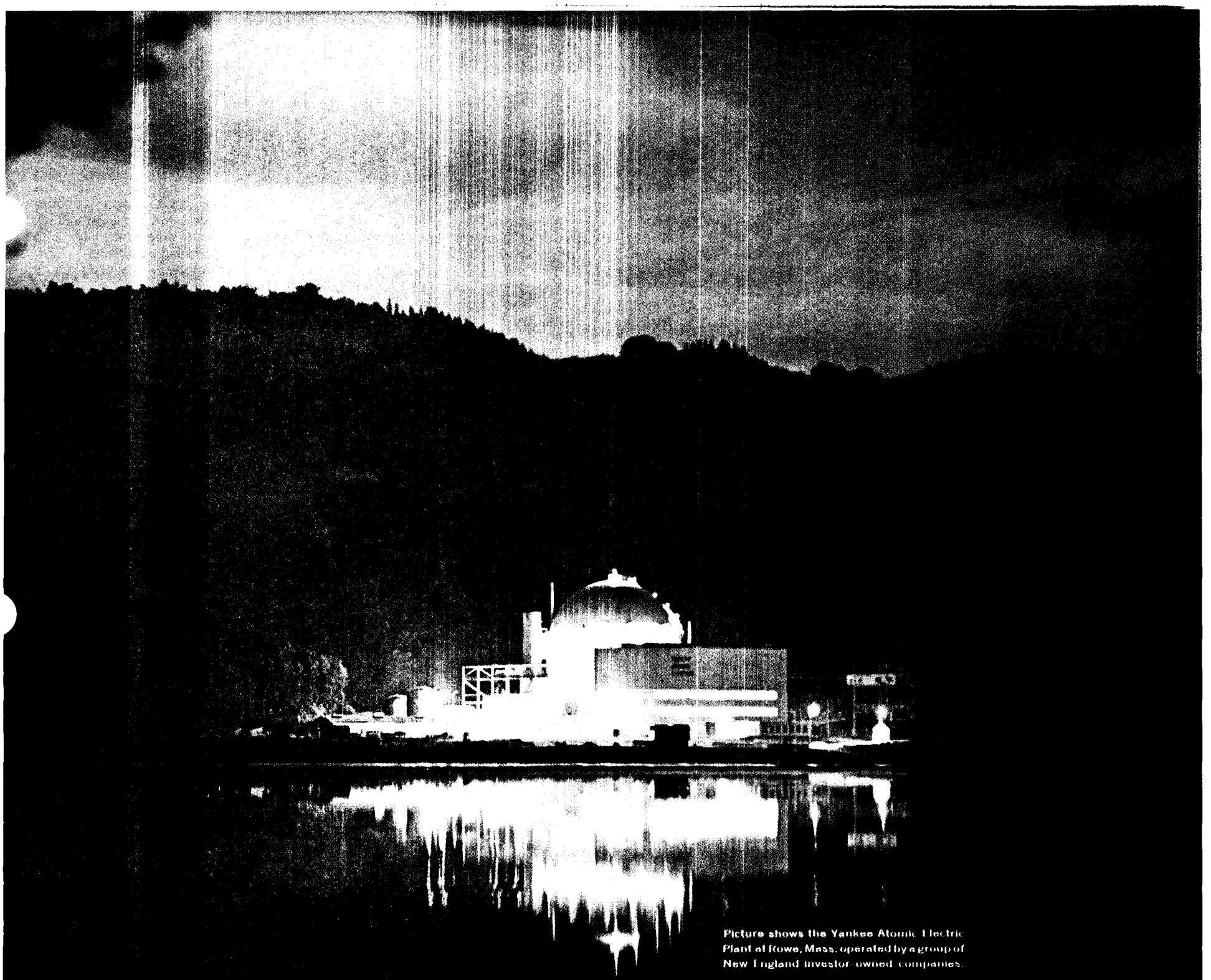

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**PEACEMAKERS** cheap stratagem, to avoid what must come—the moment of truth. He told himself sternly that, however painful, it was the truth. There could be no flinching from it. But when Duke, knowing what was expected from him, declined a drink and made murmuring sounds of departure in the line of duty, he found himself on the verge of being firm and insisting on his staying. But Duke had taken his leave.

"Well, Geoffrey," Caleb began in a voice so hearty as to sound in his own ears almost painfully hollow and embarrassing, "we've really been to the wars this time! What a day!"

"Yes, yes, quite," Geoffrey Hawkes said.

"I must confess that I should not care for many more days of this sort."

Caleb had said that rather than go down to the sitting room in his apartment it might be pleasanter to stay on the roof. The night was soft, gentle, and they began to pace back and forth. Geoffrey was speaking, in his voice a kind of subdued excitement, an eagerness that he was determined to hold in check.

"You know," he was saying, "what struck me most forcibly was that, in the exchange after you came back with the word from the President, our friend the Bear never once resorted to his store of epithets—imperialists, and that sort of thing. I must say I was impressed by that. He really seemed to be as near elation as the species can come. I wonder if you observed that?"

"Yes, yes, I did," Caleb said lamely.

But he could no longer delay what had to be. He began to speak precisely, dryly, almost as though he were reading from a legal document or from a memorandum of his conversation with the President. It was the President's wish that he leave within three days. The elements of a new policy were being evolved; it implied a rather sharp break with the past. There would be a challenge, direct and immediate, to the Soviets in all of Africa. This would be carried out, insofar as possible, in co-operation with the Africans themselves, those who had not been alienated from the West and who were willing and even eager to choose the way of the West. If one undertook to say what this would mean in concrete terms, one specific instance was with respect to the American position on the war in Algeria; voting in the General Assembly for a resolution calling for the end of the Algerian war and a plebiscite on the future of the country conducted by the United Nations. That, of course, was only one comparatively minor example of what the new orientation would mean. It had been long in coming. But now this tragic misstep of the French, from which they had so uncertainly and dubiously been extricated, made it inevitable.

As he spoke, Caleb understood that he had squeezed out of this all the juice of friendship and past association. It occurred to him with a momentary twinge of shame that he sounded a little like Stoneface. The momentary silence that followed was oppressive, somehow more disconcerting than the loudest explosion. Geoffrey had stopped pacing. He seemed to be absorbed in some object far out in the dark, star-flecked sky. At last he turned to speak.

"You propose to follow in this respect," he said slowly "a path of tragic, reckless and perhaps irrevocable error."

Caleb saw that behind the bony fortress of his face was emotion deeply felt and sternly disciplined. All the embellishments of Shakespeare, Sophocles, Balzac were put aside. It was a kind of watershed, so to speak, a great divide, across which they confronted each other. Geoffrey Hawkes, Caleb recognized, had stripped away all concealments. There was the sense that they stood before each other naked and alone.

"But we've chosen a path anyway," he said almost roughly. "Up to now we've been going first one way and then another. So that what we've been doing has been largely squandered. I want you to see this, Geoffrey"—a note of pleading had come into his voice—"I want you to believe, not tonight, not next week—because I know you can not—but in sober later judgment that this is a choice that had to be made. Sooner or later you will join with us. I say this with the deepest possible conviction."

They had seated themselves as by common consent on a settee. Again it was the steady Hawkes voice, beyond temperament, almost as though he were speaking beyond partisanship, a judge of judges.

"You see I recall so clearly your words written in *Foreign Affairs* after the miserable business of Indochina and Foster Dulles's fiasco at that time. I think I could almost give them back to you literally. You said—surely I do not need to remind you—that in this way not only was the alliance weakened but an opportunity to come to grips jointly with Communist power, perhaps even to undertake an experiment in conjunction with that power, was missed. Now, if I understand you correctly, you propose to repeat that error under circumstances far more grave, at a far later hour."

NEXT WEEK
MADAME SCANDAL
HER SENSATIONAL MEMOIRS HAD THE WHOLE CITY TALKING

"You are quite right about what I said at that time when I had no responsibility." He was impressed so often with the thoroughness of British briefing, the completeness of their preparation. "But I've come to think a great deal in the last few days about that other time and about poor Foster's dilemma. I think he was wrong. Yes, he was wrong, but not for the reasons I gave in that article. Not at all. That was the time, having once decided to stand free of the ruin, for my government to make a break and to take the lead in a new, bold course of action. Don't think that I underestimate how hard that would have been for Foster, or for anyone else in the office of Secretary of State. Looking back from this perspective, I have the deepest sympathy for Foster. It's so damned easy to criticize. But don't you see—I ask you to see—how, once we had helped to restore Western Europe ——"

"A magnificent undertaking," Geoffrey Hawkes interjected quietly.

"Yes, a magnificent undertaking. But ever since then we've been pulled first in one direction and then another, between the interests of Western Europe and the interests of the uncommitted countries. Only rarely have they been the same. So, as I said, we've squandered a good lot of what we've done, much of our good will and our purpose, too, and that's far more serious. I ask you to see this, Geoffrey, to see it as it looks to us tonight."

"Now I'm going to ask you to hear my case," Geoffrey said. In the interval that had followed Caleb's last words, he had gone over to the bar and had got a drink from the white-coated servant who still waited in lonely deference. It was a sign of his intense concentration that, despite his unfailing politeness, he had neglected to ask Caleb if he could refresh the glass which Caleb had been clutching. "I ask you to listen to my case without prejudice, as though you were hearing it quite apart from any decision you might have taken. I ask you to do this with an open mind and out of the long and—I had thought—frank association that we have enjoyed."

"I'll try to do just that," Caleb said with an earnestness that matched the other man's tone.

"For a considerable time it has seemed to me of the first importance to find some point at which we could work with the Russians in a relationship of some beginning trust and confidence. I have believed, as you know very well, that it was worth taking certain risks in order to find such an endeavor—that in accepting a solution in a given situation there were risks we should take which were less than the risk of standing absolutely stock-still in a position frozen as the arctic night. In short, a demonstration of confidence and trust in a working relationship is absolutely essential. Now I'm convinced that what we have just seen here tonight offers such an opportunity. And I believe our friend, Stoneface, welcomes it.

"Much of my belief is based on deduction, to be sure. But there is some evidence to sustain the view that the Bear would be extremely pleased to find a way to keep the Chinese from direct intervention in the Algerian war. That intervention is rapidly threatening to become a reality. The Russians, the world, cannot possibly see this except as an extension, a projection, of the power of China into a sphere that is surely not China's. It is quite conceivable to me that if we were to work together to clean up this awful mess that has been before us here, we should find our co-operation covering other related and relevant areas. It could become a venture in order-keeping, a shared venture. I should not undertake to give you the odds on this. No respectable bookmaker would make you book on it. Although I may add that, in my own view, these odds are rather better than they appear in cold blood. But now I say to you, and with all the conviction at my command, that if you pursue this course, if you leave within a few days, if you propose some great plan for uniting Africa, you will deepen the gulf of suspicion and distrust and, I believe, irrevocably. What is more, you will fail in your plan. You cannot engage in that kind of bidding with any hope of success. What you will see, I venture to predict, is more of the fearful business of the Congo, you and they, to a catastrophic end."

Caleb began his rebuttal. It was familiar enough: Time after time proof had been given that no relationship of trust and confidence with the Russians was possible; that only if the limits were carefully and thoroughly and watchfully staked out was it possible to enter into any negotiation whatsoever; but when it came to a demonstration, surely it should be forthcoming from them.

But he wanted to put into this, in response to Geoffrey, something more than logic, something of his own sense of commitment, the need to use, and quickly, whatever resources there were in a naked struggle for power. Would it not mean, what Geoffrey proposed, letting the whole vast continent go by default? Was it not quite evident that, behind whatever disguise of trust and confidence they might assume, they would be at work incessantly to encompass their own end? To bury you. Had Khrushchev not, in fact, said just that? Caleb let the urgency that he felt come into this. They were friends, not enemies, he and Geoffrey, and as friends they must find a way to stand together to save the future.

"I suggest to you," Geoffrey began, speaking in a curiously low and uninflected fashion so that Caleb had to lean closer to hear, "that this is roughly A.D. 349. The barbarians are moving across the marches of civilization. But these are not the Huns and the Goths. These are the people of color, yellow, brown and black. It is a nightmare vision; the sounds are nightmare sounds. If we of the West are entangled in our own quarrel, then there is no hope before the onward thrust of this terrible phalanx. And for the purpose of my analogy, Russia is part of the West if only we will bring her with us. Then together with us in a measure of harmony that can mean restraint—I swear it can—there is the chance of a peaceful transition as against the crash and violence and plunder that are so close upon the horizon. Is this a vain dream?"

"But Rome in the fourth century," Caleb heard his voice unnaturally loud, booming almost, as though he were under the necessity of drowning out what he had just heard, "Rome was decadent. The heart had gone out of it. It was a spent force. Within the gates, behind the barricades, they were hopelessly divided. When the barbarians came, there was nothing to it but sack and plunder. Surely, Geoffrey, you're not saying that anything like that condition prevails in the West today?"

"No, no, I —— you must not take my poor analogy with too much literalness. As we were speaking there came into my mind Winston's words in that memorable speech when the world was falling down in May of 1940. I was in the House that night. I can't make them come quite right. Something about if we now fall to quarreling over the past then surely the future will be lost. I should like, if I had the power, to be able to put that into the context of today."

"You've put it very well," Caleb said, feeling this was a weak response to the somber, almost imploring appeal which this last had been. With what seemed to Caleb a conscious, deliberate effort of will, how costly one could only imagine, Geoffrey laughed his dry, mocking, now slightly acidulous laugh.

"Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour!" He underscored it with his heavy irony. "I am afraid, my dear Caleb, that we must wait until the missiles begin

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**PEACEMAKERS** to rain down. Rather late then for another Winston." He stood up abruptly. The dialogue, and Caleb understood that it had been a dialogue of the deaf, was at an end.

"Geoffrey, your frankness, your great frankness, has moved me very much indeed," he said.

"I fear I've been talking moonshine. But come, we must go now. They shall be wanting us to look at the text of that very abbreviated communiqué."

They began to walk slowly toward the arched doors that gave onto the small salon where they had met for cocktails at the beginning of the dinner. Geoffrey Hawkes put his hand on Caleb's arm, and they came to a halt for a moment.

"Because you know it so well," he began, "I have not spoken of what is happening with us—of the unilateralism that has split the Labor Party down the middle, the banned bomb and all that sort of business. Not of major importance just now. But it could become so. And the ending here, as I've had it from you just now, will not help. No, not help.

"There are many with us, you know, Caleb, who feel that you are dangerously reckless, you Americans, that you are bound to bring the roof down over our heads. The Polaris base at Holy Loch—necessary, oh yes, of course, we all know that, but it feeds the fear. Where will your subs go wandering, once they've left Holy Loch? You and I know, of course, it's all understood—but for simple people. . . ." As they walked through the deserted salon, it appeared that there was one additional footnote.

"A curious thing came to my attention recently," Geoffrey Hawkes said in his casual, anecdotal manner. "One of the senior men in our foreign service — has had important posts, judgment, perceptivity, all the rest of it—felt that I should know that he and his wife each carry with them a poison pellet. A kind of precaution, as he puts it, if the worst should come to the worst, if American recklessness should precipitate it—I use his words. He said they had agreed, after talking it over, that if it should come they would not want to live for even a few minutes. Extraordinary, I thought!"

Caleb had rung for the elevator, and they were standing waiting for its arrival. He felt rather than saw that Geoffrey had turned on him a sharp, sidelong glance. "Rather theatrical, wouldn't you say?" Caleb remarked in a matter-of-fact voice. The elevator attendant held the door open for them.

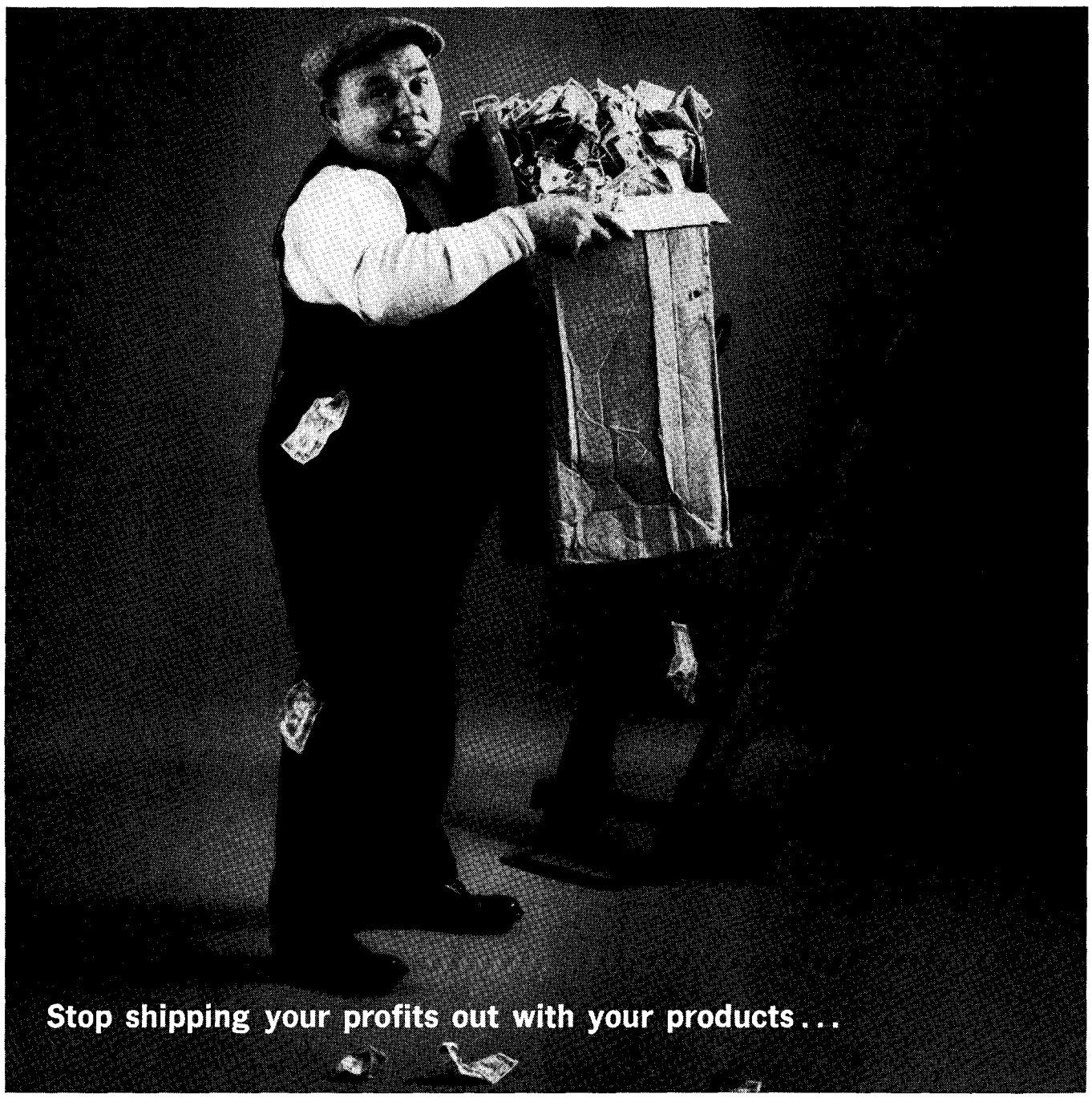
"So it may be. And therefore, surely one must add, in accord with the times."

Caleb was seeing his guest down to the street floor. But with the crowd of newspapermen they knew to be waiting around the main entrance of the hotel, they said good night in the shelter of the small elevator. A splendid dinner, Geoffrey said; they did you very well. It was, Caleb felt, with something like concern, as though they would not see each other for a very long time. And therefore he in his turn ventured a halfhearted joke about getting on the treadmill again so soon in the morning. The charming Hawkes smile flashed for a moment, a fleeting instant, and then it was replaced by a look so full of chagrin, despair even, that Caleb was startled as though by a sudden and alien revelation in an object long familiar. He was moved to speak, moved by a compassion that stirred him deeply. But before the words would come, the Foreign Secretary had turned and was gone.

Tom Brace hesitated outside the open door of the Secretary's inner office. Miss Brownson had said she was sure that he would want Tom, who had been tying down the last details on the release of the communiqué with the British, the French and the Russians, to go in. Bill Binkley was there, with his assistant, Joe Johnson, Merton and two or three others grouped around the Secretary's big desk. As he stood on the threshold, Tom recognized in himself a sudden childish reversion, compounded of fear and resentment, at having been excluded or seeming to be excluded. He saw himself in this momentary flash as the oddball, the dissenter. It was the corner of the schoolyard of the Madison Elementary School in Topeka, Kansas, and Bob Bell had just told him in the most forthright way that there was no place for him in their gang. With the incongruity of this swift descent into the past, he was moved almost to laughter. Caleb was, of course, Bob Bell, the big boy, the strong boy, the one whom they all looked up to and were in fact afraid of.

"Come on in, Tom," the big boy called, seeing him standing there in the doorway. "We're chewing things over for a few minutes before Bill has to go down and read the communiqué."

"I think everything's shipshape," Tom said. "It's all set. Identical texts. Volkonkov didn't like that phrase 'until such time as their presence shall no longer be required,' referring, of course, to the UN supervisory team on the border. He

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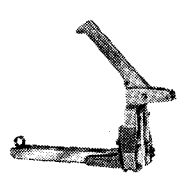
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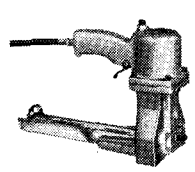
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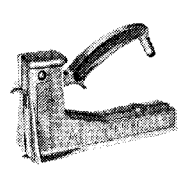
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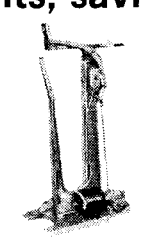
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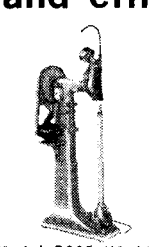
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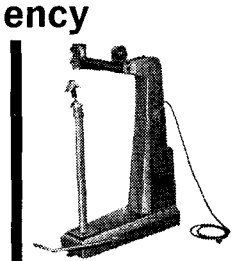
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wanted to put in something specific about time, or leave that phrase out altogether. But Hugh and I brought him around."

"Good, good!" The Secretary gave this a bang-up all-hands-on-deck sound. "We were just speculating with Bill here on how the press back home will react. The first reaction, that is."

"I shouldn't think they'd take to it," Tom Brace said coolly. "Not at first sight anyhow."

"Well, I don't know about that," Bill Binkley put in. "The Secretary is going to have a briefing the first thing in the morning, and that's going to put a lot more into it, give it quite another light. So it'll be only the mornings that get this bare announcement. It'll be quite a different story. . . . Am I right, Mr. Secretary?"

Bill gave the Secretary a slyly conspiratorial look.

"Oh, we're on the way," Caleb said in a manner that was even more archly secretive and promising of great things to come.

They were breaking up. Bill went across the hall with Miss Brownson to get the final text of the communiqué, and the others filed out with him. The Secretary nodded toward the chair on his right. Merton, who was the last to go out, firmly closed the door after him, and it seemed to Tom as though it had been done by a pre-arranged signal.

"Tom, I'm going to ask you to do something that may sound at first a little bit difficult." The Secretary had begun to speak. It was evident that this was an errand about which the Secretary had some hesitation. Tom noted the deeply creased lines beneath the old man's eyes and the way in which his voice came slow and even a little halting. "I'm going to pull out of here in two or three days. I'm going to be summoned back to Washington by the President for the formulation of an aggressive new policy on Africa. Nobody knows this yet, outside our own group, except Hawkes, and I can tell you that he doesn't like it any too well. Now I'm going to ask you to take the responsibility—and it's a heavy responsibility—of sitting in for me and nailing down the terms we've agreed to tonight in this narrow and highly general fashion. I haven't told this last to anyone, except Merton, of course."

Long before the Secretary had finished, Tom Brace had seen clearly the objective at which he was aiming. He, Tom Brace, was to be left behind as notice of how little the President and the Secretary of State thought of the most unhappy transaction they had just been compelled to conclude.

"Why, certainly, if that's what you want me to do," he said in a placatory tone. "I'm sure that you have thought that I might be considered somewhat junior for this assignment." He wanted to know a little more surely just what were the Secretary's intentions, what he himself signified as a counter in this game.

"The new boy in the school, as it were," he added.

"I shouldn't put it that way," the Secretary said with emphasis. "You're the counselor of the department. You know the Russians almost better than anybody we have. You did a very important job in Moscow. You've been right with this whole thing from the beginning. Don't you get along pretty well with Hawkes?"

"Yes, we're on very friendly terms. I admire him as a professional who always knows just what he wants to do." He had been unable to resist putting this in. "But isn't it possible that the others, all the others, will take this as such a downgrading of the negotiation that it may not work. I'm just trying to think, sir, of some of the practical consequences."

"Yes, and that's why, when this does come out, I'm going to suggest that I'll be returning here at some point in the final discussion. And that could be." The Secretary managed a rheumy chuckle. "But somehow I doubt it very much. Unless it should be for a final ceremony, or something like that."

Tom Brace felt that the Secretary had, on the spur of the moment, added this last flourish to his stratagem and the embellishment pleased him. He waited for the old man to go on.

"I think if you'll come to the briefing I'm going to have with the American press, at nine in the morning, you'll get a clearer idea of the direction in which we're going. Then you and I will have one good long session, I hope, before I take off. I have a lot of trust in your discretion, Tom," he added, as though this were a prayerful petition rather than a mark of his approval or favor.

He knew it was not the end of their little talk. When he had observed Duke slip that message to the Secretary during dinner, he had had an intuitive sense that in some fashion it pertained to him. Some thing in the Secretary's look had conveyed this as their eyes had met. He had puzzled about it, concerned and yet scorning to be concerned in the mood of resignation, a kind of spent, exhausted fatalism, that had possessed him since his encounter with Cynthia, since the frustration, the angry bafflement, that had sent him bolting out into the street on the walk on which he had encountered Cynthia. Standing off to one side and looking on, seeing the whole configuration of errors out of the past that were almost certain to breed the errors of the future, you were done for. But now there was to be an end to whatever suspense he might still have felt.

The Secretary pulled open the top drawer of his desk and took out what must surely be the selfsame envelope and from it the selfsame message.

"I want to read you this 'eyes only' that I got during dinner," he said.

Tom remained silent, and the Secretary read the message from Abe Williams.

"What happened, anyway?" he asked. "As you can see, whatever it was that sent Anker off caused quite a little embarrassment in Washington."

What happened? O.K., Tom wanted to say, if you're ready I'll give it to you. With the cold, sharp, unsparing detachment that he felt, he could see how far back the answer went.

But he merely said, "I'm afraid I lost my temper. I didn't really tell him anything. I just said that it was perfectly obvious that some sort of compromise would have to be worked out. But apparently he was out to pay me back."

"It's hard not to lose your temper with that fellow. He sure can be obnoxious. But you understand this is a breach—in a sense a breach of security. And since it caused the considerable stir that it did, it's a fairly serious matter."

"Oh, I understand that very well," he said.

He wanted to say, all right let's quit all this fooling around. You're right, of course, you're right. I'm not with it. I'm not marching with your onward Christian soldiers. Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of doubt and sorrow and aloneness and a few other things that have finally caught up with me, that's me. So here's my head; cut it off. Here's my hand; let the ruler come down. In the brief silence that had come up between them he added, "I'm very sorry it happened. I can't say more than that."

"Did you say anything to him about the U.N. function in this? He seemed to have had that in his report."

"No, I don't think I did. I don't recall it that way. As I recall it, he kept pressing me just as I was about to go up to get ready for your dinner, when I'd come in from a walk, and I got pretty impatient and finally—as I remember it—I said. 'Look here, even you ought to be able to see that this thing has to end in some kind of a compromise that will get those French troops out of there.' I don't think I went beyond that. I could see right away that he was pretty browned off."

"Well, now, Tom ——" This was the fatherly act. He could feel it coming, the response to his charm. There was even in the Secretary's eyes a dewy look. And such nonsense as it all was: whether Mike Anker had got a beat of four or five hours, what folly when you looked at it, as he was looking at it tonight, the whole show was about to come down over their heads. Give it a few more months, a few more years, a few more bumbles like this one. And what was Caleb saying now? "I've been thinking that it would be a good move for you to get out of Washington. To get back into the field. I think it's important to your career."

**Tanganyika**

what is in store for AFRICA'S "CINDERELLA COUNTRY"?

NEXT WEEK IN THE POST

He wanted some help with this one; some word of polite assent or appreciation. Here, Tom thought, with a savage anger he felt must show itself on his face, is the place in the script marked for the prodigal son. He throws himself at the feet of the generous and forgiving father. Oh, the old man was going to be kind, all right. Full of Christian charity. But what a chance to get rid of a troublemaker who was always asking cute questions! And making himself a nuisance. Too bad he's not a team player; he could hear Merton saying that and meaning it, too, with genuine regrets.

"So I've been thinking"—for all the benignity he wanted to put into this, it had an edge of fatigue and irritation—"and I mentioned to the President tonight that I thought you ought to get an ambassadorship. You ought to be on your own for a while."

"I want to be sure that I understand you, Mr. Secretary," he said. "You're being very kind and considerate. But this is, in effect, a disciplinary action and what you consider a breach of confidence. Is that a correct interpretation of what you propose?"

This was the bright young man from Kansas who had married the rich wife and now suddenly turned oddball, looking down suddenly into the void, into the soundless, empty space that had no end. On the old man's face the look of fatigue, irritation, pain almost, was more evident. *No mask of Machiavelli here*, he thought. He was being very unkind. It was willful, childish, for he knew that he would go along—that was the appropriate phrase. He understood this just as surely as he understood the old man's ponderous circumlocutions.

"Not at all, not at all," the Secretary said. "I hoped you wouldn't interpret it that way, and I'm sure that if you and I don't look at it that way, then nobody else is likely to. Certainly it didn't come into my talk with the President. As you know, he's a very understanding man. Now the post we thought about was Norway. That's coming up pretty soon. I'm not talking now in terms of anything immediate. Say three months or four months or maybe even longer. You'll be over here in Geneva for at least four or five weeks. How do you think Mary would like Norway?"

Tom Brace smiled. Perhaps it was as simple as that; all that power and money, the ramifications of Mary's family, touching at God knows what point of influence.

"I think she might like it very well," he said. "She's a pretty good skier, and she likes sailing. And those are two pretty important things in Norway, I gather."

"Let's think about it that way then." The Secretary heaved himself up from his desk. In the merciless fluorescent light, Tom Brace saw on his face the marks of age, strain, great weariness—a ravaged look, really. *Poor old bastard*, he thought, stirred out of detachment, and the old man meant to be kind. "You know Norway is an important post, and nobody should be fooled by its size. It's the northern pivot of NATO with a border with Russia up there in the north." *Surely*, Tom thought, *this was carrying it too far, this little essay on Norway's vital importance to the future of mankind and, to throw in a few of the clichés, the freedom of all peoples.* "There's a strong current of neutralism there that we're not too happy about. Curtis—he's due for a transfer—has done a good enough job. But you and Mary will have your work cut out for you, and I know I'll be proud to see you in that situation."

The Secretary let a fatherly hand rest on Tom's shoulder as they stood beside the desk. "You know I'm very fond of Mary," he said.

"You're one of her very favorite persons, as I'm sure you know," Tom Brace responded.

"When I get back at the end of the week, I'll try to find a moment to give her a call," the Secretary said, "and I'll tell her that I've left you in command over here."

"You're very kind, sir. I know she would appreciate it. I think she'll be back in Washington on Saturday or Sunday. I had a letter from her today, and she'd gone out to San Francisco to show one of her Weimaraners."

"Maybe you could persuade her to come over ——" the Secretary began, when he was interrupted by a discreet knock on the door.

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# What wives can learn from widows . . .

**When left alone with children to raise, a widow faces frightening years of hardship and struggle.**

**It's no simple matter,** even for a husband and wife *together*, to maintain a home and raise a family.

**So when a wife is left** with this entire burden, it's really staggering. She must be breadwinner as well as loving parent and homemaker. Often her life becomes a discouraging, work-till-you-drop existence that goes on and on and on. There's no relief . . . no freedom from the worries, fears and nameless anxieties that beset a woman striving to manage alone. Worst of all, the *children* sense all this, and feel insecure.

**Hardships like these** point out, above all else, the importance of adequate insurance on the husband's life. For life insurance can ease a widow's struggles . . . keep her with her children . . . provide comfort and security. Your nearby Lincoln Life agent is an expert at the kind of insurance planning that makes such security possible. Phone or write him soon.

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# PEACEMAKERS

It was Miss Brownson. She gave the Secretary, Tom noted, the dying-swan look, the smile embroidered with compassionate regret. It was General Gahagan calling from Paris, and this was the fourth or fifth time. From the Secretary came an exclamation that was somewhere between a dry, cackling laugh and a snort of contempt.

"What'd you say?" he demanded.

"I told him I didn't know whether you were still in the area or not, but I'd see," Miss Brownson said, the pity in her voice matching the lingering smile.

"Well, tell him"—this was just plain exasperation—"that you find I've gone to bed with orders that I'm not to be disturbed. Not to be disturbed—he ought to be able to understand that."

When he left the Secretary, Tom Brace went to his own room. There was no other place to go. He looked at the four gray walls with a revulsion that was close to hatred. On the table he saw the basket of fruit, now turned brown under the cellophane wrapping, and with it the bottle of cognac that the management of the Ville de Calvin had put as a present in the room of each member of the American delegation. He took the bottle, opened it, found a tumbler in the bathroom and poured it nearly full of cognac. Then he sat down in the easy chair and drank it with steady, serious purpose, grateful for the fire that it sent through him, the shock of it obscuring the foggy nonsense, the sweet sickliness, of his little talk with the Secretary.

The Secretary knew his man. There was that first slight bluntness when just for a minute he had begun to put it on the line. And that had been the time to say, *You see, Mr. Secretary, I know that you don't want me in your show because just now and then I say what I think and I happen to think that lately, today for example, you've really been pretty much up the creek. Well, good night, Mr. Secretary. I suppose you're not bad as Secretaries of State go, but you just haven't got what it takes for this moment when it's put up or shut up and no fooling about it at all.* The glass was empty, and he poured out another half tumbler.

On the dressing table recessed into the wall with the concealed lighting that went on when you snapped the switch by the door, he saw the photographs of Mary and the children. She had given him the folding leather photograph case with the photographs newly taken as a surprise on his last birthday. The photographs were new, that is, except for her own in the center, and that was a newspaper shot she had liked and had got a print of. It had been taken at the big show in New York last spring. Mary was crouched down beside Deuteronomy, called Duty for short, her current show bitch. When Mary first went in for dogs in a big way, she said she knew at last why she had been made as a child to learn the books of the Old Testament by heart. They made wonderful names that helped to keep the blood lines clear. You always knew where you were.

In the leather photograph case the two boys were on Mary's right and the two girls on her left. They were all handsome children, an ideal family any way you looked at it, and he knew he was looking at it from a place pretty distant in time and space, really almost as though he were seeing them for the first time. The oldest, Franklin Patterson, named for Mary's father, looked so much like Mary that it was uncanny. He was at St. Mark's, where Mary's father had gone, and he was good at really everything—tennis, swimming, math, languages—just as Mary was when she wanted to be. The older girl, Olivia duPont, after Mary's mother, would be long-legged, blond, cool, with no doubt about her origin. They had some trouble with Jane, his mother's name, but after some sessions with the psychiatrist she had been straightened out, and she was now very well-adjusted; at least that was the psychiatrist's expression for it.

It was little Tommy, aged four, who seemed, at this early age at any rate, to threaten to break the mold of the ideal. Strangers seeing him for the first time almost invariably said he had big Tom's quizzical look, and they found something faintly comic in this, an intrusion from another sphere. He was roguish-looking and occasionally roguish in his behavior.

Whenever he got home early and when they were not under pressure to go out to cocktails and dinner, which was rare enough, Tom liked to go up to little Tommy's nursery and be with him for half an hour or so. When he recited nursery rhymes, such as *Simple Simon*, and threw in his own version of the pieman's response to a request from Simon to sample his wares, "Hell no, you dope, what do you think I've got these pies for?" little Tommy would roar with laughter and, to the evident disapproval of Miss Lane, his nurse, repeat the heretical line. But they were all good children, Tommy, too, and there was no doubt that they would pass their obedience trials at any stage of their development.

He rose, feeling a little unsteady on his feet, and went over to the dressing table and picked up the frame of photographs. They were so much alike, they and their friends, that on the rare occasions when he had walked into a roomful of them he had hardly been able to tell one apart from the other or even for that matter to sort out his own children. They were beautifully brought-up specimens, but they were brought up for another age. They had come to this flowering, this culmination, too late. He put the leather frame with the photographs down where it had been before and stood uncertainly, knowing in his heart an alienation, an aloneness, that came strangely without surprise or shock, as though he had at last opened a familiar door. *You're a fool, a damned fool*, he told himself.

He moved across the room and sat down on the bed. The telephone was there on the bedside table. He looked at it speculatively as though it had been some strange new invention. Where was Cynthia? He knew that all through the evening it had been there, that question, and the memory of her face when she had said, "I know what I'm going to do now," as beautiful in sorrow as in joy, her face. With this little device—he let his hand rest on the telephone—you could find the answer, or perhaps you could. You could hear her voice, or maybe you could. His watch said a few minutes after one o'clock. Of course, if you called, old Hugh might answer the phone. But, hell no, old Hugh worked all the time. In fact, he was probably right now batting out that last dispatch, that fine précis, for Downing Street.

He saw Hugh Grimsby's blank taut face with the eyes peeled watchfully, warily. *Poor old Hugh!* But then he and Hugh had a lot in common. If Hugh answered the phone, you could say, listen, old boy, I know how it is, see, I know how it is —— No, that wouldn't do. He picked up the telephone to ask for the Beau-Rivage. You could say, listen Hugh, I've been worrying about the phraseology in the second paragraph of the communiqué—like a hungry trout to a beautiful bright shiny fly, Hugh would rise to that one. "Will you please ring Sir Hugh Grimsby's apartment?" he said, trying to make his voice sound polite and formal. He could hear the operator ringing the phone. No response, she said after a few minutes. *Where is Cynthia?* Surely it could not matter to him, but he felt that he had to know. It would be one small point of knowledge, one surety, in the great nothingness in which he sat. I know what I'm going to do now, and then she was gone.

"Would you connect me with the hall porter's desk please," he said just as he was sure that the operator had rung off.

Coming..
NEVER A THIEF
the tale of a bank robber who went straight the hard way
IN NEXT WEEK'S POST

"I will see if anyone is there."

He could see the lounge of the Beau-Rivage, the big brown overstuffed chairs, the empty late-night quiet. Even the night hall porter he thought he could remember, a robust, imperturbable Swiss character in his blue uniform speaking with ——

"May I help you, sir?"

"Yes," speaking with that unaccented accent of a half dozen languages and 334 words in each language. "I'm trying to reach Sir Hugh Grimsby, or Lady Grimsby," he said, knowing that his own speech sounded thick and maybe even drunken.

"Sir Hugh is not here," the correct voice came back, "and Lady Grimsby has departed."

"Departed for where?"

"I cannot say, sir. When I came this evening, my colleague told me she had departed. Is there any message, sir?"

That was all. He put down the telephone. Once again the four walls of the room were intolerable. He went down through the deserted lounge and out into the street. It was the way he had gone in the afternoon, and she might be in the street again. She had stood motionless, with her hands on the rail, just here. He thought of the rancor, the spite, he had vented against her, out of his frustration and longing. The thought of his unknowingness no longer shamed him. She had been so lost in her own sorrow.

The narrow street between the hotels and the river was empty. He turned off across the bridge to the island on which the powerhouse with the illuminated clock was and beyond that the bridge to the quay that was on certain days an open market. He was walking rapidly through the night streets, now shuttered and cold-looking.

He was suddenly aware that a woman had come up beside him. She was saying something that at first he could not understand. But as he stopped, with her hand on his arm, he saw that this was a sell. No, he said in hasty French, trying to smile, I'm too old for that. He was startled when, standing in his way, she said something loud and angry. Her arm was drawn back as though she meant to strike him. And then suddenly he understood. She thought he had said that she was too old. It was a mortal insult. Under the light from the street lamp above, he looked into her face. Along with her anger there was something that might have been hurt pride, as though this had happened too often, and now once more, so late on a bad night when everything had failed. She was no longer young, but in her face he thought he saw, behind the crude make-up, something that might have been, even if a long time before, tender and touching. She was sullenly waiting, hostile, hurt.

"No, no," he said, "I—I am too old. You understand? It is I —— I am an old man."

She let her arm fall, but still she was not sure. Doubt and the desire to believe, the desperate desire, it seemed to him, struggled in her face.

"You understand?" he repeated, taking her arm and pressing it gently. "It is like that, my dear."

"You are not old," she said at last. "I can see that. You are young and handsome. If you come with me, I can make you very happy."

You could send her on her way with ten or fifteen francs, a gesture of reparation by the handsome young stranger for an unintended insult. That would be Norway, safe home, something for nothing. And she looked, he told himself, as though she had a whole hell of a lot more professional pride than I have. That was the meaning of the arm drawn back ready to strike, professional pride, ready no matter what it might cost to avenge the insult to one's capacities, all the skill and knowledge that one had put into a career.

"You promise to make me very happy?" he demanded, leaning toward her a little.

"Very happy, I promise it." He saw her faint smile in the half light. "I know many things. It will be only twenty francs," she added when he seemed to hesitate.

That last was a good Swiss clincher. She knew her business, and that counted for so much. There was nothing like a professional and a professional who believed in his or her business.

"And your room—it is not very far away?" he asked.

"No, no," she said impatiently, taking his arm and urging him forward, "only two streets away, three or four minutes from here."

"And you won't forget your promise?" He wanted to hear her say that again, that wonderful, wildly improbable promise, as they walked together down the shuttered, empty street.

TO BE CONCLUDED

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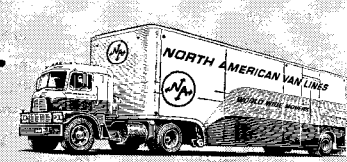


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# The Adventure that Made a President

continued from page 30

On the bow Maguire and Mauer heard someone call, "Mister Thom is drowning! Bring the boat!" It was their first evidence that there were other survivors. Maguire, although dreading the swim through gasoline fumes, tied one end of a line to a torpedo tube and the other around his waist. With a prayer he began paddling toward the voice.

The call came from Motor Machinist's Mate 1/c Gerard E. Zinser, twenty-five, a sturdy, brown-eyed man from Belleville, Illinois, who was the *109*'s only regular Navy career man. Zinser, it turned out later, never saw the *Amagiri*. Stationed on deck aft, he heard a cry of "General quarters!" and then found himself flying through space. For an instant he saw flames. Then he fainted in the water.

When Zinser came to, he found another man nearby, floating in a life jacket—Ens. Leonard Thom, of Sandusky, Ohio, a gigantic former Ohio State tackle who was the *109*'s executive officer. Just then Ensign Ross, who had passed out from the fumes, recovered enough to spot Zinser and Thom in the darkness. He swam over to them. Zinser was moaning, Thom was gibbering. When Ross shook Thom, the dazed giant tried to climb up on him as if he were a log. Fending him off, Ross cried, "Lenny, Lenny, it's me!" After some sparring, Thom snapped back to self-control. All three men joined in shouting for help.

Maguire, guided by the chorus of voices, swam up and led these three toward the blinking of Mauer's light.

Meanwhile, Kennedy's water search rounded up two more men: "Pop" McMahon and Charles A. Harris, a dark, wiry, twenty-year-old gunner's mate from Watertown, outside Boston, who naturally answered to "Bucky" Harris, after the American League baseball manager. Harris, like several others off duty, had been asleep on the deck aft. A shout awakened him, and he saw what looked like an enormous knife blade coming straight at him and only a few feet away. Just as the destroyer bow knifed through the PT, Harris sprang up and dived sidewise over a torpedo tube. Something—perhaps part of the tube—snapped upward. It struck Harris in the left thigh and catapulted him yards beyond where his dive would have carried him. He landed on the water in a sitting position.

To his surprise he had his kapok life preserver around his chest. A moment before it had been his pillow on deck. He must have pulled it on while jumping and diving, but had no memory of doing so. He drifted off alone, his left leg throbbing, then becoming too numb to use.

Bobbing about, Harris believed he was the sole survivor until someone drifted out of the flames sixty feet away. Laboriously Harris swam over. The man was floating helplessly with his helmet jammed over his face. Harris could barely understand the man's plea: He wanted the helmet off, but could not lift his arms. Prying it off, Harris recognized Pop McMahon. He could tell that McMahon was in serious condition and stuck by him. Then he heard voices. "Mr. Kennedy!" he yelled. "Mr. Kennedy!"

"Over here," Kennedy called. "Where are you?"

"This way," Harris called. "McMahon is badly hurt."

He could hear the splashing as Kennedy, guided by his voice, approached from a seemingly great distance.

When Kennedy arrived, Harris told him, "McMahon is too hurt to swim." Kennedy replied, "All right, I'll take him back—part of the boat is still floating." But McMahon mumbled feebly, "Go on, skipper, you go on. I've had it." Kennedy nevertheless clutched McMahon's kapok and began towing him, while calling encouragement to Harris. But Harris's injured leg dragged; worse, he began to feel limp with pain and exhaustion.

"I can't go any farther," he answered to one of Kennedy's come-on calls. "For a guy from Boston," Kennedy snapped, "you're certainly putting up a great exhibition out here, Harris." Harris cursed at Kennedy. Kennedy swam back and helped him peel off his jacket, sweater and shoes. Relieved of this weight, Harris managed to keep on swimming.

Again Kennedy took McMahon in tow, finally bringing him to the *PT 109*'s bow. Harris followed. Ensign Thom, who had reached the bow earlier, heard Johnston call for help. Johnston could see the remnant of the boat, but was retching and groggy from swallowing and inhaling gasoline. With much effort Thom swam out and towed Johnston to the wreckage.

Among the last of the eleven survivors to make it safely to the bow was Torpedoman 2/c Raymond Starkey, twenty-nine, of Garden Grove, California. Starkey, a heavy, graying man, had worked as a commercial fisherman out of Newport Beach and other California ports, then got a job in the oil fields. He had a wife and four-year-old daughter.

At Kennedy's command, "General Quarters!" Starkey had started toward his battle station at the starboard torpedo tube aft. But the crash—which he mistook for a shell hit—hurled him down into the smashed living quarters. Flames sprang up around him. He thought, *This is what hell must be like*, and lost consciousness. When he came to he was in the water, having floated free when the after section of the boat sank.

Alarmed at the thought that he was alone, surrounded by Japanese on land and sharks in the sea, he kept saying, "Oh, my God! Oh, my God!" A mattress floated by among debris, and he climbed onto it. He lay there thinking of his wife and daughter and wondering whether he had done the right thing to enlist. Suddenly he spied the dark outline of the bow. It seemed 200 yards away. But he kicked off his shoes and swam over, his face and hands stinging from burns.

Starkey splashed up to the floating fragment of the boat about the time that Seaman 2/c Raymond Albert also reached its safety. Albert, like Starkey, Zinser and the now-dead Marney, had joined *PT 109* to replace its previous casualties. He was from Akron, Ohio, age twenty and a trifle brash. Enlisting soon after Pearl Harbor, he had volunteered for PT duty and was lookout amidships when the *109* went down.

Lieutenant Kennedy now caught his breath and took stock. Of the eleven men on the bow section, all seemed to be in fair condition except McMahon and Johnston. McMahon's face and limbs were badly burned. His hands, covered with third-degree burns, were in the worst condition. When lifted from the water to the deck, he felt as if his whole body were on fire. Johnston was alternately unconscious and racked by vomiting. Maguire thought Johnston was dying. To keep him from rolling down the slanting deck into the water, someone suggested tying him to the boat. Others objected that if the boat suddenly sank, Johnston would be carried under with it. They compromised by tying ropes to him and holding the ropes. Most of the men braced their feet against deck fixtures to keep from sliding off. At intervals Kennedy called the names of two missing men—"Kirksey, Marney"—and the others took it up. But there was only silence; no answer ever came.

The night, moonless but starlit early in the evening, by now was black as tar. A heavy overcast blotted out the sky. But the darkness at least protected the survivors from Japanese eyes. The position where *PT 109* went down was estimated at two miles southwest of Meresu Cove, on Kolombangara Island. Kolombangara was mountainous, and the men got a feeling that Japanese lookouts there might be staring down their necks.

When dawn broke clear and bright, the survivors propped up on the sloping deck took comfort from the sight of Rendova peak, rising above the nearest United States base, thirty-eight miles to the southeast. They could imagine other PT's putting out from Lumberi, in Rendova harbor, in search of them. Actually there was cause for this optimism.

But daylight substituted the dread of exposure for the terror of darkness. With the protection of the night gone, the drifting crew could see buildings of some kind on Kolombangara and Gizo. They were at most only a few miles away. Would the Japanese investigate the floating hulk before rescue arrived?

"What do you want to do," Kennedy asked his men, "fight or surrender?"

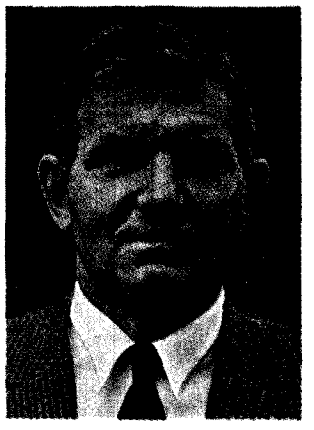
"Fight with what?" someone asked.

They took stock of their weapons. Maguire fetched a Thompson submachine gun from the charthouse. Among them, the men had six pistols, .45's.

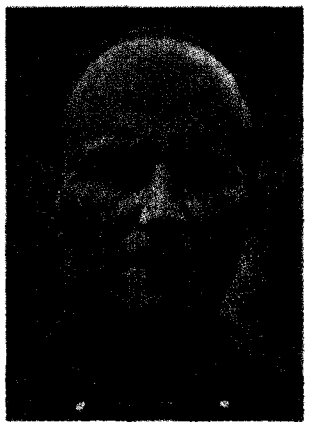
**THE SURVIVING CREW MEMBERS OF PT 109 AS THEY APPEAR TODAY.**

John Maguire

Gerard E. Zinser

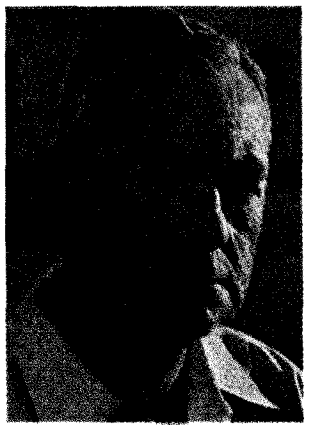


George H. R. Ross

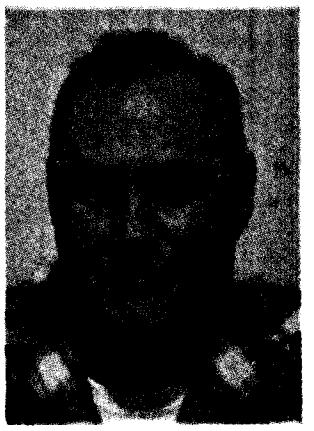


Edgar E. Mauer

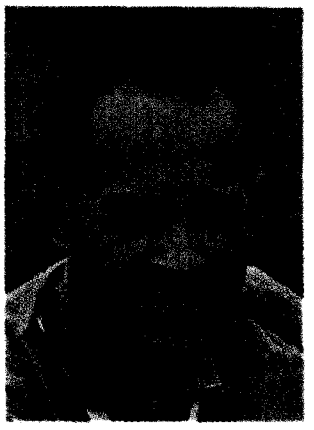
Raymond Starkey



Patrick (Pop) McMahon



William Johnston



Charles (Bucky) Harris

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# The Adventure that Made a President

Kennedy still had the .38 revolver that had been issued to him. The rest of their armament consisted of two sheath knives and one pocketknife.

"A lot of you men have families, and some of you have children," Kennedy said. "What do *you* want to do? I have nothing to lose." That statement struck Maguire as incongruous. He felt that Kennedy, because of his wealth and advantages, had the most to lose.

No one favored surrender, because they had heard tales of Japanese torture, but some questioned whether their firearms would shoot after long immersion.

McMahon, tormented by his burns but clear of mind, emphatically opposed surrender. Mauer said more cautiously, "If we have any chance at all, let's fight. But if they send out three or four barges with enough men to overwhelm us, let's surrender. We may live to fight again." Zinser seconded that. As no one offered a real solution, they let it go that way.

By ten o'clock that morning, the bow listed to starboard so sharply that it turned turtle. The men helped McMahon and Johnston onto the upturned bottom. The rest stayed in the water to lessen the chance of discovery by enemy lookouts.

The bow seemed to be sinking. It became increasingly evident to Kennedy that if help did not come within a few hours, he would have to order the men to abandon what was left of the boat and swim to shore before dark. But what island large enough to conceal eleven Americans would be free of Japanese? Now and then unidentified planes droned past. Kennedy ordered the men to stop waving, lest they attract the enemy.

The men cursed war, they cursed the Navy, they cursed the base at Lumberi for not sending aid and they cursed PT boats. "If I ever get out of this," one vowed, "I'll never ride a PT boat again."

Kennedy made his decision. He ruled out attempting to reach the nearest land, Kolombangara, for two reasons: The Japanese were there in force and, second, his crew would be heading away from Ferguson Passage, through which the PT's usually ran, and thus away from their best chance of rescue.

Instead of Kolombangara, two miles east, Kennedy decided that all hands should swim three and a half miles west to the small islands at the southeastern tip of Gizo Island. As these islands extended out for four or five miles, they were well away from the eyes of the Japanese on Gizo. Moreover, the reef along the base of the anchor bordered Ferguson Passage, with its hope of rescue.

Again Kennedy had to make a selection. Of the four islands in the little group that were nearest, Leorava and Three Palm Islet were too small to conceal eleven men. Naru, on the other hand, was large enough to shelter a Japanese outpost. Kennedy pointed past them to Plum Pudding Island, so-called because of its shape, and said that was it. The island, an oval of green crowned with tall casuarina trees, is about a hundred yards long and seventy yards wide.

Sometime after one P.M. Kennedy gave orders to strike out for Plum Pudding. As some of the men were better swimmers than others, he hit upon a device to keep them together. One of the pair of two-by-eight planks, lashed under the 37-mm. antitank gun before leaving Rendova, still floated off the bow on its rope. Kennedy ordered the men, "Swim together on this plank. Thom will be in charge."

"Will we ever get out of this?" someone asked.

Kennedy replied, "It can be done."

The men who still had shoes removed them and tied them to the plank. They bundled the boat's ten-pound battle lantern in a spare kapok and tied it to the plank. Then they cut loose.

There were four men on each side of the plank, holding on with one arm and paddling with the other. A ninth man, often Ensign Thom, pushed or pulled at one end. All of them kicked. Zinser reflected that the kicking would not only speed their journey but scare away sharks. They wondered whether the Japanese would come after them. There was no way of fighting now.

Kennedy meanwhile undertook a special mission of his own. McMahon, whose burns were dreadful to see, was totally helpless. "I'll take McMahon with me," Kennedy said. McMahon remained silent while Kennedy helped him into the water, which stung his burns cruelly. In the back of his kapok life jacket ran a three-foot strap, now stiff from immersion. Kennedy slashed loose the end with his knife, clamped the strap between his teeth, and began swimming. He and McMahon were back-to-back, with Kennedy facing forward low in the water, the ailing man riding high and backward with his head behind Kennedy's.

Although he specialized in the backstroke on the Harvard swimming team, Kennedy was adept at all kinds of swimming. Now he used a breast stroke to tow his helpless burden. Fortunately the water was warm and almost unruffled. Kennedy wore an inflated rubber lifebelt, which buoyed him so that he was able to concentrate his energy on moving forward.

Towing McMahon in spurts, Kennedy swam vigorously for ten or fifteen minutes, then paused to rest. Occasionally McMahon, unable to see ahead, would ask, "How far do we have to go now?" Kennedy would assure him that they were making good progress. Kennedy would ask, "How do you feel, Mac?" and McMahon invariably replied, "I'm O.K., Mr. Kennedy. How about you?"

Being unselfish and sensitive, McMahon would have felt pangs of conscience if he had known Kennedy's injured back ached at every stroke. The ramming, which hurled Kennedy backward against a steel cockpit reinforcement, had aggravated an old football injury.

Kennedy labored, moreover, under another disability. Neither at Harvard nor anywhere else did they teach swimmers to breath with a life-jacket strap clenched in their teeth. In towing McMahon by the strap, Kennedy from time to time, swallowed sea water. As he toiled ahead, it began to sicken him.

McMahon, floating along on his back, knew nothing of that. All he could see was the sky and the flattened cone of Kolombangara behind them. He could not see Kennedy, but he could hear his labored breathing and could feel the strap tug with each stretch of Kennedy's shoulder muscles. McMahon's hands, burned and swollen, trailed in the water. Occasionally he tried to help by kicking, but realized he was very weak. He was thirsty, hungry, and fearful of sharks.

Even handicapped by his tow, Kennedy gradually pulled ahead of the nine men hanging to the plank. The plank did little to buoy them up; their kapoks did that. But as Kennedy had foreseen, the plank kept them together. The slow pace, however, irritated some of the better swimmers. One complained, "If we go on like this, we'll *all* be lost." Mauer, a poor swimmer, wanted to drop out. He growled, "Swim by yourself if you want." Ensign Thom thundered, "Listen—we all stick together!" Reconsidering, he let the men swim briefly without the plank. Most of them moved even slower, so Thom called, "Back on the board!"

Maguire, who was trailing the submachine gun under water, lost it. Ensign Ross lost his shoes. Zinser, who suffered from burns, noticed that the blue girl tattooed on his left arm had become a blonde under a blister. They made no effort to paddle in unison, but they kept hold of the plank. For the first time since the ramming, they had a goal. But with sunset approaching, they realized that they had lost sight of Kennedy and might spend another night without rescue.

Near sundown Kennedy and McMahon drifted onto the clean white sand of Plum Pudding Island. Kennedy released the tooth-dented end of McMahon's kapok strap from his aching jaws and lay panting, face down, with his feet still in the water. He would have been at the mercy of a single enemy soldier, but the island was deserted.

McMahon, his hands grotesquely swollen, crawled out of the water on his knees and tried to drag Kennedy across the exposed beach into the trees. The beach was only ten feet wide, but McMahon could not make it. Kennedy immediately began vomiting salt water and collapsed on the beach.

Finally Kennedy and McMahon managed to crawl into the bushes. After a while Kennedy saw the men on the plank approaching. He waved them on.

Those on the plank felt the relief of men who have come safely through a time of extreme danger. The meanest part of landing where they came ashore was in getting through the coral. Coral knobs bruised their thighs, coral spurs cut their feet. Waves swept them against coral spikes. When they finally dragged themselves and the plank up on the beach, they looked every bit the part of nine shipwrecked sailors.

Altogether it had taken the men fully four hours to swim approximately three and a half miles. Kennedy, with McMahon in tow, had upheld the honor of the Harvard swimming team by making it in slightly better time.

The men ducked under the trees near Kennedy and McMahon, pulled off their kapoks and lay down, gasping. Hardly a word was spoken. Darkness approached. Wet, hungry, without a drop of drinking water after some fifteen hours in the salt sea, aching from burns and concussions, the crew of *PT 109* could be thankful for being on dry land—but nothing more.

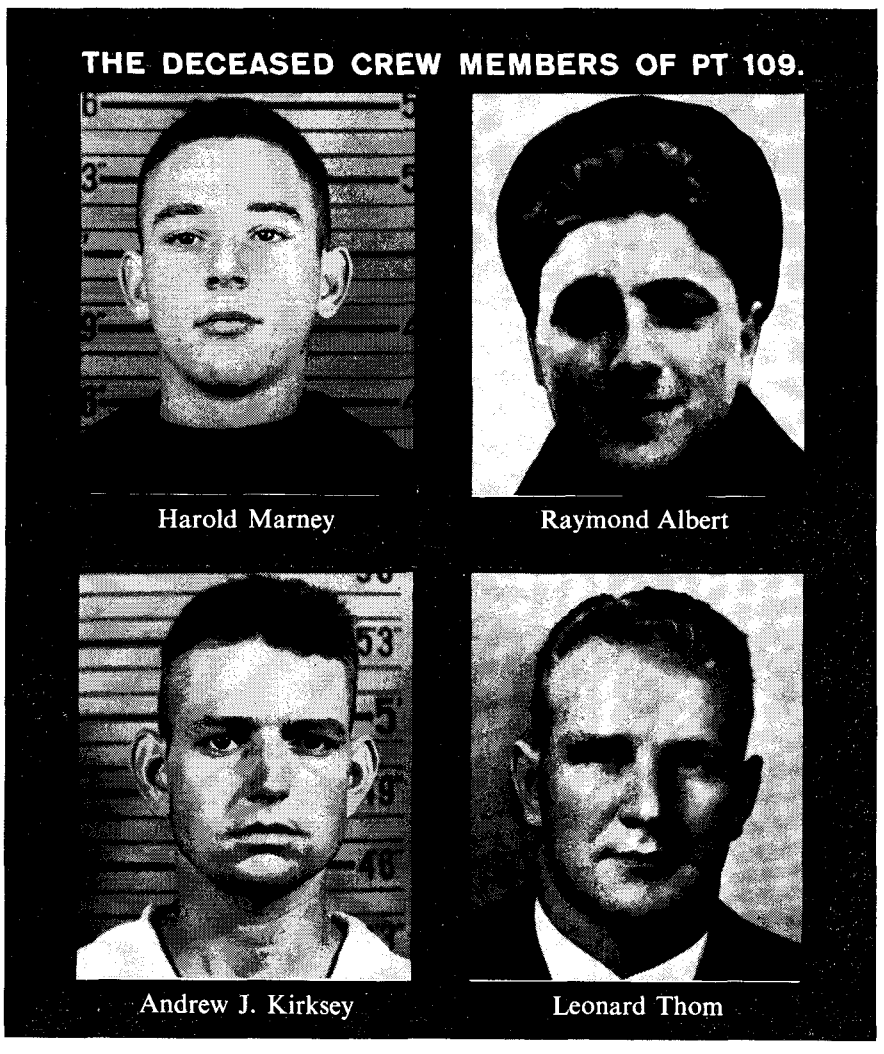
Suddenly the men were frozen by the sound of a motor. A boat was approaching from the direction of Ferguson Passage. Instantly they threw themselves on their stomachs and crawled to the bushes at the edge of the beach. A motorized Japanese barge was chugging up Blackett Strait 200 yards away. The castaways could see at least three or four Japanese in the barge.

What was their purpose? Had they seen the swimmers and started after them? Was this a regular patrol? Would the Japanese head in for a routine reconnaissance of the island?

The men waited in suspense. Even if they outnumbered the Japanese, they were hardly fit to fight. The submachine gun was gone, and they doubted that their water-soaked pistols would fire.

The Japanese barge moved with tantalizing slowness . . . on . . . on . . . on. *When your prey is trapped*, McMahon thought, *there is no need to hurry.*

*Next week's installment describes a daring attempt to summon help.*—THE EDITORS.

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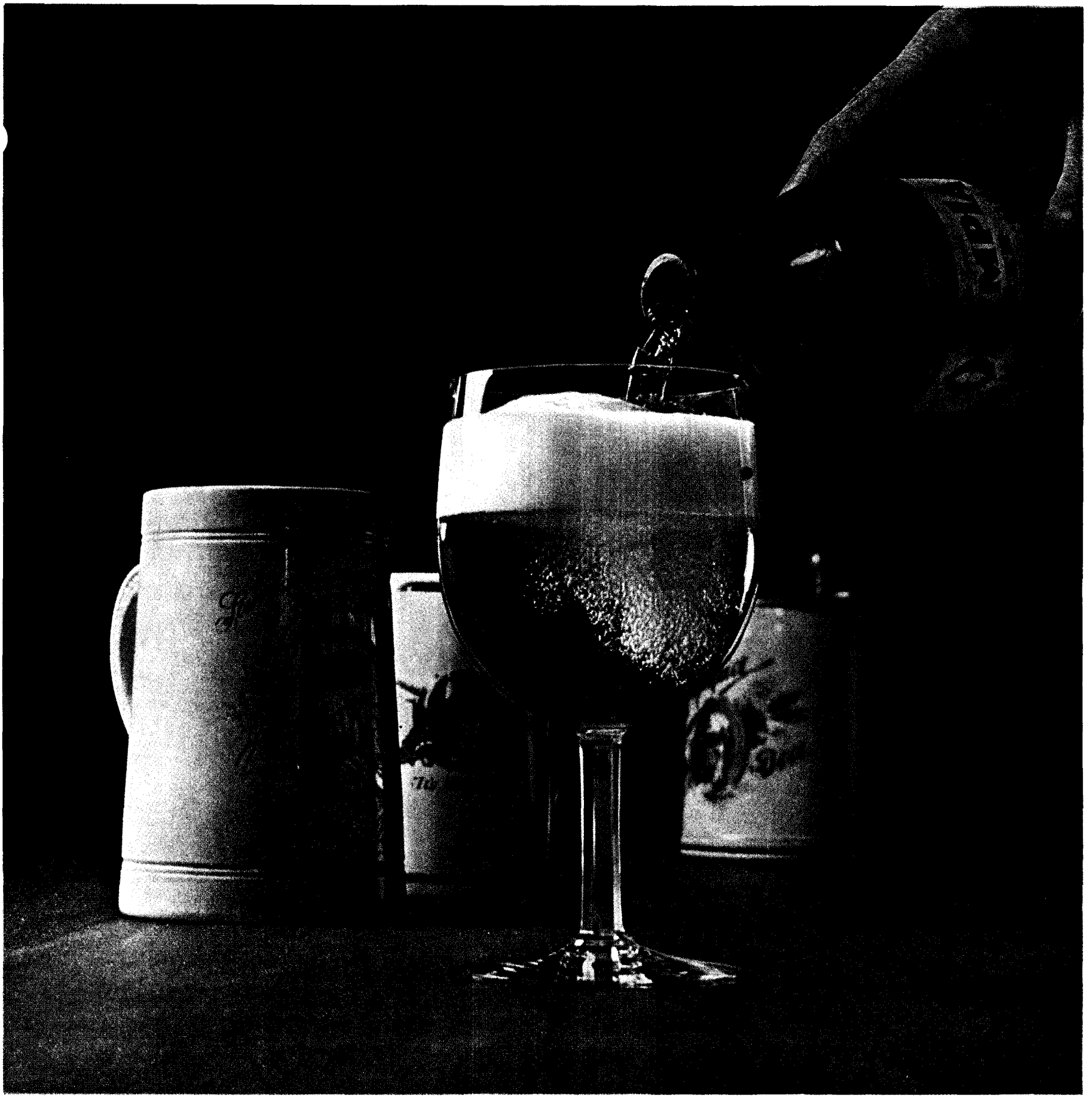
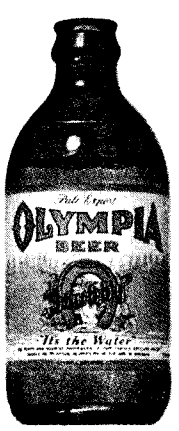


# ...and still, today, "*It's the Water"

Around the turn of the century, as the popularity of Olympia Beer spread out from the little town of Tumwater, customers would ask what gave the beer such distinctive good taste. The answer, of course, was that the rare water from our deep artesian wells enabled us to capture the most elusive and satisfying flavor from choice hops and grains. In 1902, we placed the answer on every label in this simple form: *"It's the Water."*

Each year many new western friends ask about the secret of Olympia's distinctive quality. The answer never changes. Today, as then, these three words sum up the refreshing story of Olympia's most priceless ingredient—a rare brewing water that flows cold and pure creates the famous good flavor of light Olympia Beer.




*Visitors are always welcome at the home of "America's Original Light Table Beer," Olympia Brewing Co., Olympia, Washington, 8 to 4:30 daily. *Oly *®*

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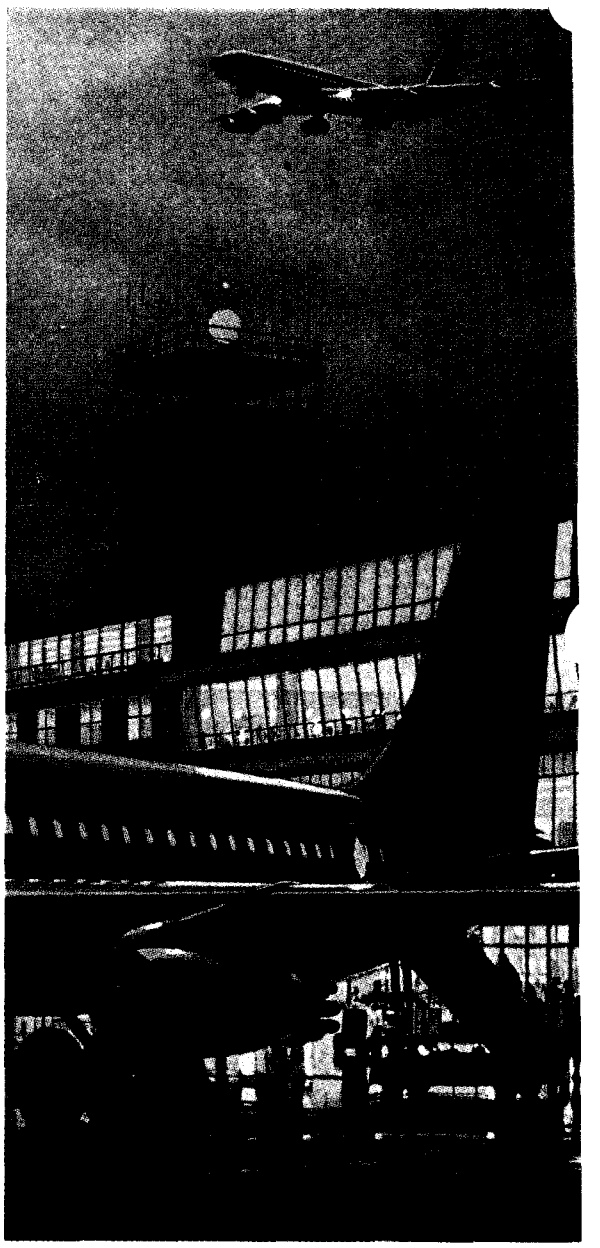
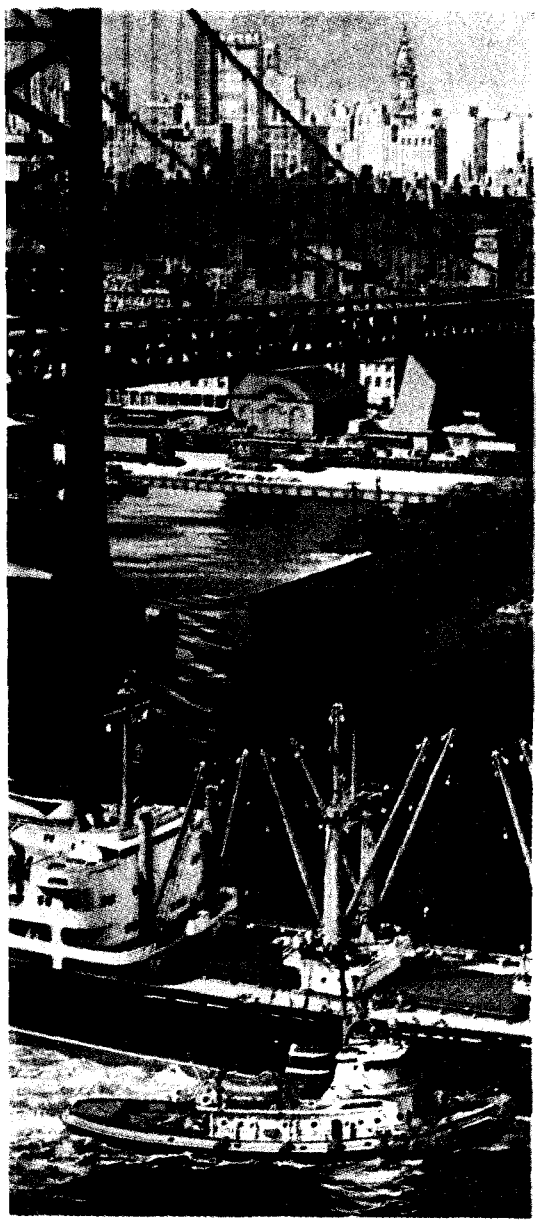
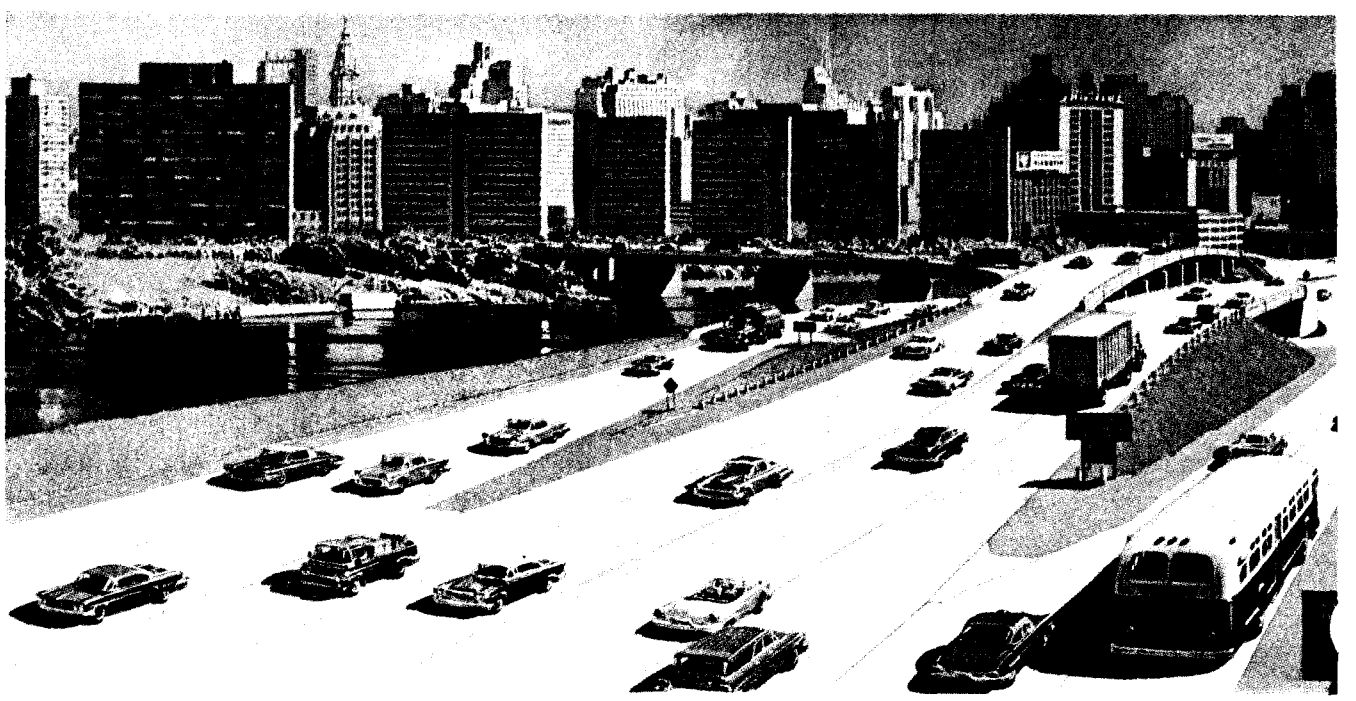
# All routes lead to Greater Philadelphia...land of plenty





Greater Philadelphia attracts business from all over the nation—and with good reason. Within a radius of 100 miles is a population of 24 million with a buying power of $93 billion. Here, too, is a giant transportation network of railroads, airlanes, and superhighways—plus the nation's fastest-growing port. Abundant electric power is another major factor that promotes the growth of business enterprise in this area. It would pay you to investigate this thriving Land of Plenty.



## Philadelphia Electric Company

An investor-owned company with more than 100,000 stockholders . Serving the world's greatest industrial area, Delaware Valley

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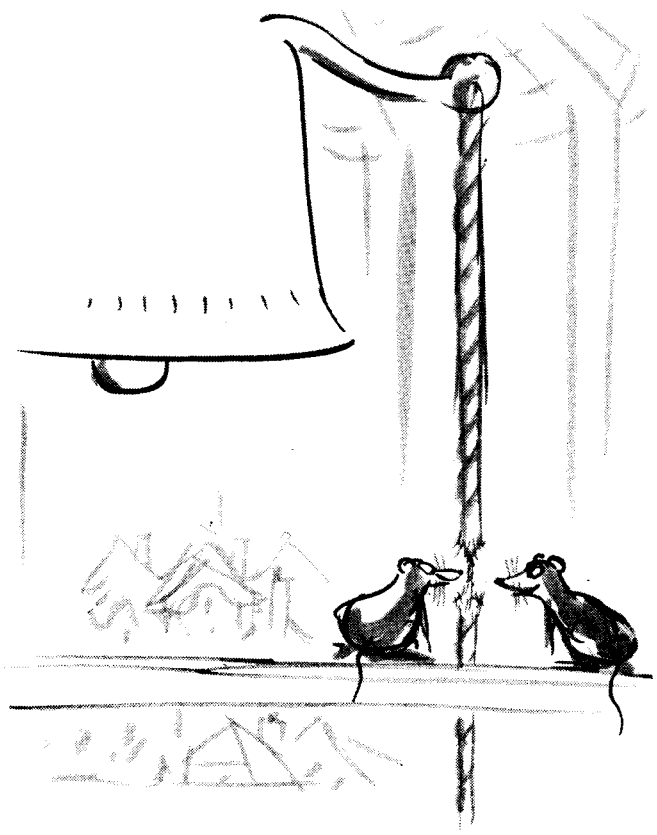
# ost scripts



"Well, curfew shall not ring tonight!"

"About the depth of the air-raid shelter, just how big a bomb would you honestly *want* to survive?"

## From the portfolio of ED FISHER

The cartoonist whose inventive sense of humor ripples through our entire POST SCRIPTS section this week is Ed Fisher, age undisclosed, who was born in the busy city of he'd rather not say, where he still lives.

Cartoonist Fisher's strongly developed sense of privacy stems from his conviction that a cartoonist should be judged not by where and how he lives, but by the cartoons he draws. "I wish," says he, "to keep my personal identity, thoughts and beliefs to myself." It's not every day that we meet such a dogged wag, so we agreed to humor the humorist.

Mr. Fisher did provide the self-portrait below and has admitted, off the record, that he is *not* the Ed Fisher who married that actress or, properly, those actresses.

Regarding our Mr. Fisher's professional life, mum's not the word. His cartoons appear regularly in several American magazines and in England's *Punch*. Some of the cartoons in our portfolio are from *Punch;* all are from *Ed Fisher's Domesday Book*, published this week by St. Martin's Press. Fisher's credits include a 1959 book of cartoons titled *Ed Fisher's First Folio*, a satirical novel of ancient Rome titled *Wine, Women and Woad*, a poem which appeared in *The Fireside Book of Humorous Poetry* and a scholarly article in *The Antioch Review*. Presently he is putting the finishing touches on a children's songbook, for which he has written both words and music. "Naturally I will illustrate it," says this versatile, reclusive man.

"It reads fine—but couldn't you think of a punchier title than 'Deuteronomy'?"

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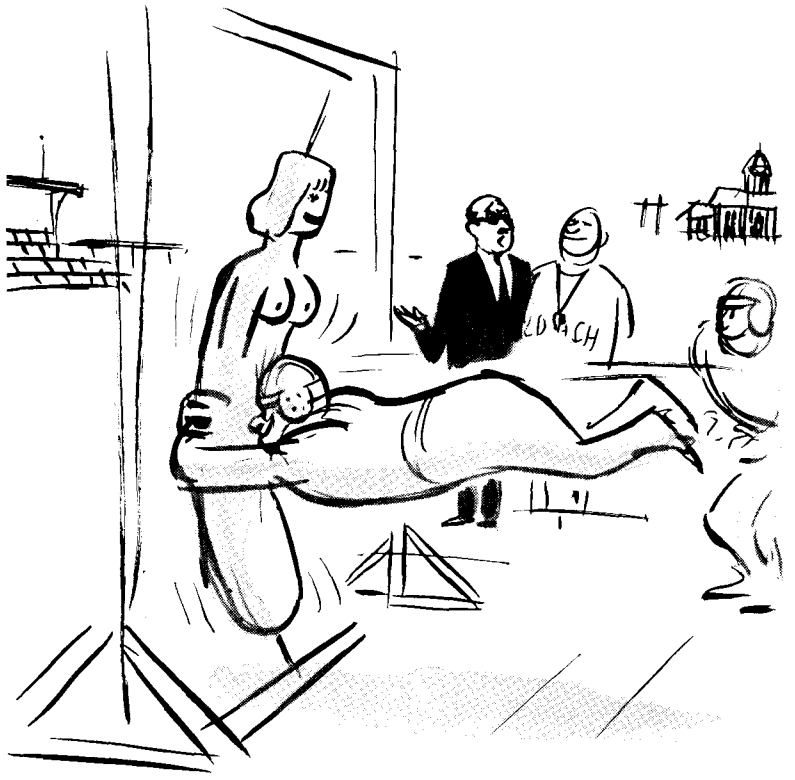
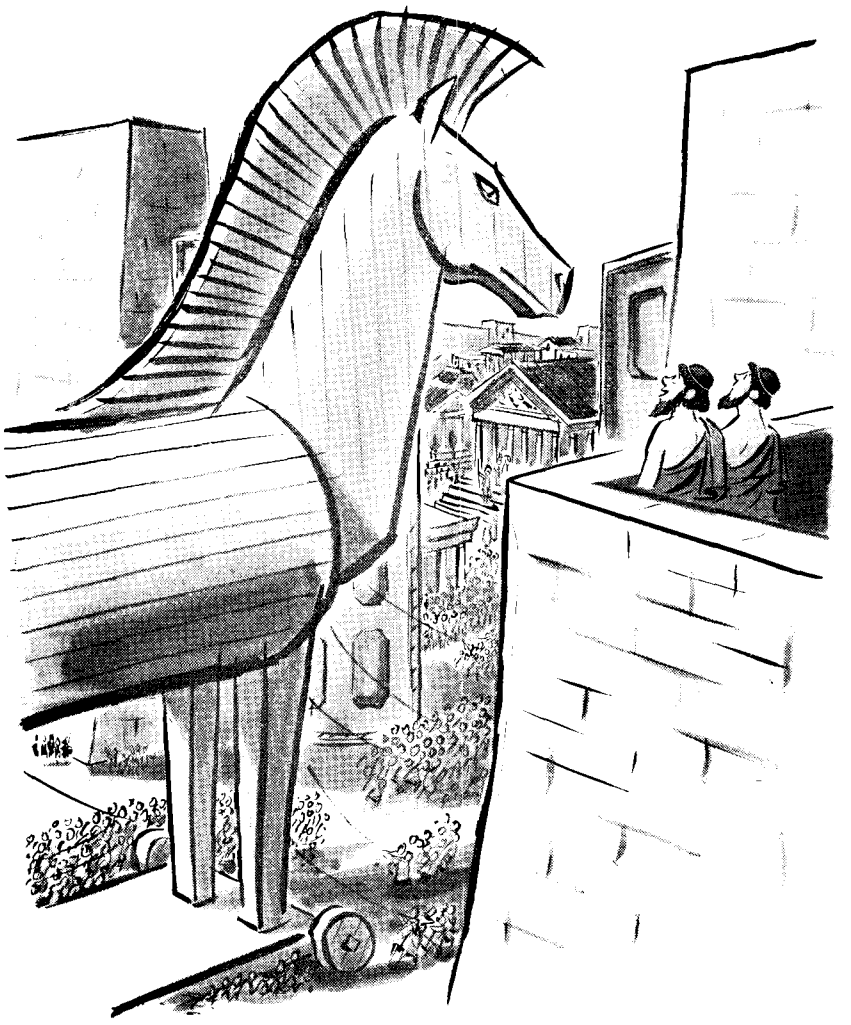


"We're winning games with it all right, but can we honestly say we're Building Good Citizens?"



"What I'd like to know is how he learned the secret handgrip of the Ninth Street Elks Lodge of Peoria, Illinois."

"It just shows what colossal achievements man is capable of when he stops spending all his time, energy and resources on war."

"There are still a lot of things they haven't worked out."

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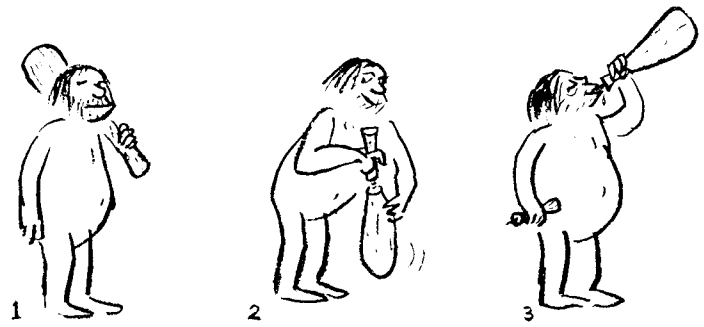

"Make up your mind, woman—do you want Norman, Gothic or Modern?"

"My heavens! I've been wiped out!"

"Boy, for a while before *this* one showed up, I was beginning to be afraid that maybe they'd given up hope of converting us!"

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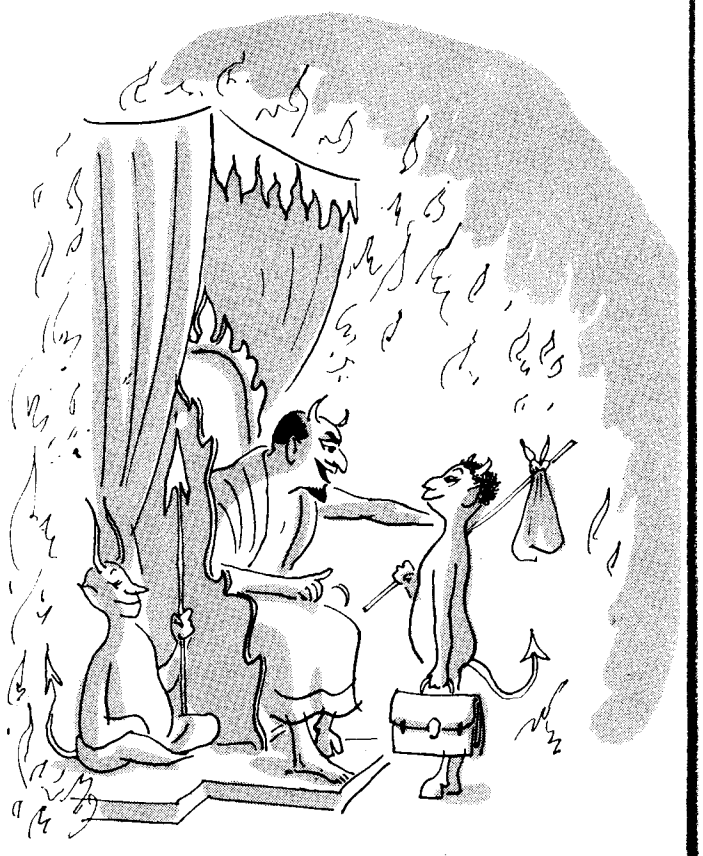
"Works like a charm!"



"Remember—quote plenty of Scripture."

"You and your 'let's get away from the hustle and bustle of the cities.'"

"Things have certainly changed around here since they took 'meals' off his expense account!"

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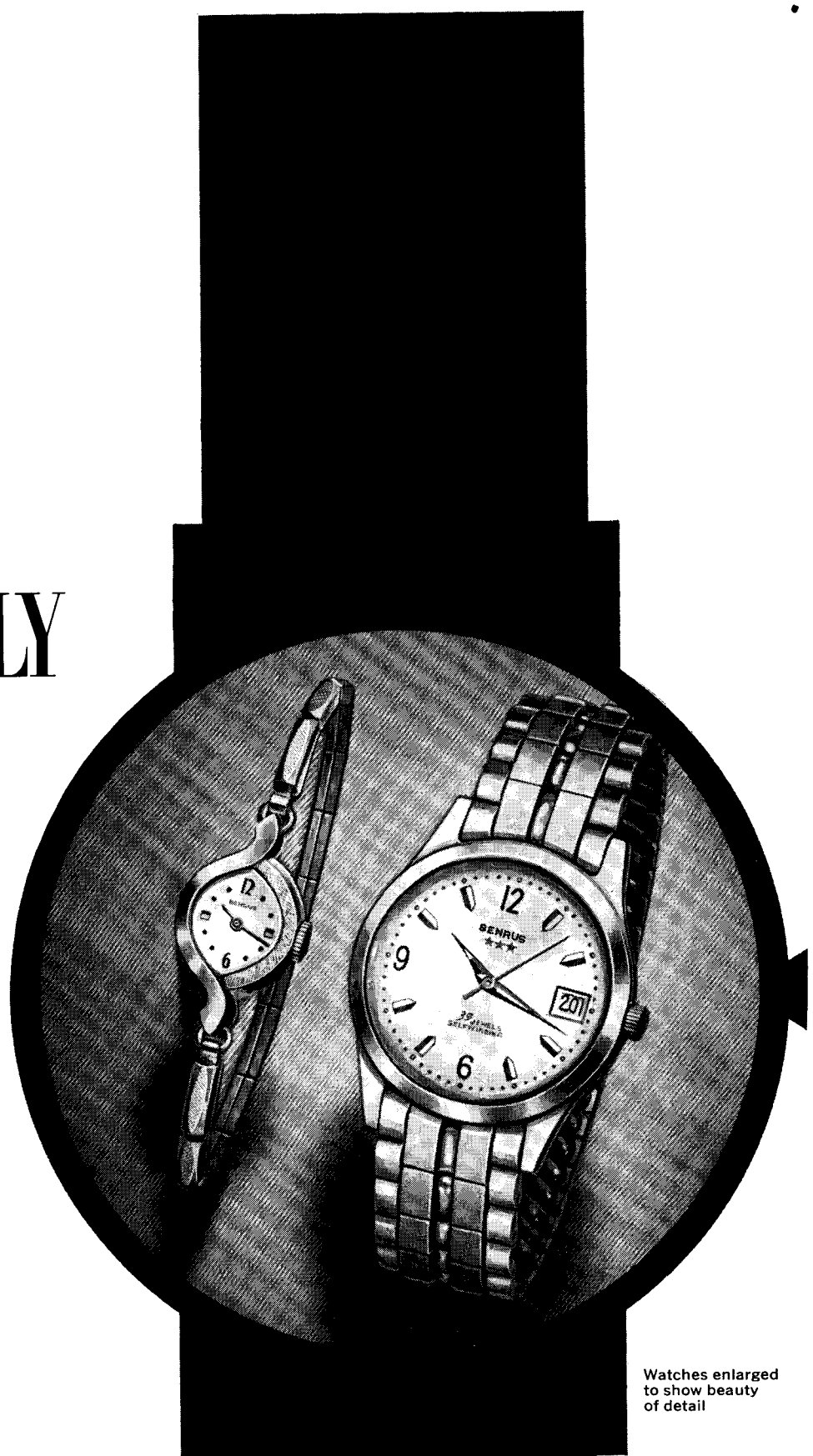
*is the reason why*

# EVERY BENRUS IS UNCONDITIONALLY GUARANTEED FOR 3 FULL YEARS!

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# Sun-tan play days ...fun-filled starry nights!

Fun in the Valley of the Sun is a full-time treat. Days are wonderfully warm, dry and clear, just right for complete relaxation. Perfect, too, for a world of exciting things to do and see. Tour fine highways to nearby scenic wonders, canyon lakes, national monuments, ghost towns, movie-TV sets, the Indian country; visit beautiful parks and botanical gardens, arts and crafts studios, smart shops, museums; see thrilling horse racing. And by starlight, dine in a variety of famous restaurants from ranch style to the most sophisticated. See major theatrical events and concerts, championship dog racing.

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*Early reservations are suggested. Write today for "Places to Stay" and color literature to: Valley of the Sun Visitors Bureau, Dept. SP-1, Phoenix, Arizona. Or see your travel agent.*

# Phoenix *in the Valley of the Sun* Arizona

Other fine communities in the Valley of the Sun include:
AVONDALE, CHANDLER, GLENDALE, GOODYEAR, LITCHFIELD, MESA, SCOTTSDALE, TEMPE.


# A WILD GOOSE FALLS

continued from page 25

and a third came in its turn, its beak closed to stab. Again the gander thrust his head into the poor protection of the water. The gulls were trying to drown the gander. When he lifted his head to breathe, a gull struck him between the eyes. Blood appeared on the gander's white cheek.

The gander had seen the reeds along the shore. He kept trying to reach them. Repeated blows hurt him so much that he could not stay on that course. He tried to fly. His wings struck spray around him. This effort cost him so much strength that he folded his wings and lay shuddering on the tide, his beak under water. Two gulls alighted near him and swam toward his head. Abel thrust his paddle deep and drove his boat between the gulls and the gander. He lifted the wounded bird into the boat. The gulls flew silently away.

During the passage up the creek the gander lay on its side. It seemed lifeless. Blood seeped out of its breast feathers on the right side. Abel knew this wound had been made by the rifle bullet. He went ashore where the creek flowed out of his pond. He wrapped the gander in a strip of soft canvas and trudged up the lane to his stone cottage, where he had fended for himself many a long year. He carried the gander into his workshop, where he mended his tools and tied trout flies on winter evenings. He switched on the strong lamp of his fly-tying vise and parted the feathers that lay soggy over the wound. It was then that he found the other wound, where the bullet had passed through the gander's back. When he began cutting away the dark feathers of the back, the gander feebly struck with his beak.

"Good for you, gander! Where there's such life, there's hope."

He stopped both wounds with adhesive tape and placed the bird in a box of straw near the coal stove of his kitchen. After watching a time, Abel saw that the gander couldn't keep its head up. He nailed in a wooden support and bound the gander to it, making sure it could breathe. In a little while the gander made a croaking sound and wearily clacked its beak.

"Now, if you live the night, friend, I'll do more for you if I can."

During the night the gander repeated his croaking call so loudly that Abel came into the kitchen. At the touch of his hand, the gander beat his wings frantically. This show of strength encouraged Abel so much that he removed the support. In doing this he had to touch the gander. It began a low clucking and lay so quietly in the straw that Abel perceived the bird had lost all fear of him. At daybreak, when he made his porridge of oatmeal, he mixed some with milk and tried to spoon it into the gander's gullet. This didn't work well, but the bird didn't flinch.

The next day, when Abel returned from the first spraying of his orchard, he found the gander out of the nest. It hadn't gone far. That night the gander willingly thrust its bill into a deep dish of porridge and fed in desperate awkwardness.

On Sunday Abel carried the gander to the shore of his pond and put it down on the sunlit grass, close enough to the water so that the gander could go in if it wished to do so. There were two tenants of the pond, a pair of white barn-yard ducks, one called Henry and the other Alice. Their only duty was to look pretty. They spoke amiably to the gander and made no objection at all when he joined them at their dish of mash. Abel left the three together. When he came back, he found the gander in the water, not swimming, just floating near the shore.

In the following days the gander became quite friendly with the ducks, despite the incredulous stares that they often turned upon him. He began to swim farther and farther after them. Yet he considered Abel his best friend. At nightfall, when Abel stood by the door and clapped his hands, the gander came out of the reeds and took its place in the kitchen nest.

Before another week had passed, the gander tried its wings. To the ducks, far too plump ever to manage more than a stately waddle, his first flight seemed an astonishing feat. When he rose they looked, not at him, but at each other. Abel watched the gander rise higher and higher. Once above the elms, the gander uttered an exulting cry. He flew well, and his wounds had healed. Yet Abel feared that the gander couldn't go north by itself, that it might come to worse harm. In its flight the gander displayed such beauty that Abel wished it never to leave him. He struck his hands together and shouted. At once the gander set its wings and slanted down to the pond.

Despite his pleasure in the gander's company, Abel took no long time to understand that, once again, he was interfering with the life of a creature apart from him and his ways. This idea came in the middle of a rainy night when a flight of geese on the way north flew so close to his rooftree that their shouting awakened him. Their cries had disturbed the gander too. He began that curious croaking. Twice he beat his wings loudly in his nest.

Before the gander began its next flight over the pond, it stayed awhile under the lilac boughs, where the first clusters were blooming. Its head lowered, it appeared to be brooding. At times it thrust its beak into the repaired feathers of its breast. When the ducks paddled out of the reeds and quacked their greetings, the gander rose into the wind. This flight carried it higher than ever before, so high, indeed, that Abel feared it might never return to him. Aloft the gander cried plaintively.

It rode the wind toward the marsh and slowly veered into a circling passage over the rows of apple trees, all in white bloom. Abel knew the purpose of such flights when they were made in the wilderness. They were made to fix in the bird's memory an image of the birthplace, the bays around it, and the islands. Thus the landmarks were learned. By following their mothers in the first water journeys, then in the short flights, they learned to go farther and farther from their nests and to return at night. Flying a greater distance each day, the geese became familiar with the Canadian marshes. Before the migrations began, they had flown a hundred miles away and had returned. When gales and ice forced them into the first stages of migration, they added new memories to their memories of the earlier waters.

Abel made up his mind then and there not to summon the gander down. So many geese were coming into the marsh, day and night, that he convinced himself, not very easily, that his friend would find company for the migration. He went to bed. At daybreak he found the gander waiting on the doorstep.

"This won't do, gander. You must go north with the others."

So, about noontime, he called the gander, fed him well, and took him in his arms to the duckboat. He paddled down Ram's Horn Creek, the gander's head resting quietly on the gunwale forward.

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# The most economical thing about the Volkswagen isn't the gas.

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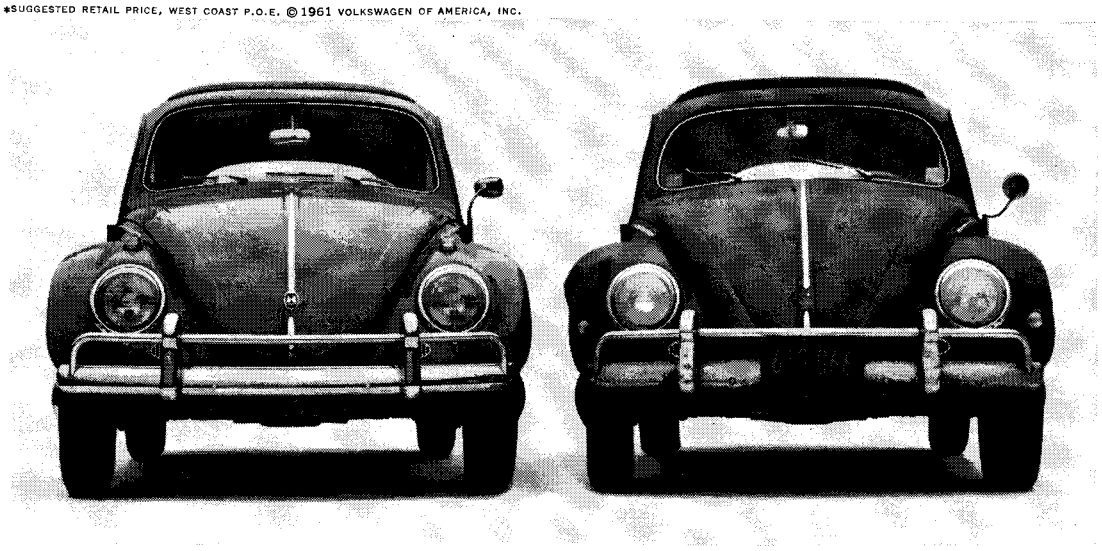


**Cheap new.** **Expensive used.**

Far be it from us to belittle gasoline economy.

After all, we were slightly involved in getting the whole idea started.

But there's been a subtle twist.

Volkswagen economy has become so legendary, people are willing to pay all kinds of money for a used one.

(Though a new one costs only $1,675.*)

So gas itself isn't the VW's most economical factor any more.

Low depreciation is.

You can get more of your money back for a VW when you sell it than you can for any other car.

Of course, that's not the whole story.

The VW's reputation for steering clear of repair shops hasn't hurt any.

And neither has the fact that VW owners are rarely in a rush to sell.

(Why should they be? We never change the VW to make it obsolete, only to make it work better.)

The plain fact is that a five-year-old Volkswagen is worth just as much in today's market as many five-year-old cars that cost twice as much to begin with.

**The dipstick. You can almost forget it.**

But just because gas economy comes in second, let's not forget it.

Day after week after month, it can add up to quite an item.

Figuring 32 miles to a gallon (and 10,000 miles a year) you end up saving a few hundred extra dollars.

You just can't help it.

That 32 miles per gallon is no pipe dream, by the way. Most people get that much. Some even more. Some less.

(Obviously, you'll get better mileage on a highway in Kansas than during rush hour in downtown Philadelphia.)

Then there's oil.

The Volkswagen's aluminum-magnesium engine runs with so little stress and friction, you'll probably never need oil between changes. Check any gas station attendant on that one.

(When you do buy oil, you buy it by the pint. And 5 pints fill it.)

The VW engine is frugal in still another way.

It's cooled by air.

Not water.

Naturally, there's no radiator; no need for one.

And so there's no need for anti-freeze, either. No hoses. No pump. No leaks. No draining. No rust.

No nothing.

You don't usually think that tires have much to do with economy.

But then you don't usually get 40,000 miles (or more) on a set.

(Each VW tire bears so little weight, tire wear is phenomenally low.)

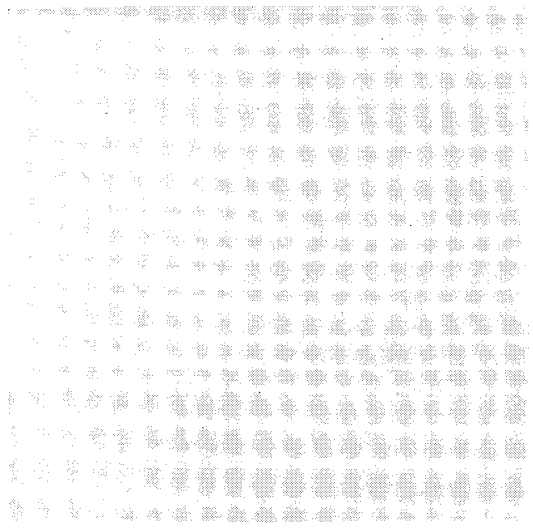
That much mileage is that much money in the bank.

And not at all unusual.

Now. If you add (or subtract) the 10% you save on insurance and remember that, by and large, a VW needs less maintenance than other cars, you get some idea of why they're so much in demand.

New and used alike.

Finally, a word of caution.



**Air is free.**

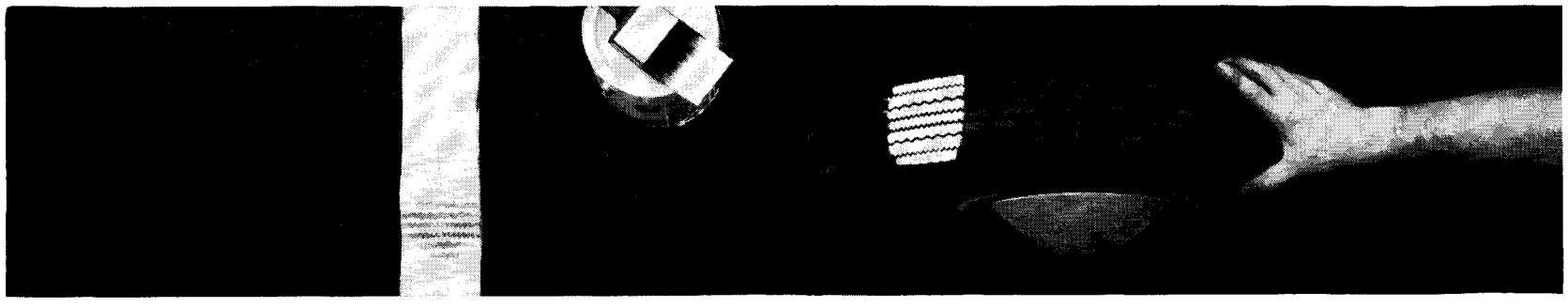
Some people have a strong temptation to get economy happy with their first VW and figure their costs down to fractions of a penny.

It makes a great talking point.

But resist it.

We wouldn't want anyone to forget the other big reason for driving a VW.

Fun.



**Big wheels save rubber. VW tire crosses yellow line, painted at exactly 40,000th mile. Shows plenty of good rubber left.**

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# WILD GOOSE

At the river's edge, under willows beginning to bend under new leaves, Abel listened. He heard a grouse drumming and a pheasant crowing beyond the willows. Wood ducks flashed away.

Abel drove his boat into a high stand of rice on the riverbank. There, above the rustling of a flood tide, he heard geese at their gossip in the reeds. Three geese glided out. Others followed, until there were about forty floating idly about.

"Now, gander, here be your true friends. You go to them. Do you hear? Good-by and good luck—and I'm sorry I kind of delayed things for you."

He placed the gander in the water. It left the reeds and swam out. The tide carried it toward the flock. The flock came slowly on—one with its head high and eyes alert. They greeted the newcomer with low, chuckling cries.

When the gander had entered the flock, Abel struck the water flatly with his paddle. In a thrash of wings, all the birds flew off and down the river. They mounted directly toward the sun. For a time Abel saw nothing because the light dazzled his eyes. Soon, out of the sun, a newly-formed wedge flew northward. He heard their first cries in various tones. After that the steady "Aroink! aroink!" began, the trumpet cries of the elder birds rallying all to the thousands of miles yet before them.

"Good-by to you, gander. Good-by."

Summer flushed across his lands. Fragrances of apple blossoms changed to fragrances of ripening fruit. With every passing day the labor in Abel's orchards increased. He hired men for the picking and worked on, making ready for the last of autumn. Soon boxes began to pile up in his barns; and the leaves of the elms changed to yellow and floated down.

In this time, especially at night when the work was well done, Abel used to take a turn along the edge of the pond and look up at the harvest moon, changing from red to gold over the river. He thought very often about his wild goose, his tamed wild goose gone wild again. He imagined the gander far over the Canadian border, perhaps in the marshes north of Saskatchewan. It seemed strange to him that the gander had come to have such a deep meaning, for he considered himself, by nature, not a lonely man. He had had a man's share of company in his time. Nevertheless, he couldn't stop the workings of a heart that sent his thought far up into the red moon, and beyond the Great Bear, and the Pole Star, and on into the vast spaces of wind and light where his companion had ventured with the migrating flock.

*Why should I think of him so much, eh? A man would think I'd done some lasting harm to him. Maybe I did so, in calling to them. But I didn't mean it so.*

He lay awake one night awhile longer than usual. He had taken half of his apples to market and had found a fair price for them. The other half he had put in storage to wait for a better price. Once he had figured out his books in his mind, he found his drowsy thought turning again to the lost gander. And by staying with his thought, by driving it along the starry routes of their flight, he struck upon a reason why, in his mind and heart, the wounded goose had such a meaning.

*It's because I love them so. Because they are brave and wise, and they know the ways of the eagle in the air, which the Scripture tells us we can't know.*

He considered the wild geese to be a mystery. That was it. Who could ever explain the melancholy, sweet influence their migrating chant had in the hearts of all men who listened? To him, and to all men, their ways were wonderful and strange, just as wonderful as were the flood tides and the ebb. What a wonder of creation that a moon, a quarter of a million miles away, could drive neap tides so loudly through the rice and cat-o'-nine-tails. Abel had seen the moon more than once through a great telescope and had read the names of spaces called "seas" on the face of the moon. Those were tideless estuaries, tideless creeks. The moon held no water and could not; yet, twice in a day—by a power no man ever figured out—those empty lands raised the waters of earth, even to Ram's Horn Creek.

SEE HAZEL ON NBC THURSDAY NIGHT

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

And, he told himself, the wild geese knew just as much about the moon as he did, if not more. Moons and tides were parts of their being. Indeed, they were creatures of the moon, were its partners. They liked to fly by the light of full moons because such moons showed the way. And they knew tides too. Rafted on the river, they waited for high water until they could reach food without walking on muddy banks, from which they could not quickly rise in time of danger.

*Now I see. And I'll think no more of him, because by now he's learned all such things and wants me no more.*

His eyes closed. He had done a lot of thinking. He had worked it all out to his satisfaction. That is why he stirred angrily and murmured when, at the edge of sleep, a pang of longing coursed through his heart. Longing? No, he couldn't surely say that it was longing. A mystery had hold of him. He could not quiet himself until he let his heart have its way. This given, all his heart offered him was a memory of the migrating call, one to the other calling in the starlit sky where powerfully they flew, star by star, flighting away now from icebound waters and onward to estuaries that still obeyed the moon. He slept at last, his longing not understood, but put away in his secret heart where, forever and ever, other longings lay quiet, never moving him to tears again or to memories of tears once shed.

Winter winds sent the curled leaves soaring. Blackbirds met in tens of thousands over the marsh and, wings whirring louder than the scattering leaves, streamed away to the south. In the evenings, when winds blew off the river, Abel heard the high shrill chatter of teal and the wood ducks calling to their ducklings. He set out stores of grain for the chipmunks, who were still working hard, cheeks full, to fill their bins. At nightfall he went into the orchard and shook down apples from trees he kept apart for does and fawns, up from the marsh to taste early cider.

Employed at this duty, he heard the first flight of geese coming in from Canada. They were far across the river. Their rhythmic calls soon waned. Later in the night, while he read a book by the kitchen stove, he heard other geese. Louder and louder the calling sounded, and soon it, too, died away, leaving only an echo, not a true echo under his eaves, only an echo in his heart, endlessly repeated. The wind changed to the north, and a roaring like surf on an ice-strewn beach overwhelmed all other sounds. He had never noticed the north wind much. This time its tide-like music filled him with a kind of regret—and this surprised him. He carefully read over the page and closed the book to go to bed.

A lull came in the wind's blowing. It seemed to be dying down or hauling to the westward. When Abel opened his bedroom window, he heard again the melancholy wailing of geese overhead, above the clouds close to earth. As before, the music waned, and the night became silent; then, in keener accents, the music floated down to him. The calls were now coming from the north, and lower, much lower. It seemed clear to Abel that the geese were seeking the river and for some reason couldn't make sure of it. In harsher, buglelike blare, the flock came over again, this time so far down that he peered out to see if he might not spy them against the stars.

Silence returned. But not for long. He had hardly closed his eyes when all the voices aloft sang out in an accent that seemed a beseechment, many times repeated and always nearer. A gust of wind blew crackling out of the orchard and broke against the bare boughs of his elms in such a clatter that once again the goose cry fell away to nothing. Pity for the wayfarers rose in his heart. After daylong, nightlong beating against changing winds, their hearts and wings must now be weary. He wished they might find their way down. In a flood of fiery light the moon soared out of the clouds. Moonlight washed over the world to light the waters for the geese. They were silent.

At daybreak Abel began the easier chores of his winter months. He made his breakfast and went out into the yard to carry the mash to the ducks. To his surprise, Henry lay ashore, and near him stood Alice, plainly a little upset. They gazed at each other intently, bent their heads to new angles and looked smartly at each other sideways. They were in a witty mood, clucking and clacking.

Abel put down their pan. He walked to the pond. The cat-o'-nine-tails on the far side of the pond parted. A wild goose swam out, a handsome gander. Abel, not wishing to frighten the bird, stepped back a pace. The gander turned and entered the reeds. The bird's easy manner struck Abel quickly. He struck his hands together in the old signal. The gander came out, swam across the pond and came directly to Abel's feet.

"Is it you, gander? Really, is it you?"

Abel held out his hand. The gander laid his head on the outstretched fingers and made his curious croaking sound.

"Was it you, gander, flying over last night? Trying to come home?"

The gander stayed there a little longer. He repeated the sound, far down in his dark throat. After that he turned and swam back to the reeds, entering at exactly the same place. He began talking in there, a quick, urgent note. Abel saw the beautiful wings and throat patch gleaming among the yellow stalks.

The reeds parted again and the gander appeared. He beat his wings lightly and swayed, rippling his image. There now came after him eight other geese, the first a lovely hen. The others were goslings, plump and strong in their flight feathers. To the gander's order they swam forward to the grass at Abel's feet.

"Why, you are welcome, gander and wife and goslings. Welcome home."

When the gander came ashore to be fondled again, there rose strongly in Abel's heart the same pang that had hurt him when the gander had departed. Even now, when all his anxiety had ended, he could not give a name to his heart's pain.

He bent down and whispered, "So you remembered me, gander?"

The moment he said the words, his heart cleared. He understood that all he had really wanted was to be remembered, to be remembered by somebody, some thing. Not to be forgotten. THE END

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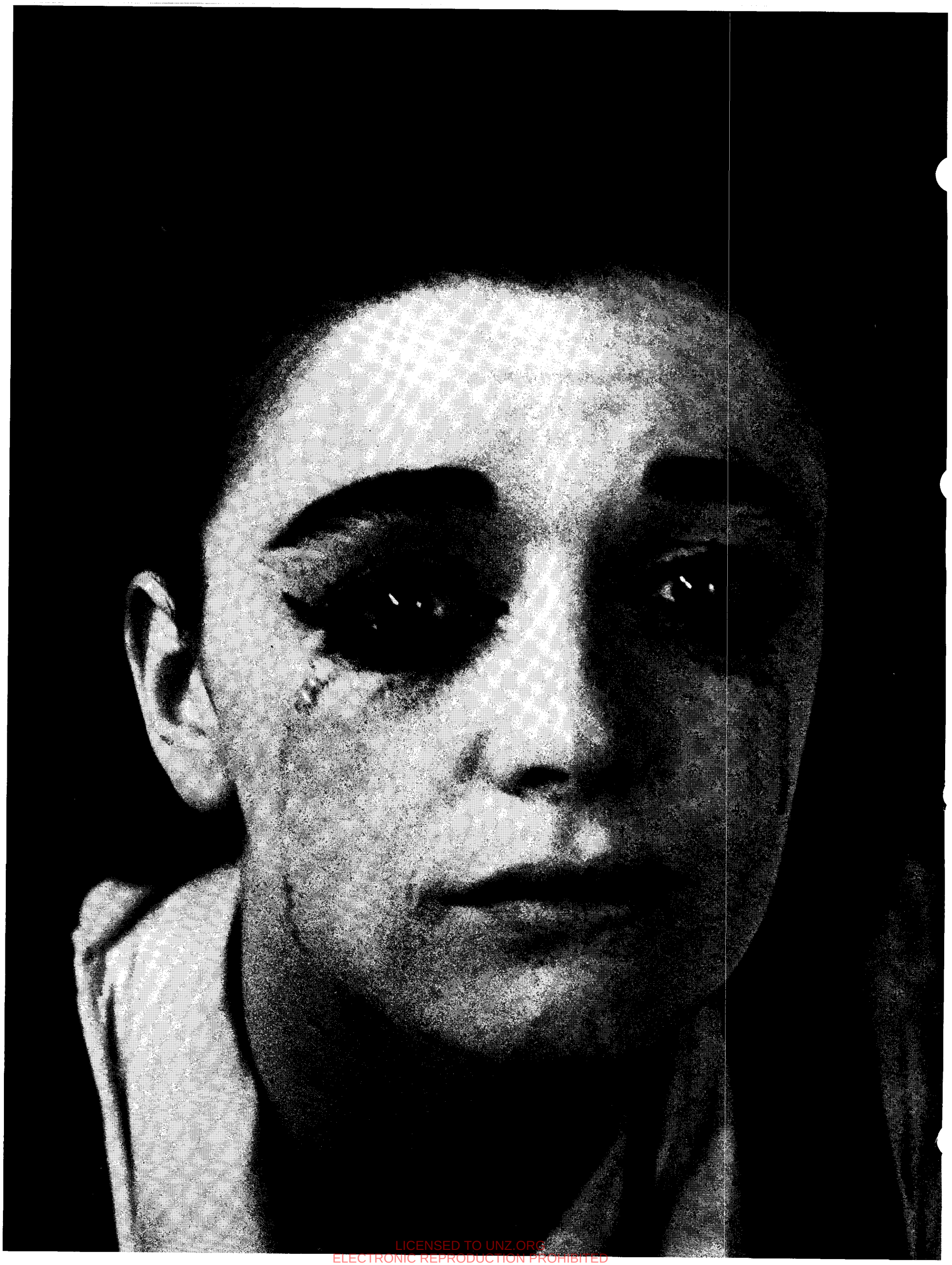

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# Backstage with ANNA MARIA

## That delicately beautiful Alberghetti girl, star of the musical *Carnival*, tells her story of heartbreak and fame.

**By PETE MARTIN**

Anna Maria Alberghetti was in her dressing room when I sat down in a dimly lighted anteroom. I could see a bowl of flowers, a love seat. Framed magazine covers hung on a wall. When she came through the curtain I was shocked. Tears brimmed in her eyes and spilled down her cheeks. Smudges of wet mascara marked her pallid face. I had heard that she gave herself to her role in *Carnival*. I never imagined an actress could spend herself so completely.

"I have good nights and bad nights after my performances," she explained. "This is one of the bad ones."

The thunderous applause of a standing-room audience had deafened me as I had headed backstage at New York's Imperial Theater. Out front, Anna Maria Alberghetti, the twenty-five-year-old star of the Broadway musical *Carnival* had been taking her curtain calls. *Carnival* was a hit. It had been one since the night it opened. And the success of the show obviously hinged on Anna's poignant portrayal of Lili, the adolescent orphan who found love in a shabby French touring troupe.

As I had elbowed my way toward Miss Alberghetti's dressing room through groups of stagehands and actors, I had no way of knowing that before very long, while Anna lay gravely ill in a New York hospital, the producer of the show, David Merrick, would be quoted as saying, "This show is its own star. Alberghetti herself is no box-office attraction." Nor did I know then that Anna Maria would tell me—exclusively—her side of the much publicized Merrick vs. Alberghetti dispute that followed.

I reminded her now of our appointment the following day. She said, "I'll see you tomorrow at two. You have my address?"

"Yes," I said; then I left, going out through the stage door. As I turned and headed toward Broadway, I tried to understand why she found it necessary to assume so completely, so engulfingly, the character of the fictional waif, Lili. Maybe I would find out the following day.

*Carnival* is a play based on the popular 1953 movie, *Lili*. It has a new musical score, new staging, new lines, new people, new puppets and a new somber flavor. Somber or not, *Carnival* is charming, tasteful—and big at the box office. This year Broadway showmen are crying the blues but *Carnival* is playing to standees every night. And it was awarded the Drama Critics Circle Award as the year's best musical.

*Carnival*'s story line is naïve, almost childish in its simplicity. Lili, played by Anna Maria, wanders into the midway of a tawdry traveling carnival, looking for a friend of her father, who might give her a job. Her father and mother are dead. She is homeless. The carnival's sleight-of-hand artist, Marco the Magnificent, offers her a tiny part in his act, with obvious method in his magnanimity. Paul, the carnival's crippled puppeteer, falls in love with Lili. But shame and bitterness over his lameness have rendered him inarticulate. He can only tell Lili of his love through the falsetto voices of his puppets.

*Carnival* tête-à-tête: Anna Maria and fellow actor, the puppet "Carrot Top."

In the last seconds of *Carnival*, Lili and Paul walk off stage hand in hand. The happy ending is the key to *Carnival*'s success. The entire show depends upon the ability of Anna Maria Alberghetti to convince an audience that she believes Paul's puppets are real people, not merely make-believe creatures of cloth. This conviction is extremely difficult to convey to a sophisticated New York audience, but Anna manages to do just that eight times each week.

The afternoon following my visit backstage, Anna opened the door of her apartment to me. I saw that she was no longer drained and empty. Sleep—or one of the massive injections of vitamins she gives herself—had restored her vigor and physical radiance. Relaxed and ready to talk, Anna Maria sat on the rug with a cup of coffee balanced on her knee.

I said that on the stage the night before, her eyes seemed to fill half her face.

Brushing at a wisp of dark hair she said, "They're really not that big. I have very thick eyelashes. When I put mascara on, they look enormous. I wear no other make-up. I hate lipstick and rouge."

Hesitantly, I remarked that from the second row of the Imperial she seemed like a boy. I had seen photographs taken of her when she played Las Vegas clubs that gave a different impression.

"What you're getting at is, do I strap myself down?" she said. "Well, I am *not* built like a boy, you can believe that. At the same time I am not as voluptuous as I was when those photographs were taken. I've lost quite a bit of weight since then. And in *Carnival* I wear an old-fashioned camisole that tends to flatten me."

I commented that the clothing Lili wore in the play was painfully, even outstandingly drab.

"We deliberately made Lili's garments ratty—but with taste and sensitivity. After all, Lili is a shabby, stray mouse, not a crisp, ironed schoolgirl. We dyed my costume blouse twenty times before we got the gray-white color we wanted.

"What Lili wears, says and does is extremely important to me," Anna Maria continued. "For three months during rehearsals I wore no high heels—ever. Even when I went out for dinner, I wore flats. It helped me make Lili's walk and posture second nature.

"Lili's walk is important. She is shy and unsure, yet she is not the pigeon-toed type. I have to put just the right combination of insecurity and hope into her walk.

"I labored over things like that in rehearsal. Pretty soon," she went on, "I *was* Lili, even after I left the stage. The trouble is, I can't *stop* being Lili easily now."

I asked her about the rumor that she had thrown a tantrum backstage after one performance of *Carnival*.

"Sometimes my drive for perfection is mistaken for temperament," she answered. She sipped her coffee, eying me. "You remember the scene in the show where Lili climbs the ladder?"

I nodded.

"You know that when she gets to the top she is going to jump off and kill herself. Then Paul speaks to her through his puppets and talks her

Empathy: "I weep because I have absorbed all the emotional blows Lili absorbs."

*Photographs by Philippe Halsman*

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Shedding the stage guise of a wistful waif, Anna Maria escapes from her role in a rare moment of self-possession.

out of it. The other night—during that scene, when it is important that not even a pin drop backstage, the stagehands were coughing and talking and hammering away. There was so much noise that for a few moments I couldn't be Lili.

"When I left the stage, I was livid. I said to the stage manager, 'Don't you *ever* let that happ again. Tell those people to find chairs and s down. If anyone has whooping cough—and there must be an epidemic of it backstage—tell them to go to the men's room to cough.'" Solemnly she added, "It's been quiet ever since."

She paused a moment, and I asked why she had been crying the previous night.

"I weep because I have absorbed all the emotional blows Lili absorbs," she said. "Maybe I've hypnotized myself without knowing it—but at the end, when the house lights go up, Lili's heartbreak doesn't end for me. Somehow, after I drown myself in her character each night, it takes a long while to come back to normal."

I suggested that we talk about Anna for a while, instead of Lili. "My father, Daniele Alberghetti," she began, "was a successful singer until his voice teacher tried to make his voice over. That ruined it. He became a cellist and a conductor, but singing remained his first love. Before I was born (in Pesaro, Italy) my father hoped I'd be a boy—so I could be the kind of singer he had been, I sup pose. When the nurse told him I was a girl, he said, 'No matter. She has a high chest. I'll make a singer of her anyhow.'"

Anna made an appearance as a singer on the Island of Rhodes when she was six. By that time her father was directing the musical conservatory there. The German *Luftwaffe* was bombing Rhodes relentlessly in those days. There was little food. Daniele Alberghetti put on a concert for the benefit of the local hospital; Anna Maria sang. The Italian governor of Rhodes was seated in the front row. After the performance, he came backstage, visibly moved by Anna's voice. "The last plane leaves for Italy tomorrow at four," he said. "There are seats for your family on it."

War followed the Alberghettis to Italy. They fled to a farm in the country, but the Nazis chose their farm for a headquarters and crowded the Alberghettis into two rooms. "I was lucky," Anna recalls. "I was too young for their pleasure. If I had been fourteen or fifteen, it would have been much worse."

At the end of the war Anna's father staged concerts for G.I.'s. When she sang, grateful soldiers covered the stage with chocolate bars. Later Anna sang in Rome, Venice and Milan. Then in 1949 she toured Europe. While she was in Copenhagen with her father, she saw a film called *Carnegie Hall*. The following year, when Anna Maria was only thirteen, *she* sang in Carnegie Hall. While she was taking thirteen curtain calls, one man stood up and shouted, "The voice of an angel from Heaven!" The conservative *New York Times* used his words to describe her debut.

After her appearance at Carnegie Hall, Anna Maria sang at Lewisohn Stadium in New York, at the Robin Hood Dell in Philadelphia, and on Ed Sullivan's television show.

Frank Capra, the Hollywood director, saw Anna Maria on the Sullivan show and signed her for a part in the motion picture *Here Comes the Groom*, with Bing Crosby.

"They tried to make a second Deanna Durbin out of me at Paramount," she says. "After *Here Comes the Groom*, they put me in a film called *The Stars Are Singing*. It was awful. I went home to Italy for a while."

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When Anna and her father came back to the United States, they asked the studio for her release and it was granted.

Shortly afterward, Anna received an offer from a night club in Las Vegas. She wondered how the betting-and-boozing crowd would receive a coloratura soprano. Plucking up her courage, Anna accepted. She made her debut with Red Skelton. "He was my night-club godfather," she says. "He's the kindest, most generous person I've ever known."

Contrary to her fears, Anna was a smash at Las Vegas. Subsequently she appeared in other night clubs and on television, and also played at summer theaters.

It was during this period, early in 1954, that Hollywood again showed an interest in Anna. Producer Hal Wallis telephoned, asking her to make a screen test for his film, *The Rose Tattoo.* Marisa Pavan got the part, but a compliment from Danny Mann, who directed her test, quickened Anna's interest in acting.

After that she was careful to choose parts in summer stock which required more acting than singing. "But," she told me, "the strain was too great, what with night clubs in the winter and working all summer in the broiling heat. Then, just when I was at low ebb, my father died. I couldn't breathe, I couldn't eat, I couldn't sleep. I was sure I was going to die. Actually I had suffered a nervous breakdown.

"I was put on phenobarbital four times a day. The doctor sent me away to a beach house for three months to recuperate. Gradually I got better. When my big chance came to play in *Carnival,* all the work and concentration that led to the breakdown paid off. I was ready."

Ready professionally, yes; but physically, no. On August sixth, a few weeks after I first visited her, Anna was taken to a New York hospital suffering from an abdominal ailment. Anita Gillette, Anna's understudy, took over the starring role in *Carnival.* When Anna read newspaper accounts of Anita's performance, she got the shock of her life.

David Merrick, the hard-nosed producer of *Carnival,* was quoted as saying "Anita Gillette was much better than Alberghetti. This is the best replacement performance I've ever seen on Broadway. If I had known Anita was this good when we were casting, she would have had the part."

When I called on Anna Maria after she returned to her role in *Carnival,* I kept recalling something else Merrick had been quoted as saying: "Alberghetti says she's sick, so I believe her. But she can be sure I'll have my doctor examine her too."

"I had been bleeding internally on and off for about three weeks," Anna told me. "When the bleeding got heavier, my doctor took my blood pressure and rushed me into the hospital. My absence from *Carnival* was only the second time I have missed a performance in my career."

I asked her what she did about Merrick's remarks after she left the hospital.

"The newspapers were talking up a feud between Mr. Merrick and me. There never was a feud. I just couldn't understand why Mr. Merrick had done what he had done. So I asked for an apology."

What happened when she returned to *Carnival?*

"The first show after my recovery was thrilling, much better than opening night. At the final curtain there was a standing ovation. It was a fabulous experience. And the reception the cast gave me was unbelievable. Some of them had tears in their eyes. My dressing room was filled with gifts. It isn't often that a cast pulls together like that.

"And the people in New York were wonderful. They stopped me on the street and called me Miss Carnival. They asked about my health. One taxi driver asked me if I wanted him to punch Mr. Merrick in the nose.

"But my greatest thrill was a note that accompanied some flowers sent to me by my director, Gower Champion. The note read:

> Dear Anna,
> There is only one Lili, and that's you.
> (Signed) Gower

I asked her if Merrick had apologized.

"Mr. Merrick showed up three days later in the dressing room. He said, 'Congratulations. Of course, you know the whole thing in the papers was a publicity stunt to protect my box office. Now how about extending your contract for six more months?'"

Anna Maria frowned. "He didn't even ask how I was."

"How do you feel about your understudy?" I asked.

"Anita and I are very good friends. She was caught in the middle of all this. I never saw her performance, so I am unable to judge how good she was in *Carnival.* But I thought she handled herself well off stage."

I asked whether she would stay with the show.

"My contract ends about the middle of next June, and as a professional I will fulfill it," she answered. "Last year I earned $325,000. I will make $100,000 less in *Carnival* this year, but I couldn't buy the prestige *Carnival* has given me for all the money in the world."

What was the most important thing success had given her?

"The security of my family," she said. "My young brother has a ten-thousand-dollar bank account which will put him through college. My sister is comfortable. I've bought my mother a house in Beverly Hills, and I've given her half my bank account. I thought I'd better do that now—because if I ever marry, my husband might not like it. Not that I'm about to marry. The very thought of marriage scares me."

I knew that she had been engaged to Buddy Bregman—a Hollywood conductor-arranger—and that she had broken her engagement nine days before the wedding. I asked her about it.

"I made that decision myself," she said. "A lot of people believe my mother made it for me, but she didn't know I was calling the wedding off until she read it in the papers. Of course, she wasn't happy about my being engaged to a divorced man, but that didn't make me change my mind."

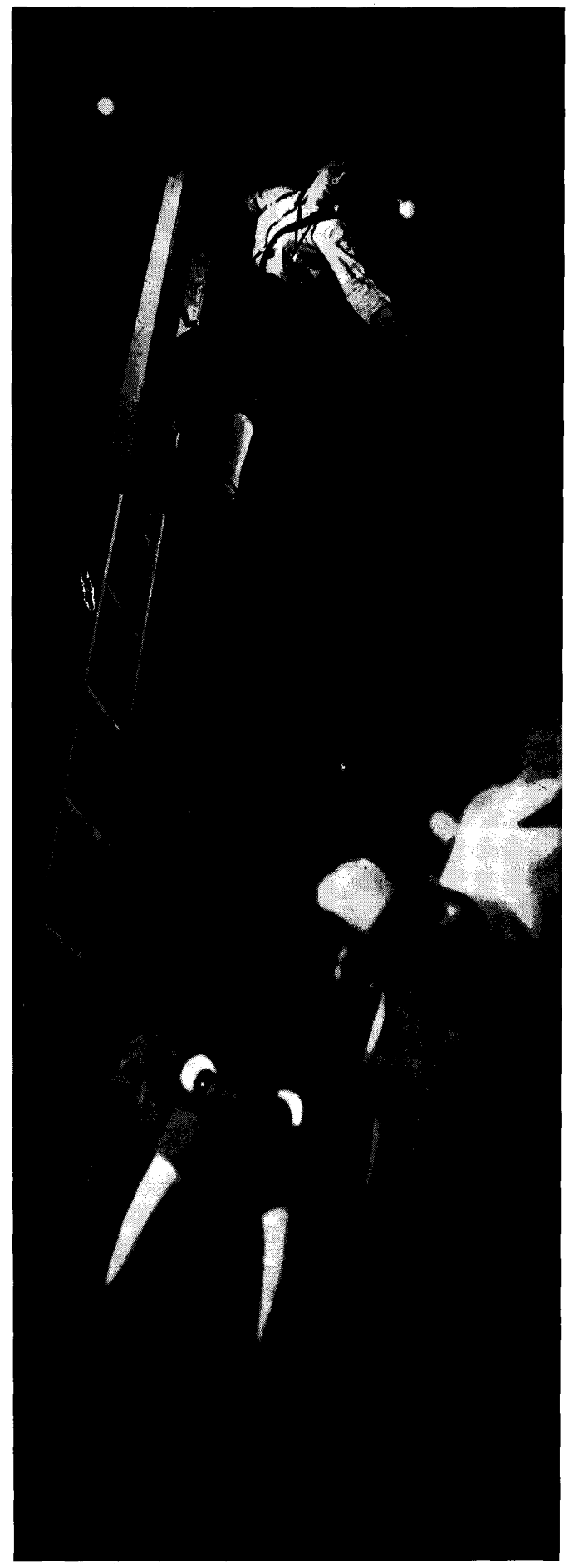
What did?

"I simply came to the conclusion that my fiancé wasn't quite grown-up emotionally. And I need a man I can lean on, look up to and respect."

She stood up and we walked toward the stage door of the Imperial. As we stopped for a moment in the shadows of the quiet theater, I asked her if *Carnival* was still playing to standing-room crowds.

"Yes," she said, smiling happily.

I said good-by and walked slowly toward Broadway again. I hailed a cab, and thought, *No one has found the way to stardom harder than Anna Maria Alberghetti.* I wondered whether success on Broadway was worth the price she was paying for it. THE END



In this memorable scene from *Carnival* Lili, thinking herself unwanted and unloved by the circus troupe, climbs to the high wire. The puppets talk her down.

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# EDITORIALS

# "LET'S GET BACK TO AN HONEST DAY'S WORK!"

Every one of us knows that quality of workmanship has been going downhill ever since the last war. Pride in a good piece of work has just about disappeared. We send appliances back, and they are returned half repaired; we live in new houses that show evidence of sloppy construction; and even the automobile industry is aware that service-station maintenance is on a low level.

The new generation that is coming along is still more fast-buck-minded than the one before it. In New York's Westchester and Putnam counties, the Building Trades Employers Association reports, young men are no longer willing to put in four years of apprenticeship at relatively low pay, although as skilled workmen they would later command very good wages. They're out to make plenty of money fast, although they often have no proper skills to be worthy of their hire. The association states that by 1970 there will be a deficit of more than 2,000,000 skilled construction workers throughout the United States.

Hugh C. Murphy, regional director for the New York-New Jersey area of the Bureau of Apprenticeship and Training of the U.S. Labor Department, notes that construction-trade traditions—whereby skills are passed on from father to son—are dying out. He adds that pride in craftsmanship is crumbling, because opportunistic newcomers "learn their trade haphazardly on the job and not through the careful apprentice training that the unions in the large cities seek to enforce."

Just as we are getting ready to export supposed skills through the "Peace Corps," we seem to be in need of a revival of ethics of workmanship at home. No government, no business association and no union can do the job of preventing a youngster from turning into a fast-buck kid. This job belongs strictly in the home, and it is the responsibility of today's father to set an example of pride in his work, appreciation of a job done well, and understanding of how intelligence and the proper use of tools are needed for a solid position in life.

# "IT'S FIVE YEARS SINCE KHRUSHCHEV CHALLENGED THE WEST IN HUNGARY'

Five years have passed since the nationwide revolt by Hungarians against their Communist overlords was brutally suppressed by Soviet troops and tanks. During these five years other evidences of the Kremlin's determination to maintain its "colonialist" system have challenged the ability of the West to appraise events and its courage to deal with them effectively. But the Hungarian revolt was certainly the most dramatic episode to provide the non-Communist world with an opportunity to strike a strong blow for liberty. In 1956 and 1957 we welcomed refugees from the slaughter and sponsored a resolution of condemnation in the United Nations, but no effective gesture—such as the prompt recognition of the Nagy regime—was made. The Soviet Union got a black eye in "world opinion," but Hungary remains in the Soviet orbit.

All over the U.S.A. on October twenty-third, the anniversary date, Hungarian groups held meetings and solicited signatures on a petition to the United Nations, renewing the demand of the UN resolution for the right of self-determination for Hungary, withdrawal of Soviet troops and free elections. The aim is to present millions of signatures to the UN Assembly sometime in January, reminding the world that, since the passage of the original resolution, no representative of the UN has been able even to enter Hungary! Petitions and information o this project can be obtained from Fre Americans for a Free Hungary, Bours Building, Philadelphia, Pa.

At the law school of Willamett University in Oregon an impressiv meeting was held to remind the stu dents of the fact that one countr which had enjoyed liberty under la has seen all its basic protections swep away. Dean Seward Reese, in his ad dress to the meeting, quoted fror Imre Nagy's final broadcast to th Hungarian people: "Today it is Hun gary, and tomorrow, or the day afte tomorrow, it will be the turn of othe countries, because the imperialism Moscow does not know borders. Laos, East Berlin, Tibet—surel Nagy's warning has been sufficientl underlined since his execution.

The extraordinary and humiliatin fact is that the advance of the Com munists throughout the world has bee made by the side which is, in potentia at least, the weaker side. The West ha been lulled, threatened, brainwashe and blackmailed to such an extent that until backed almost to the wall, it ha hesitated to meet Communist bullyin with more than polite diplomatic "re jections" and protests. Almost cer tainly the ability of the Soviets to in vade Hungary, with no more thar pious expressions of regret from the West, nerved the Kremlin to further aggressive adventures.

# HAVE WE TAKEN THE "GIVE" OUT OF THANKSGIVING?

As Thanksgiving comes around each year, we all try to count the bounteous blessings God has granted to our country and ourselves. Perhaps our thanks would have a more acceptable ring if we put a little more emphasis on the "giving" part of the word Thanksgiving. It is certainly true, especially in these parlous times, that if all Americans would give a little more of themselves—in their work, understanding and patience—to all other Americans, we would have a lot more to be thankful for a year from now.

Employees would give a little more to their jobs than specifically called for in the labor-management contract. Employers in setting profit standards would give a little more consideration to the difficulties average Americans face in bringing up a family under spiraling inflation. Tax dodgers who seek every legal loophole would give a fairer return to the Government that, rapacious as it appears to many, protects them from confiscation of all they possess. Government officials setting up grandiose projects would give a little heed to poor but honest taxpayers, and to big but honest corporations trying to make ends meet.

In an American Thanksgiving in which "giving" was emphasized, we'd all give our friends, neighbors and family a little more understanding and sympathy, and we'd give our country's friends and allies around the world the benefit of the doubt. We might even give members of the political party we don't belong to here at home a little credit for sincerity and intelligence. These things won't miraculously come to pass any Thanksgiving Day, of course, but if we could accept them as an ideal, what a wonderful break we'd be giving ourselves!

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